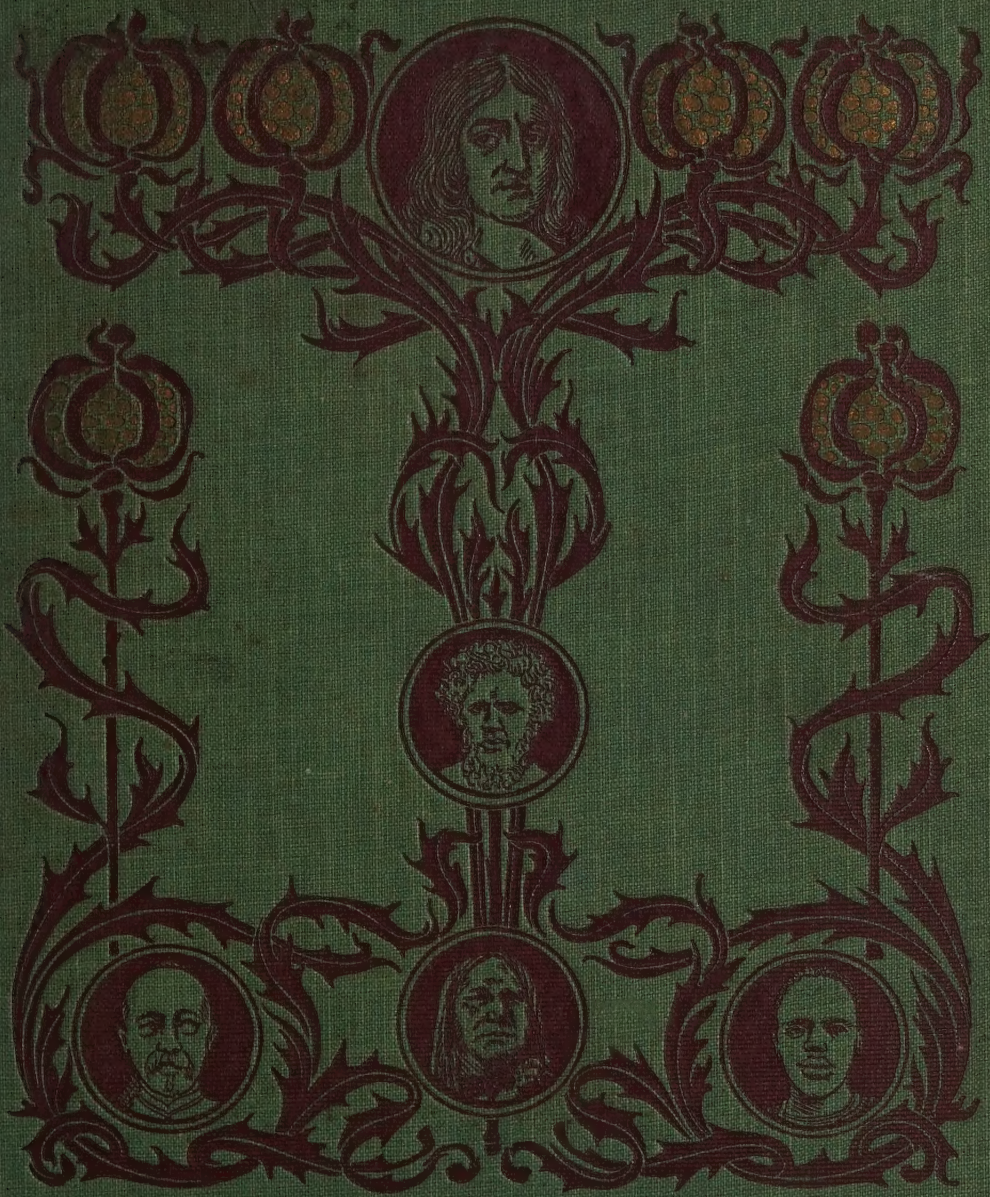
THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMANITY



THE FAR PARTS OF THE EARTH.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMANITY

GLIMPSES OF LIFE
IN EVERY LAND
SHOWING THE
DISTINCTIVE NOBLE TRAITS
OF ALL RACES

BY
EDWARD LEIGH PELL, D. D.

Superbly Illustrated with more than One Hundred Half-Tone Engravings

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Preface

In the arrangement of this volume I have avoided the conventional grouping of subjects according to geographical or political relations, and have sought to secure as far as practicable such variety as would enhance the pleasure of the general reader. This will explain not only the apparent lack of formal arrangement, but also the omission of some familiar names which one would ordinarily expect to find in a book of this character. For instance, there is no chapter devoted to the Austrians, as such, for the reason that they are Germans, and Austria is only a "political expression." An exception has been made in favor of the Swiss who, though being but the overflow population of surrounding countries, have lived to themselves long enough to develop some characteristic traits.

The widely varying character of the several chapters is due chiefly to the fact that I have contented myself with the available material without calling in the aid of the imagination or a superfluous vocabulary. The material for such a volume is by no means as plentiful as might be supposed, and although I have had access to nearly all the literature on the subject, and in addition have had the assistance of many eminent mis-

sionaries throughout the world, I have been compelled to dismiss some of the races with comparatively scant notice. It may be added that a work prepared under such circumstances could hardly be free from errors, though no pains have been spared to protect the present volume from mistakes of a serious nature.

While it is manifestly impossible to acknowledge all the sources of information to which I am indebted, I have tried, in the body of the book, to give due credit for all passages quoted.

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I.

Introductory.

The virtues are modest—one must look for them or one will overlook them. The vices are shameless—they force themselves upon our attention; they insist upon being seen and talked about. As a consequence, the daily papers, which are our best mirrors of life, reflect in the main the darker side of life, while our books of travel, which are popularly supposed to picture life as it is among the nations, are for the most part mirrors of the vices of nations. Of more than a thousand books of travel examined in the preparation of this volume scarcely one-fourth give fitting recognition to the virtues of the people at all, while most of them faithfully mirror all the vices in sight.

It is not strange that one who depends chiefly upon the world's mirrors for one's knowledge of life should have a growing conviction that the world is going to the bad. But to judge an apple one must look on its fair side as well as on its blemishes. One has no right to judge it by its blemishes alone any more than by its fair side alone. So in looking at life we do not learn the truth except by looking upon the upper as well as the lower side—the quiet nooks and corners where virtues bloom, as well as the highways and market places where vices walk abroad with brazen faces.

In presenting the bright side of humanity it is not as-

sumed that there is no dark side, or that the dark side is not as black as it has been painted, or that the bright side is as bright as it needs to be. It is simply assumed that we have seen enough—for the present at least—of the vices of men, and that it is time for our own good and for the good of our fellow-men to look for awhile upon their virtues. The charity that is not puffed up is the charity that grows with increasing knowledge. It is not what we know that makes us vain, but what we don't know. The knowledge of God tendeth to humility. The knowledge of self tendeth to humility. The knowledge of others tendeth to humility. The blissful feeling that we are the people and that wisdom and all the virtues will die with us is the bliss of ignorance. No man carries about the "holier than thou" atmosphere who has turned his thoughts from himself long enough to get a good look at the "thou." We Americans enjoy sitting on a pedestal. When we are persuaded to leave our perch and to come down to humble earth we usually come down to stay. The more we learn about those we have despised the less we feel like posing. When we find that the Filipinos can teach us a thing or two in the matter of reverence for parents, that the wild Arab puts to shame all our boasted hospitality, that even darkest Africa is not without its distinguishing virtues, then we begin to realize the charity that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up and doth not behave itself unseemly.

"My practice," wrote Livingstone, "has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never to allow my mind to dwell on the dark side of men's characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there, but all around in this fair creation there are scenes of beauty, and to

turn from these to ponder on deeds of sin cannot contribute to a healthy state of the faculties. . . . Human misery and sin we endeavor to alleviate and cure. It may be likened to the sickness and impurity of some of the slums of great cities. One contents himself with ministering to the sick and trying to remove the cause without remaining longer in the filth than is necessary for his work; another equally anxious for the public good stirs up every cesspool, that he may describe its reeking vapors, and by long contact with impurity becomes himself infected, sickens and dies."

A wise Frenchman said to an English friend one day: "The difference between you and us is that you try to make life difficult. We prefer to make it easy. You go about critically looking out for the bad points in everything and everybody you meet; we are content with their good. We like to be happy; you are never quite sure that you ought not to be miserable. You are a very good people, you English; but can you not be good in a pleasanter way?" I think we are beginning to see wisdom in the Frenchman's sentiment. I am sure that the world is caring less every day for recitals of crime and of vice in every form, that it is growing tired of the sight of blood, and that there is something of a longing for more fresh air and fragrant odors in our literature. We want our pictures of life to appeal to our love for the good, for the true and the beautiful; to inspire hope and increase our faith in our fellow-men; to draw out the better side of our nature; to make us feel that, come what may, God rules, and that right is going to conquer.

"Looking at the best in others," says Dr. Trumbull, "is one of the surest ways of helping them to better their best. In speaking of a pastor who had come into a little congregation

in a western town, and won, harmonized, encouraged and uplifted all in that congregation, a young woman said of him, 'He doesn't flatter you, but he has a way of turning things right side out.' His secret of power lay in his constant purpose to look at the right side of people and to encourage that side. The secret is one that is open to all of us." "The crying need of the nations to-day," says Capt. John Cussons, "is a fuller knowledge of the heathen people by the children of light." One reason why we are doing so little to help the needy races is that we feel so little respect for them or interest in them, and the reason we feel so little respect for them is that we have learned of their vices rather than of their virtues. Respect for a people, confidence in their essential manhood, the belief that there is something good in them, and interest in their welfare—these are the first conditions of doing a people any good.

And there is no race without its distinguishing virtues. "You who spend your lives at home," wrote Bayard Taylor, "can never know how much good there is in the world. In rude and refined races evil naturally rises to the surface, and one can discern the character of the stream beneath the scum. It is only in the realms of civilization where the outside is goodly to the eye, too often concealing an interior foul to the core." Dr. Charles S. Dennis, who has written the most comprehensive review of missions that has been published, prefaces his view of the dark side of heathendom with a warning against ignoring the existence of a brighter side. "The people of the East," he says, "have many virtues, both individual and social, which lend a peculiar interest and charm to their individual and national character." There is much, he declares, that is beautiful and dignified in their social life, and he believes that the great

nations of the Orient, when once thoroughly purified and possessed by the spiritual culture of Christianity, will be as refined and gracious, as noble and as true, as any other people which the world contains. "They have inherited and preserved in many instances, with singular fidelity, the best products and many of the most commendable customs of ancient civilization, and to refuse to recognize this would indicate a complacency on our part at once invidious, ungenerous and unjustifiable." In a letter to the author, the Rev. H. McCormick, of Porto Rico, says: "Our people need to know how much of good and of beauty there is in the character of the strange peoples Providence has brought to the front door of our nation. Anything that will lead our people to a more generous and sympathetic understanding of the Spanish-American as a man in his manifold relations will be to the advantage of all concerned." And an American lady in China, writing in the same vein, says: "If there were nothing better in the mission fields than hopeless cases, I for one would come home and work in America, for I would find plenty to do; but I find some good in every Chinese—woman, child or man."

Admitting all that has been brought against the less favored races, the fact remains that some of the greatest counts in the indictment which we make against them will hold against society in general. In more civilized lands, as Dr. Dennis says, "a catalogue of social evils common to Occidental nations might be made which would prove a formidable rival to its less civilized contemporaries, though in many vital respects it would be different. If we consider the elements of the environments of Christendom it becomes an interesting and searching question whether Occidental races, under similar historic conditions, without the inspiration of Christian ideals, would have done

better than their less fortunate brethren. It must be acknowledged also that there is an opportunity for a somber and dismal retort on the part of the less civilized races based on the treatment they have received at the hands of professedly Christian nations; or upon the personal dealings and conduct of the unworthy representatives of Christendom with whom they have come in contact."

If this be true with regard to heathen races, what shall be said of the spirit of those Americans who look with condescension upon all peoples, however highly civilized, who happen not to be of Anglo-Saxon blood?

By Helen Gevers.

ARAB MERCHANT.

II.

THE HOSPITABLE ARAB.

In the popular mind the Arab is distinguished mainly for his thievish propensity and his proneness to deal recklessly with the truth. It is a common saying that if one trusts to the honesty of a Bedwy he will steal the very hair from one's head. But over against this should be placed the equally true saying that if you trust to his honor he will give his life to protect you and all that you have. As for his

A BEDWY.

propensity for exaggeration, it should be remembered that the Arabic, like all other Oriental languages, abounds with the boldest metaphors, and that much of the Arab's exaggeration is, as Bayard Taylor has expressed it, "the splendid amplification of a fact." "Like skillful archers, in order to hit the mark they aim above it." Bayard Taylor, by the way, has given us in his "Land of the Saracens" an interesting story illustrating the harmlessness of this Oriental trait.

A shaykh told him that the King of Ashantee, whom he had visited, had twenty-four houses full of gold, and that the Sultan of Houssa had seventy thousand horses always standing saddled before his palace, in order that he might take his choice when he wished to ride out. "By this," says Mr. Taylor, "he did not mean that the facts were precisely so, but only that the king was very rich and the Sultan had a great many horses. In order to give the shaykh an idea of the great wealth and power of the American nation, I was obliged to adopt the same plan. I told him, therefore, that our country was two years' journey in extent, that the treasury consisted of four thousand houses filled to the roof with gold, and that two hundred thousand soldiers on horseback kept continual guard around Sultan Fillmore's palace. He received these tremendous statements with the utmost serenity and satisfaction, carefully writing them in his book together with the name of Sultan Fillmore, whose fame has, ere this, reached the utmost regions of Timbuctoo."

The distinguishing virtue of the Arab is his hospitality. Although hospitality is a virtue common to all Oriental peoples, it is among the Bedween that it reaches its highest perfection. It is not only their characteristic virtue, but, as has been said, it is the centre from which all other virtues radiate. The Arabian idea of hospitality is wider in its scope and more ex-

acting in its obligations than the western mind can readily comprehend. It is said to be utterly devoid of selfish considerations, and it calls for a larger measure of self-sacrifice than is required by any other duty.

Burckhardt in his travels through Palestine found many illustrations of this Oriental virtue. At an encampment of the Szowaleha Bedween the Arabs had a long and fierce dispute among themselves to decide who should have the honor of entertaining him. In that tribe he who first sees a stranger approaching, and preempts him by saying: "There comes my guest," has the right of entertaining him, at whatever tent he may alight; and this custom naturally opens many a question of precedence in the nomination of the "coming man."

AN ARAB BOY.

Burckhardt also tells of his alighting on one occasion with his party at the tent of a shaykh who was dying of a wound he had received several days before. The party was received with great cordiality, without the slightest intimation being given of the serious condition of their host —the shaykh remaining during the evening in an adjoining apartment, stifling his groans. The family had supposed that if the guests were informed of their host's suffering it would keep them from enjoying their meal, and it was not until the party left the camp on the day following that they learned the true state of affairs.

As an illustration of the disinterestedness of the Arab's hospitality, Dr. H. Clay Trumbull tells of a visit which his friend and associate, Professor Hilprecht, made to a shaykh in the Lebanon regions. Having been hospitably entertained over night, and supposing that the custom of receiving "bakhseesh" for entertainment, which prevails along the routes of public travel where Oriental life has suffered by contact with our civilization, prevailed here also, he arranged with an attendant to hand a silver coin to the shaykh as they left the tent in the morning. At the first proffer of the silver the shaykh with a kind but decided gesture pushed back the money from him; but when the attendant persisted in offering it, he became terribly aroused. Springing from the stone on which he had been sitting, his terrific passion betraying itself in wild gestures, and drawing himself to his full height, he stood with flashing eyes, while his people gathered excitedly around him. "Am I a dog?" he shrieked. "Do they dare to give the shaykh of Zeta money in return for his hospitality?" And with a withering glance he flung the proffered silver at the feet of the frightened muleteer.

Lieutenant Lynch tells of the tenure by which a shaykh on the east of the Jordan holds a tract of land which he is privileged to cultivate, the condition being that he shall entertain all travelers who may call, with supper and barley for their horses.

There is something in this Oriental law of hospitality which goes deeper than the mere duty of providing for those who are in need. To eat with an Oriental is to make a covenant of peace and friendship with him. Dr. Trumbull relates that when he entered Palestine by way of the South Country he found the principal well at Beersheba surrounded by a

A TYPICAL DRAGOMAN.

motley crowd of quarrelsome Bedween watering their camels. His cautious Moorish dragoman warned him not to venture among those "'wild Azazimen'" as he called them; but, not heeding the warning, he rushed in among them, and thereby put himself upon their hospitality before they had time to ward him off, as they were accustomed to treat strangers. As soon as he was within their circle he was asked why he did not make request for a drink of water if he wished to be received as a friend. He accepted their suggestion, and when he had drank from one of their buckets he was immediately welcomed as a friend.

There is still another element in Oriental hospitality especially noticeable among the Arabs, and that is the idea of "sanctuary," which secures to the guest protection by his host, even though all the personal interests of the host, as well as the apparent claims of justice, are against granting asylum to the person seeking it. "What is there," writes Volney, "more noble than that right of asylum so respected among all the tribes? A stranger, nay; even an enemy, touches the tent of a Bedwy, and from that instant his person becomes inviolable. It would be reckoned a disgraceful meanness and indelible shame to satisfy even a just vengeance at the expense of hospitality." The same writer cites a case of a rebel from Damascus who took refuge among the Druses in the Lebanon region, and who was demanded by the emeer of Damascus from the shaykh whose hospitality the fugitive had sought. The shaykh replied: "When have you known the Druses deliver up their guests? Tell the emeer that as long as Talhouk shall preserve his beard not a hair of the head of his suppliant shall fall." After trying other threats, the emeer declared that he would cut down fifty mulberry trees a day until the shaykh sur-

rendered his guest. The mulberry trees were the main support of the tribe, but their destruction would not induce the Druses to violate the right of sanctuary. When the emeer had cut down a thousand trees, other tribes were aroused in defence of the shaykh, and the commotion became general, until the fugitive reproached himself with the trouble he was causing, and fled to avoid bringing his faithful friend to ruin.

Warburton tells a remarkable story of a shaykh who was seeking the life of Elfy Bey, a deadly enemy of his friend and ally, Osman. One day, while the shaykh was absent from his tent, Elfy Bey entered it boldly, and hastily ate a bit of bread which he found there. The shaykh's wife, recognizing him, said: "I know you, Elfy Bey, and my husband's life perhaps at this moment depends upon his taking yours. Rest now and refresh yourself; then take the best horse you can find and fly. The moment you are out of our horizon, and the sun is above it, the tribe will be in pursuit of you."

When this story reached the ears of Osman, he demanded of the old shaykh if his wife had really saved the life of their deadliest foe. "Most true, praised be Allah!" replied the shaykh, drawing himself proudly up, and presenting a jewel-hilted dagger to the old boy. "This weapon," he continued, "was your gift to me in the hour of your favor. Had I met Elfy Bey, it should have freed you from your enemy. Had my wife betrayed the hospitality of the tent, it should have drank her blood! Now it is yours again. If you will, you may use it against me." And the Arab flung it at the Marmeluke's feet.

Although capable of intense bitterness towards those of a different faith, the Arab's prejudices do not destroy his reason. "I remember on one occasion," says Mr. Hay, "we had arrived

UNVEILED ARAB WOMAN

at a door near which we were to pitch our tents when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebellers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning around to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said: 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves!' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed: 'May God curse me if I ever curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'"

Speaking of their reputation for brigandage, a writer in the British Encyclopedia says: "The Bedween regard the plundering of caravans or travelers, whether on business or otherwise, simply as a supplementary measure that takes the place of passports or custom dues exacted elsewhere. The land is theirs, they say, and trespassers on it without leave must pay the forfeit. Hence whoever can show anything equivalent to a permission of entrance into their territory has, in the regular course of things, nothing to fear. The permission is obtained by securing the protection of the nearest Bedwy shaykh, who, for a politely-worded request and a small sum of money, will readily grant the pass, in the shape of one or two or more men of his tribe, who accompany the wayfarers as far as the next encampment on their road, where they hand their charge over to fresh guides, equally bound to afford the desired safeguard. In the interior of the peninsula the passport is given in writing by one of the local town governors, and is respected by the Bedween of the district; for, however impudent and unamenable to law these nomades may be on the frontiers of the impo-

tent Ottoman government in Syria or the Hejaz, they are quiet and submissive enough in other and Arab-governed regions of the peninsula. But the rash traveler who ventures on the desert strip without the precautions above mentioned is likely enough to atone for his negligence by the loss of his luggage; and should he resist, perhaps his life also."

Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Beirut, Syria, in a letter to the writer, after confirming what has been said of the unbounded hospitality of the Arabs, speaks in high praise of their love for their children. Nowhere, he says, are parents more devoted to their children, and since education has become available they are all anxious to give their little ones the best school opportunities. Arab children are very bright, attractive and lovable, and will compare favorably with the children of any other people. They are exceedingly apt in learning, and Dr. Jessup says there are many little boys and girls attending the schools of his mission who recite by heart whole chapters of the Bible. The Arabs are naturally a religious people, and a man without a religion of some sort would be looked upon as a strange creature. They believe in divinely inspired books, though they may choose the Koran over the Bible.

Dr. Jessup adds some exceedingly interesting notes about these interesting people. "Many of their educated men," he says, "trained in their missionary colleges and schools are now filling high positions as educators, clerks, business managers, physicians, preachers and teachers, in all parts of Syria, in Egypt and North Africa. They have caught the new enterprising spirit of Western civilization and are starting out in a new Phenician migration to the ends of the earth, seeking to better their condition; and at some time in the future the more

solid and reliable part of them will come back to benefit and elevate their country."

The Arabs make excellent Christians. The evangelical churches scattered throughout Syria have many members whose pure and consecrated lives, Dr. Jessup says, are a living witness to their sincerity and faith. Dr. Jessup names several Syrian believers who have been an honor to the church of Christ. Asaad-esh Shidiak, the first martyr of Madera Syria, was stoned to death, and walled up in a room in the monastery of Kannobin by order of the Maronite Patriarch. Abii Mousoor, of the Hasbeiqa church, during the massacres of 1860, was cut in pieces by the Druses' battle-axes while on his knees praying for his fellow-Christians and for their Druse enemies.

On Dr. Jessup's visit to the United States in 1864 he brought a box of Syrian curiosities, the gift of a Syrian Christian, who desired that they be sold and the proceeds be used to supply Testaments for the sick and wounded prisoners in our American war. The box was sold, and the proceeds from the sale of these curiosities was used in purchasing about fifteen hundred Testaments.

In 1860, when the Moslems and Druses in Damascus were engaged in massacring the Christians and burning their houses, the famous Arab prince, the *Emir Abdal Radir*, of Algiers, mounted his horse, and drew his sword, and at the head of his faithful bodyguard of 100 Algerians charged on the infuriated mob who were engaged in the massacre, drove them off, and rescued 11,000 Christians, whom he conducted to the great fortress enclosure, and had them guarded and fed until they could be removed to Beirut. President Lincoln sent him a present of a pair of gold-mounted navy revolvers, and he received presents from all the crowned heads of Europe.

I may add that in what I have said of Arabian traits I have had chiefly in mind the nomadic tribes of Arabia and Syria. These, however, do not differ widely in their characteristic virtues from the settled Arabs who compose a large part of the population of Western Asia and Northern Africa.

FLOWERSELLERS IN THE RAMBLA (BARCELONA)

(40)

By Rafael Arroyo.

ANDALUSIAN DANCER.

III.

THE STRENGTH OF SPAIN.

Few countries have fared so badly at the hands of unsympathetic travelers as Spain. George Augusta Sala in a fit of disgust wrote from a Spanish town: "I would not bring my maiden aunt, I would not bring my spinster cousin, I would not bring any lady, unless she were another Ida Pfeiffer or Lady Hester Stanhope, to the town or the inn or the room in which I am now dwelling." Mr. Henry Blackburn, another sparkling but undiscriminating writer, could see nothing among the Spaniards but their abominable abuse of the cigarette and their more provoking way of playing practical jokes upon travelers inquiring for directions. A far wiser traveler, M. Thieblin, in answering the criticisms of these gentlemen, intimates that both wrote while in a pet over some personal inconveniences to which they were subjected. Another writer, Miss Mary Eyre, a more merciless critic of Spain than either Sala or Blackburn, seems to have come by her opinion in a most natural way. According to M. Thieblin, she traveled in Spain with no other companion than her little dog, probably in one of those English traveling costumes which are such puzzles to continental eyes, and without any considerable knowledge of the Spanish language. As everyone knows, a Spanish lady is never to be seen alone even in a walk, and Miss Eyre's conduct naturally excited the gravest suspicion. Frequently she was followed by a batch of street boys who

greatly annoyed her, and sometimes she would stop and try to deliver them a speech, telling them she was an author and that she proposed to tell all the world what savages the Spaniards were, which, of course, caused the boys to annoy her still more. True to her word, Miss Eyre on her return gave vent to her views, spreading "the most absurd accusations against a nation of which it has been said that even a beggar is a gentleman if you know how to approach him."

Over against a long shelf of books setting forth the looseness of Spanish morals and the horrid ways of Spanish women, however, may be placed the observations of a few men who have lived in Spain long enough to fathom the depths of Spanish character, and who are unanimous in the opinion that the popular notions of Spain and of the Spaniards are almost wholly erroneous, if not absurd. In answer to the charge that the morals of the Spanish women are not very strict, the writer whom I have just quoted says that when one comes to really know them one will not only admire them, but will "actually experience the contagion of their virtue." At all events, he insists, there is no country in Europe in which one can find such pure enjoyment in intercourse with ladies as in Spain. Speaking of the lovely features of Spanish beauties, he says that their charms are all the more captivating because of one's consciousness that they cannot be bought. Such a thing as a young girl marrying for money or for any social consideration whatever is almost unknown in Spain. To win her one must win her heart. It is said that if a young girl marries an old man she runs the risk of being thrown out of society, and that all the women in the community, even those of the humblest extraction, will be at pains to make her feel that they are far purer than she. While a Spanish girl may be more or less

fickle, like the girls of other nations, when she marries she is as a rule as trustful and as loving as any woman in the world, and if her life proves unhappy no one will ever know it, as she will never carry her complaints to a divorce court. The Spanish girl loves for love's sake, and never makes any inquiries as to the pecuniary ability of her lover.

The popular notion that every Spanish woman smokes has no foundation except the fact that cigars are used by the workingwomen of the tobacco factories and by a few ladies from Cuba—a fact which should have no more weight than anything that may be truthfully said with regard to the use of snuff in America. No Spanish lady, says M. Thieblin, ever smokes. Nor is she a wine-drinker. In most parts of Spain the women scarcely know the taste of wine, water being their only beverage.

"To those who know Spain only from reading Spanish stories," says M. Thieblin,* "the love affairs in that country appear always as necessarily connected with serenading and knife struggles of the rabbles. This is greatly exaggerated. The serenading of one's beloved is occasionally still to be met with in Andalusia, where the climate and all the habits of life greatly encourage it, but in other parts of Spain the business is gone through in the usual European indoor way. As to knives, if they are used between two men who happen to fall in love with the same woman, their indiscriminate manipulation in such cases begins to be regarded as a romantic extravagance provided for in the penal code."

M. Thieblin insists that his profound admiration for the Spanish woman does not limit itself to her appearance or features; it is her kindness and tenderness of heart which is

* Spain and the Spaniards, by M. Thieblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

clearly perceptible in every act of her life, which attracts the traveler even more than her external attractions. One meets in the lower classes almost as many illustrations of the womanly character as in the higher circles. "The wife of the peasant is just as loving to her husband, just as careful of her children, and just as kind to everybody surrounding her as the wife of the grandee. Whether you knock at the door of an inn or an isolated farm, all the women of the house come to receive you, and there is not a thing that will be refused you. If you fall ill, whether it be at a hotel or a lodging-house or the residence of a friend, you may be perfectly sure of having such kind attention paid you as you could scarcely find in your own home. All day long the ladies, old and young, as well as all the servant girls of the house, will not leave you alone for a moment; they will surround you and enervate you through the minute attentions they will show you."

In 1805 Chateaubriand wrote: "Spain separated from other nations presents yet a history and an original character: the foundation of manners may yet save her; and when the people of Europe are exhausted by corruption, she alone may reappear with splendor on the scene of the world, because the foundation of manners is still undisturbed." The habit of politeness is still, perhaps, the chief possession of the Spanish people. I do not mean a mere outward civility, but a genuine courtesy born of real kindness of heart for the want of which, as has been said, there is no compensation. It cannot be denied that "the tone of voice and those forms of address which in individuals are the signs of proper bringing up are to a nation the source and stay of their good order and well-being." "The Spanish," says Mr. Urquhart, "have a dignity which we take for pride, and none of our so-called ease which to

GIRL OF SARAGOSSA.

them is vulgarity." Civility and ceremony are not monopolized by any particular class. The humblest address each other with the same forms used by the people of the higher class. Spaniards never require an introduction to know each other on the street, and so they never pass without salutation. No one ever eats in the presence of others without asking them to join him. The head of the house treats his servant as he would an equal. A beggar is rarely turned away, and even a prince in refusing him will say, "Pardon me, brother." "To the honor of Spain," says Borrow, "be it spoken, that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted nor looked on with contempt. In their social intercourse no people exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature. I have said that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt; I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolized."

The Spaniard loves to give you his good-will. A respectful inquiry always meets a courteous answer and a hearty offer of assistance. A writer has said that if you ask a Spaniard your way he will not be content with pointing it out to you, but will generally accompany you. A little kindness goes a great way, and the worst insult is mistrust. Mr. Urquhart tells the story of an English merchant in Spain who, having no money in his pocket, gave a handful of cigars to a beggar. Three years afterwards this merchant was seized near his country house by a band of robbers. While they were engaged in trying to fix upon his ransom, an absent comrade rode up, dismounted, and approaching the prisoner saluted him and asked if he did not remember having given at such a time and place a handful of cigars to a beggar. Then, turning to his com-

rades, he said: "This is my benefactor; whoever lays his hand on him lays it on me."

Another side of Spanish character is illustrated in an interview which Mr. Urquhart had with a French merchant. The conversation turned upon the Spanish mercantile character. The merchant said that there is no public credit in our sense, but there is real credit, for man trusts man. A great traffic had been carried on through the Basque provinces during the Continental blockade. No books were kept; the recovery of debts by legal process was impossible; yet was it distinguished by the most perfect confidence and an entire absence of failures and embezzlement. This statement was afterwards confirmed by Mr. George Jones, of Manchester, who managed the largest English concern in the Basque provinces during the war. He had no clerks; all goods were disembarked and put in warehouses. He could keep no record of accounts. The muleteers came themselves to get the bales, and all he could do was to tell them what the bales contained, and receive their own note of what they had taken to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds. Yet there was but one parcel missing. Several years afterward a priest brought him fifty dollars, which was the value of the missing bale of goods, saying, "Take that and ask no questions."

Everywhere in Spain one will find domestic affection, love between master and servants, tenderness for the afflicted, and aid for the needy. It is said that the Spaniard does not woo his wife only, but her relatives also; and when they fall into distress he supports them with a generosity "that is only outdone by the delicacy with which it is applied." The natural kindness of heart for which Spaniards are distinguished has many illustrations in the character of the charitable institutions

of the country. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, speaking of the Cadiz hospicio, says that it may be best described as an English workhouse stripped of its bitterness and invested with many privileges. It is a real rest; a real home for the respectable poor; a refuge for the young women who are homeless and out of places; a school and home for children, and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The place is open to all who need assistance on their presenting at the door an order from the town government testifying that they are respectable. The aged poor come in to live and die surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of. If they like they can go out for a little time to visit their friends and return to their home again. On all the feast days (and their name is legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sunday. Friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money they can send out and buy it for themselves.

IV.

GLEAMS FROM DARKEST AFRICA.

From time immemorial Africa has been a synonym of darkness. We have heard so much of its dark side that we receive with suspicion any intimation that it has any other side. Yet there is a bright side even to the Dark Continent. Short-sighted globe-trotters who have skirted its coasts have seen nothing but the wildest savagery; but Livingstone, who pierced the heart of Africa, and at the same time reached the heart of the African people, while seeing much that was unspeakable, has written out of his experiences a chapter on human kindness that has scarcely a parallel. Almost everywhere he went, he tells us, the people were unceasing in their efforts to please him, and he was touched with the kindness of heart and consideration which they showed for him.

Once in the good graces of an African of almost any tribe, and there is nothing that he is not willing to do to prove his friendship. Livingstone tells* of a chief who visited him in his tent, and, after closing the door so that none of his people might see his extravagance, drew from his bosom a string of beads and the end of a conical shell, which is considered in the interior of Africa of as great value as a Lord Mayor's badge. "He hung it around my head and said: 'There, now, you have a proof of my friendship.'" Livingstone was informed that

* Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, by David Livingstone. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the shells were so highly valued as marks of distinction that for two of them one might buy a slave.

Elsewhere, speaking of the constant efforts of the savages to show him kindness, Livingstone writes: "Our progress down the Barotse valley was just like this, every village gave us an ox, and sometimes two. The people were wonderfully kind. I felt and still feel most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit them in the only way I could, by imparting the knowledge of that Saviour who could comfort and supply them in the time of need, and my prayer is that he may send his good Spirit to instruct them and to lead them into his kingdom. Even now I earnestly long to return, and to make some recompense to them for their kindness in passing them on my way to the North. Their liberality might have been supposed to be influenced by the hope of repayment on our return, for the white man's land is imagined to be the source of every ornament they prize most. But though we set out from Loanda with a considerable quantity of goods, . . . the many delays caused by sickness made us expend all my stock, and all the goods my men procured by their own labor at Loanda, and we returned to the Makalolo as poor as when we set out. Yet no distrust was shown, and my poverty did not lessen my influence. They saw that I had been exerting myself for their benefit alone, and even my men remarked, 'Though we returned as poor as we went, we have not gone in vain.'" The writer adds, however, that although the Makalolo were so confiding to him, they are not so to every individual who visits them. "Much of my influence depended upon the good name given me by the Bakwains, and that I secured only through a long course of tolerably good conduct. No one ever gains much influence in this country without purity and uprightness.

The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinized by both young and old, and seldom is a judgment pronounced, even by the heathen, unfair or uncharitable. I have heard women speaking in admiration of a white man because he was pure, and never was guilty of any secret immorality. Had he been they would have known it and, untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him in consequence."

The politeness with which food is offered to strangers by most of the interior tribes of Africa deeply impresses the traveler. "Again and again," says Livingtone, "I have heard an apology made for the smallness of the present, the regret expressed that they had not received notice of my approach in time to grind more, and generally they readily accepted our excuse of having nothing to give in return, by saying that they were quite aware that there are no white men's goods in the interior. When I had it in my power I always gave something really useful. To Katema, Shinte and others I gave presents which cost me about two pounds each, and I could return to them at any time without having a character for stinginess. How some men can offer three buttons or some other equally contemptible gift while they have abundance in their possession is to me unaccountable. They surely do not know, when they write it in their books, that they are declaring that they have compromised the honor of Englishmen. The people receive the offering with a degree of shame, and ladies may be seen to hand it quickly to the attendants, and when they retire laugh until the tears stand in their eyes, saying to those about them, 'Is that a white man? Then there are niggards among them, too. Some of them are born without hearts.' . . . When these tricks are repeated the natives come to the conclusion that people who show such a want of

CHILDREN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

sense must be told their duty; they therefore let them know what they ought to give, and travelers then complain with being pestered with their 'shameless begging.'"

The characteristic virtue of the Negro tribes of Central Africa is their kindness to strangers. Among the Manganja tribe, who live on the banks of the Shire, a northern tributary of the Zambesi, kindness to strangers is a very striking national trait. The simple people have a well understood code of etiquette, a ceremony for the reception and treatment of strangers. The moment a stranger enters one of their villages he is conducted to an open space in the middle of the settlement, which is used as a place of general resort, and seated on a mat while the chief of the village is sent for. The arrival of the chief is hailed by loud clapping of hands, which continues until he and his councillors have taken their seats. Livingstone thus describes the scene: "Our guides then sit down in front of the chief and his councillors, and both parties lean forward and look earnestly at each other. The chief repeats a word, such as, 'Ambuiata' (our father and master), or 'Moio' (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, and a third by still more clapping, and each touches the ground with both hands placed together, then all rise and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last dies away or is brought to an end by a smart, loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette. The hand-clapping ceremony over, the chief man among the strangers, if an African, addresses the chief in rudely improvised blank verse. He narrates the style and quality of his companions, who they are, where they came from, and where they are going, and their business as far

as he knows, and, if he does not know, what he supposes it to be."

These Manganja people are of very pleasant dispositions, careless and full of good cheer. They are characterized by travelers who have visited them as a very lively race, always singing the jolliest songs and, if properly humored, making themselves the most amusing companions. The women are especially good-natured, and some of them are very handsome. Livingstone tells of a female chieftain who attached herself to his cavalcade in the early years of his explorations. Though a little in advance of her age in Africa, yet she may be taken as the type of the strong-minded female to be developed later in that benighted land. She would march all day ahead of Livingstone's party, and when the camp was formed in the evening she would go from hut to hut, and beg a little maize for the white man's supper, which she would grind and cook with her own hands like any African woman of lowly rank. She was most punctilious as to the respect and courtesies due her position, and if they were once infringed upon she speedily let her displeasure be known in a most excited manner. Careful as to etiquette, she as carefully inculcated politeness in others. To this description of the strong-minded chieftain of Bolondo Dr. Brown adds: "It may be unnecessary to say that her husband—Sambanza—was the meekest of men, and quite knew his position in the world."

The Kaffirs of Southern Africa are a cheerful, careless and light-hearted race. Their color is a blackish red, their hair is crisp inclining to curl, but the nose is not so flat, as a rule, as that of the Negro; and they have shown far more aptitude for civilization than the black man. They have good intellects and are keen and subtle in an argument. The Kaffir loves to

chop words, to split hairs. "Gil Blas," says Dr. Brown, "never lay in wait with more zest for an unwary traveler with whom to enter into a logical discussion than does Bishop Colenso's 'intelligent Zulu.'" The Kaffirs are not only dignified in bearing, but they have a high sense of honor. They are far from revengeful, and are slow to take affront at a trifle. As a rule, they are affectionate in their families, and are attached to their homes and also to their country. Speaking of the hospitality of one of the Kaffir nations, Makalolo, Livingstone says the people of every village treated him most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, buttermilk and meal, "more than we could store away in our canoe. The cows in this valley are now yielding, as they frequently do, more milk than the people can use, and both men and women present butter in such quantities that I shall be able to refresh my men as we go along. . . . They always make their presents gracefully. When an ox is given, the owner would say, 'Here is a bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox.' The women insisted on giving me copious supplies of shrill praises or lullilooing; but although I frequently told them to modify their great 'lords' and great 'lions' to more humble expressions, they so evidently intended to do me honor that I could not help being pleased with the good creatures' wishes for our success."

Livingstone also relates that when he left the Makalolo land for the cape the natives made a garden and planted corn for him that he might have food to eat when he returned. Another writer says that hospitality is so ingrained in the social economy of the Kaffirs that one of their most cogent arguments in favor of polygamy is that the man with one wife is unable

to entertain strangers in the manner he ought; and more especially is this a weighty reason when the women are the chief cultivators and have control over the cows and their stores. The Kaffir women are better treated than the women of most savage races, though they are regarded as inferior to the men. It is true that the wife is always purchased, but this is only regarded as an equivalent to her father for the loss of her services, and a girl regards it as an honor to be sold, especially if she brings a good price. Neither is the selling of a girl a degradation in the eyes of parents, while a young Kaffir would think himself disgraced if he accepted a wife without paying for her. Though of low civilization, Kaffirs know it is better to reason with a woman than to beat her, and they have learned to have recourse to moral suasion. When a man marries for the first time all the cows which he possesses are regarded as her property. "Theoretically," writes Mr. Shooter, an authority on Kaffir customs, "the husband can neither sell nor dispose of his cattle without his wife's consent. If he desires to take a second wife and needs any of the cattle to pay for her he must obtain her concurrence. This is usually secured by flattery or coaxing. If she complies with her husband's desires and furnishes cattle to purchase a new wife, she is entitled to the service of the newcomer and calls her 'my wife.'"

The Bechuanas are probably the least amiable of all the Kaffir tribes, and are said to be very cruel toward their relatives, and show little natural feeling of regard for their wives or children; yet they are not a quarrelsome people, and are persevering and industrious—virtues which, as some one has said, go a long way in the savage's life to make up what are looked upon, in civilized society, as gross offences. And it may be added that, as cruel as Kaffirs may be, they have not

shown a tithe of the cruelty and injustice toward their kindred which, from all accounts, the civilized whites have shown to them. Says an English writer: "We Britons are not blameless in this respect, and among our inglorious little wars those known by the name of 'the Kaffir' do not shine first on our bead-roll of glory."

The Hottentots, unlike the other African natives, are not dark, but yellow, bearing a striking resemblance to the Chinese. The popular notion used to be that the Hottentots were the lowest of the human race. While their place in the scale of intellectuality is certainly very low, their moral character is far better than many of the African nations. They have an inexhaustible fund of good humor, and take things pleasantly and easily, though they are impatient of restraint and find regular employment irksome.

The most harmless savages of Southern Africa are the Ovambos. The term by which they designate themselves means "the merry people," though it is said that it will require an African education to appreciate their mirth. They are humane to their sick and aged, and have the reputation of being absolutely honest. They are very industrious, and their herdsmen are well to do, possessing large droves of cattle and flocks of goats. Like the Chinese, they have a very high opinion of themselves, and a very low opinion of other people.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, tells a remarkable story illustrating the better side of the African. In transporting goods over the mountains a number of robberies had been committed, and it was found that the last man in the whole party whom Stanley would have wished to accuse of theft was found guilty—the noble, brave, and hitherto reliable Uledi. True as steel in the hour of danger, thinking nothing of his

life if Stanley desired him to risk it, he had yielded to the temptation to steal, not mere trifles, but goods upon which the very existence of Stanley's party might depend. Stanley had declared that the next man he caught stealing should be left in the hands of the savages as a slave forever, but he would almost as soon have lost his right hand as to have given up Uledi. He therefore called the chiefs together, and made them a speech in which he showed them that their lives depended upon putting a stop to the robberies that had become so frequent, and then asked them what should be done with Uledi, on whose person stolen goods had been found.

The principal chief would not answer at first, but on being pressed said at last that it was very hard, seeing it was Uledi. Had it been anybody else he would have voted to pitch him into the river, but now he could only give his vote for a flogging. The rest of the chiefs concurred in this proposal.

Stanley then turned to the boat's crew, of which Uledi was cockswain, and by whom he was dearly beloved. The watchman of the boat said: "Ah, it is a hard question, master. He is like our elder brother; but as the fathers of the people have spoken, be it so; yet for our sakes, master, beat him only a little."

Stanley next called up Zaidi, by whose side Uledi had clung all night in the midst of the cataract, thus saving his life. "Remember it is Uledi, master," said Zaidi.

Then he called Uledi's brother. "Spare Uledi, master; but if he must be flogged, give me half of it. I shall not feel it if it is for Uledi."

Finally Stanley called upon the poor culprit's cousin, who replied in a speech which the London *Athenæum* said would stand beside that of Jeanie Dean's when pleading for her sister.

"Will the master give his slave liberty to speak?"

"Yes," replied Stanley. Coming before him and clasping his feet with his hands, the poor fellow said:

"The master is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is something written. We black men know nothing, neither have we any memory. What we saw yesterday is to-day forgotten. Yet the master forgets nothing. Perhaps, if the master will look into his book, he may see something in it about Uledi; how Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how he has saved many men, whose names I cannot remember, from the river—Bill Ali, Mabruki, Kom-kusi and others; how he worked harder on the canoe than any three men; how he has been the first to listen to your voice always; how he has been the father of the boat-boys. With Uledi, master, the boat-boys are good and ready, without him they are nothing. Uledi is Shumari's brother. If Uledi is bad, Shumari is good. Uledi is my cousin. If, as the chiefs say, Uledi should be punished, Shumari says he will take half the punishment; then give Saywa the other half, and set Uledi free. Saywa has spoken."

All this was spoken in a low, humble tone, while the pleading man's head was bowed at the explorer's feet. Unable to resist such an appeal, Stanley replied:

"Very well; Uledi, by the voice of the people, is condemned; but as Shumari and Saywa have promised to take the punishment on themselves, Uledi is set free and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned."

The moment the poor culprit was set free he stepped forward and said: "Master, it was not Uledi who stole—it was the devil which entered into his heart."

Nearly all the natives of Africa have an amiable desire to

please, and they often tell what they imagine will be gratifying rather than the uninteresting naked truth. "Let a native from the interior," says Livingstone,* "be questioned by a thirsty geographer whether the mountains around his youthful home are high. From a dim recollection of something of the sort, combined with a desire to please, the answer will be in the affirmative, and so will it be if this subject of inquiry be gold or unicorns . . . English sportsmen, though first-rate shots at home, are notorious for the number of misses on first trying to shoot in Africa. Everything is on such a large scale, and there is such a glare of bright sunlight, that some time is required to enable them to judge of distances. 'Is it wounded?' inquired a gentleman of his dark attendant, after firing at an antelope. 'Yes, the bullet went right into his heart.' These small wounds never proving fatal, he asked a friend who understood the language to explain to the man that he preferred the truth in every case. 'He is my father,' replied the native, 'and I thought he would be displeased if I told him that he never hit it at all.' But great as this failing is among the free, it is more annoying among the slaves. One can scarcely induce a slave to translate anything truly, he is so intent on thinking of what will please."

One may say that Livingstone spoke rather extravagantly of the better side of the African natives, but who can blame him? No man ever won the hearts of a people more completely than he won the hearts of the simple savages of the Dark Continent. And they were always ready to lay down their lives for him. Once when he was sick his servants carried him for sixteen days on a hammock suspended from poles resting on their

* Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi, by David and Charles Livingstone. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

heads, and when he died loving hands bore his body more than half-way across the continent to the sea-coast, that he might be laid to rest in his own land. The story of this wonderful funeral procession is almost without a parallel in the history of human kindness. As they traveled many of the natives began to succumb to fever, and after journeying a hundred miles the entire party became so ill that they were compelled to stop for a month's rest. Difficulties beset them at every step of the way. In one district the natives tried to prevent the passage of the funeral procession through the country, and they would doubtless have desecrated the body if the party had not taken the precaution to hide it in some bales of calico. After a painful journey of six months the party reached Zanzibar, where the body of Livingstone was placed in charge of the English Consul, who sent it to England to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

The savage Negro in his African home is childish, fickle, affectionate, and easily affected by kindness or ill treatment. It is a mistaken notion that the Negroes are as a whole a cruel race. It is true that they are guilty of many brutalities in some of their customs; but these cruelities are not the mere gratification of revenge, but are often religious rites to propitiate the wrath of their gods. The torture of prisoners is practically unknown among them, though prisoners are frequently slaughtered in connection with their fetish rites. "The black man," says Sir Samuel Baker, "is a curious anomaly of good and bad points, nature bursting forth without any arrangement, like the flowers and thorns of his own wilderness. A creature of impulse, seldom actuated by reflection, the black man astounds by his complete obtuseness, and as suddenly confounds you by an unexpected exhibition of sympathy." Mr. Baker

adds that after a long experience with African savages he thinks it is as absurd to condemn the Negro as it is preposterous to compare his intellectual capacity with that of the white man. "It is, unfortunately, the fashion for one party to uphold the Negro as a superior being, while the other denies him the common powers of reason."

In many parts of Africa woman does not occupy such an inferior position as is usually supposed. Livingstone tells of a member of his party who attempted to purchase a goat, and had nearly concluded the bargain when the wife of the man who had the goat to sell came forward and said: "You appear as if you were unmarried; selling a goat without consulting your wife; what an insult to a woman! What sort of a man are you?" The member of Livingstone's party urged the man, saying, "Let us conclude the bargain and never mind her." But he, being better instructed, replied: "No, I have raised an host against myself already," and refused. "If this was a fair specimen of domestic life," adds Livingstone, "the women here have the same influence that they have in Londa, farther west, and in many parts north of the Zambesi, where we have known a wife to order her husband not to sell a fowl, merely, as we supposed, to show us strangers that she had the upper hand. We conjectured that deference was commonly shown to women here because, as in the West, the exclamation most commonly used was, 'Oh, my mother!'"

In a letter to the writer the Rev. Samuel Philip Verner, a missionary to Africa, says that he has never known the people among whom he labored to violate hospitality, desert a friend, break the plighted bonds of blood-brotherhood, or leave a wounded comrade. He found the people full of natural affection and kindness. "I have known a man," he says, "to divide

a spoonful of salt among half a dozen friends." Mr. Verner gives an interesting illustration of this noble trait among the natives:

"Bunder was my head boy, who insisted on going with me from the coast a thousand miles into the interior, as he said, to tell the people about Jesus. Our adventures together and the instances of his heroic fidelity would fill a volume. Once we were on a march across a long waterless plain. Bunder was leader of the caravan and, as was his right, carried only a light burden. When we reached the camp he was nowhere to be seen; but after quite a while he came up in the darkness bearing a bale of cloth weighing seventy pounds on his head. Seeing a carrier struggling under the burden, Bunder took it from him and brought it the remainder of the journey himself. He explained that he wanted to relieve his tired 'brother.'"

Mr. Verner says that he once left him in charge of his station alone for six weeks with all his goods. The country being stirred up by war in his absence, Bunder's people implored him to leave for his own safety; but he remained faithfully at his post, and Mr. Verner on returning found everything safe and sound. Another of his followers, a man from a cannibal tribe, risked death by going sixty miles into a hostile tribe alone and unarmed to rescue his wife who had been caught and sold as a slave. Mr. Verner thinks that the Africans in their aboriginal state are in many respects noble people.

The Rev. W. T. Lumley, another missionary in Africa, in a letter to the writer, bears testimony to the noble traits of the people among whom he labored. They are known as the Youba people, and they are above the average tribe of the Dark Continent. These people are distinguished for their remark-

able perseverance. This is particularly noticeable in their religious habits. No other people cling more tenaciously to the religion in which they have been brought up. "In his farming, blacksmithing, weaving, his marketing, in fact, everything he does, he is dominated by the thought of the particular god of his allegiance, and this thought nourishes him to achieve everything at which he aims. When converted to Christianity his perseverance in his new religion is quite as noticeable."

Some noble specimens of manhood have been brought to light by the power of the gospel among the savage Negroes of Africa. Mrs. Hepburn, the widow of the late Dr. Hepburn, the well-known missionary, writing of Khama, a noted Bamangwato chief, says: "It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Khama and I became friends. We were with him—my husband and I—through these long years in sorrow and in joy; through times of famine and in plenty; through miseries of war and in the quietude of peace and prosperity. We have tasted persecution together, and together have been permitted to see the desert blossoming as the rose under the good hand of our God upon us. But more than this: for months at a time, while my husband was visiting Lake Ngami, have I been left with my children under Khama's sole protection and guardianship; and no brother could have cared for us more faithfully and kindly. During these absences of the missionary I have often had to assist the chief in interpreting and corresponding for him, and advising him in any questions which might arise, and in all our intercourse I can most gratefully say that he was to me always a true Christian gentleman in word and deed. No one now living knows of 'Khama the Good' as I know him. Did they do so, they could but honor and trust him as I do from my heart." This remarkable man recently visited England,

where he won the respect and confidence of the best people. He is of an heroic build unusual in the most enlightened Christian lands. After his conversion to Christianity, his father purchased for him a second wife and ordered him to take her. He replied: "I refuse on account of the Word of God. Lay the hardest task on me with reference to hunting elephants for ivory, or any service you can think of as a token of my obedience, but I cannot take the daughter of Pelutana to wife."

V.

PLEASANT FRANCE.

The popular notion of the Frenchman is that he is superficial, vain, frivolous, childish, immoral and inconstant—"nothing much at any time, and nothing very long, and invariably in the extreme of whatever he is at." It cannot be denied that he is sometimes superficial, often vain, occasionally frivolous and childish, and not seldom immoral and inconstant; yet it would be easy to place over against the charge of superficiality an abundance of facts to prove that France has been foremost in every intellectual movement of Europe, and it may as truly be said that if French life has a frivolous side, it has also a serious aspect, though it would be foolish to represent the French as possessed of the loftiest ideas. As some one said, such conduct as that with which we associate the Frenchman is to a great extent typical of the Celt, who appears the moment we scrape the Romanized Gaul. He has a bright intellect, though he is not often capable of very profound effort, and his love of change is so all-pervading that "on the first opportunity for indulging it he is apt to 'shoot Niagara' without caring or thinking what comes afterwards." "Completeness of theory," says Dr. Brown, "is his curse; utter want of any capacity for halving the difference so as to arrive at a *modus vivendi*, his bane in politics. This, rather than the ingratitude of which he is sometimes accused by critics of his own people, is what tempts a Frenchman to drift from one

A Scene in French Peasant Life

form of government to another, the superior advantage of which is not apparent to more prosaic spectators."

Whatever his infirmities, no one has yet presumed to doubt the Frenchman's courage, his sentiment of discipline or his patriotism. It is certain that no other people in the world have such exquisite tact and such faultless taste in art. The Frenchman's talent for paying compliments is without a parallel. Indeed, he is so anxious to be amiable and say pleasant things that he often runs the risk of being insincere, and, as has been remarked, "of sacrificing truth to originality." "He is so sensitive," says a writer, "to the general sentiments of the world that he is apt to forget the more quiet dictates of conscience." His very amiability is responsible for many of the deeds which have sometimes brought him into bad repute. "A few leaders among the people take a step, and the people, without a moment's hesitation, fearing to be accounted unamiable and obstinate, follow their lead without regard to constancy. This, together with the Frenchman's sociability, is largely responsible for the mobs that so often disgrace Paris."

Perhaps the chief characteristic of the French people is thrift. Whatever may be their income, a part of it must be saved. It is said to be the aim and end of life throughout France, outside of the extravagant class in cities, to save something for investment. This is pursued to such an extent that it often culminates in stinginess. Lady Verney, writing of country life in the south of France, declares that thrift with the people is the end of life. They do not work to live, they live for the sake of working to lay by, and they begrudge every penny they spend, even for the necessaries of life. But while this may be true, it is worth remembering that the savings which among us go into useless finery or dissipation

among the French people go to provide against a rainy day. The working people of France manage better perhaps than the same class in any other nation in the world.

Nothing is more universally misunderstood than the place which woman holds in France. In no other country is woman more deferred to, and while her education is less perfect than elsewhere, she certainly makes the most of the opportunities which are offered her. She is rarely beautiful, but always pleasing, vivacious, graceful, and gifted with a lively imagination. What we know, or rather what we do not know, about French morals we have learned from French novels, and the conduct or misconduct of a small circle of the fashionable society of Paris. Whatever may be said of the loose morals prevailing in this set, it is a scandalous aspersion on the French people to say that morality is lower among them than among other nations. As some one has said, this idea of the looseness of morals is due to the loose morals of French writers, who, rather than not be amusing, do not hesitate to invent. The way French girls are brought up renders it difficult for a romance writer to make his story hang on a love affair between a young man and a young woman ; but the reading public demands this sort of thing, and so they must fabricate improprieties of the character so common on the French stage.

The popular notion concerning the everyday life of a Frenchwoman of the middle class is wholly wrong. Instead of being always ready to attend to anything or anyone except her house and her family, she is really absorbed in domestic affairs, " and after she has seen to her domestic duties and to her frequent devotions, or to her embroidery, if she has any leisure the French matron of the middle class has no time for that mischief which Satan finds for idle hands to do." "Girls

of this class are brought up so strictly that they never speak to a young man except in the presence of their mother or other elderly persons, and they are expected to be innocent of everything not connected with their religious duties and household affairs. The books they read are selected by their parents, and the mothers never weary of warning them against the American girl, who corresponds with any number of young men, and who goes out unattended, or accompanied by young men with whom she has scraped an acquaintance. Such a scandal would never be dreamed of in France—that is, outside of Paris.

"In many houses," says Dr. Brown, "when a party is given the young men of the family are sent away until it is over: then the ladies will solemnly dance with each other. The match-making matron who delights in 'bringing young people together' could have no place in such a neighborhood, for to invite to the same dinner-table two young people of opposite sexes would be considered extremely improper. When a young gentleman considers that the time has arrived when he should take unto himself a wife, he inquires among his friends, or asks his mother or some other trusted female relation to aid him; or if he hears of one endowed with the proper maidenly virtues or a dower (which is indispensable), he dispatches an envoy to her parents or guardians requesting the honor of an alliance. The young lady is not consulted. Indeed, if the suitor has never seen her before his proposal, he is considered the more perfect gentleman, for in that case such a rude motive as mere love could never have entered into his calculation, and love is a passion which must be entirely eliminated from the French marriage. [Here comes in the canker of French society of which we have already heard too much, but which, it must be remembered, has

been grossly exaggerated.] The parents know what is best for the children, and this being taken as a matter of course, the young couple are supposed to have plenty of time in after life to make each other's acquaintance. Then, if the proposals are agreeable to the parents of the girl, the suitor is introduced, and after a month's subdued courtship—if the interval between the proposal and the wedding deserves such a title—they are married; and whatever may be their own private opinion of this system, they are always loud in declaring that it is the best of all possible plans. Their parents were so brought together. Nor—the French drama and novel aside—do these exceedingly prudent marriages turn out badly, Madame being for the most part a good wife and mother, though naturally, the human heart is in France much what it is in other parts of the world.

Perhaps the most interesting people of France are the Bretons of Brittainy. These simple peasant folk have preserved their racial characteristics in a remarkable degree. Their language has nothing in common with the French, being of Celtic origin, and their land still holds numerous relics of the ancient faith of the Druid Celts in many a surviving custom. "Naturally conservative in their ideas," says George Willis Bardwell, "and non-progressive as the Bretons are, their environments tend to keep them so, for their language, differing so widely from the French, and their pursuits—almost entirely agriculture and fishing—which at best yield but small results, give but little opportunity for expansion. What their fathers were they are and their children shall be." Mr. Bardwell adds that notwithstanding their lack in these things they possess other qualities which are not to be lightly esteemed. They are hard-working, uncomplaining, honest, frugal and virtuous. "The bit of land which their fathers tilled, the old hut, the bed,

the clock, the furniture, which have belonged to successive generations of one family, are the objects of affectionate care and not to be lightly parted with." The farmer plods on throughout his threescore years and ten, living a life of unremitting toil, while the fisher is exposed to the dangers of a perilous coast and to the storms of the North Atlantic, whither he goes to follow his calling.

The Bretons are nearly all devout Roman Catholics. The priests are mostly of the people, men of small learning and attainments, but sturdy and earnest. The robes which they wear every day are worn and discolored by the storms encountered on their journeys to and from remote farms and huts, whither they go in all weathers to carry medicine and comfort to the sick and the sacrament to the dying. Mr. Bardwell says that their influence over these simple and pious folk is very great, and that even the rough sailors treat them with becoming deference and respect. The Breton's religion pervades all that he does. A prayer precedes every meal, and the knife describes the sign of the cross upon every piece of bread before it is cut. When a member of the family lies ill, the entire household assemble about the sick bed and pray earnestly for the patient's recovery.

Writing of some of the quaint customs of the Bretons, Mr. Bardwell says:

"In his way the tailor in Brittainy is a most important personage. The cutting and making of clothing is indeed included among his professional duties, but form, it may be said, only an incidental part of them. It is he who bears the news and gossip of the neighborhood from house to house, who carries lovers' messages, and who plays the part of envoy in marriage negotiations, besides preparing the trousseau of the bride.

The men affect to look down upon him as being effeminate, yet they are glad at times to avail themselves of his services. He seldom marries and, if he has a fixed residence, is not often to be found there except in summer. The rest of the time he is traveling from house to house, busy with his scissors and needle. It may readily be imagined how gladly he is welcomed in parts where newspapers are rare or unknown, and the women get small chance to gossip or exchange confidences. When a young Breton feels himself sufficiently affluent to afford a wife, he sends the tailor to the young woman whom he has selected as having the qualities of good looks and sufficient fortune with an offer of marriage. The tailor sings his praises, and the girl, if there be no previous attachment, and the young man seems a desirable match, refers the knight of the scissors to her parents. If they are favorably impressed with the young man's qualities and possessions, a day is set when the young man may call on the girl and her people, and the prospective bridegroom is regaled with bread and wine. A time is then fixed when the two families may come together and arrange the terms of the contract. On the day appointed the parents of the two put on their gala dress, and the father and the mother of the young man repair to the home of the future bride. All is in readiness; the beds are arranged and open for inspection, the chests of linen likewise, and the portion of the bride arranged in attractive piles of coin in a conspicuous place. The carts and carriages are placed in the yard so that they will show to best advantage, and the horses are well groomed. Sometimes many of the objects are borrowed for the occasion. The object of all this exhibition of goods is to impress the visiting party with the prosperity of the girl's relatives, showing the proposed connection to be a desirable one, and allow the

latter to demand a good settlement for the young man. When the place is fully inspected and the terms of the marriage contract agreed upon, the fathers strike hands upon the bargain and the matter is finally concluded.

"Eight days before the marriage the young people separately invite their friends to the wedding, which takes place in the church after a visit to the mayor. The wedding feast is then begun, during the course of which the newly married pair comport themselves most gravely. After the feast the dance begins, and this lasts till midnight."

VI.

GYPSIES.

While the Gypsies (probably a corrupt form of "Egyptians") are supposed by some students to be of Median origin, the majority of scholars agree in identifying them with the *pariah*, or outcasts, of India. At any rate, it seems quite certain that they are not from Egypt, though their dialect contains many words which at one time were supposed to be Egyptian in origin. In Europe they are known by various names, being called Gueux, or Mattois, in France; Zieh-Gaunier in Germany; Zingari in Italy, and Gitanos in Spain, all of which are nicknames given them by the peasants. They call themselves Romni.

While it must be admitted that the Gypsies are born thieves, and that they are capable of violent passions and almost fiendish vindictiveness, it cannot be denied that they have some virtues which they have developed to a remarkable degree. For instance, they are exceedingly courteous and they are always ready to forgive. It is said that they hardly know how to resist a show of affability or an approach to renewed friendship on the part of one who has offended them. They are secretive and full of cunning, but these are the natural fruits of the war which they have for ages waged against society and society against them. Everyone who knows anything of Gypsy character knows that when once a Gypsy passes his word he will keep it. The old Oriental idea of in-

By E. Debat-Ponsan.

GYPSY WOMAN AT HER TOILET.

violate honor towards the wayfarer in their tents has been preserved among them amid many temptations and difficulties. Although their children receive scarcely any training, they are exceedingly kind to their parents and their parents to them. Parents never punish their small children, but it is said to be quite common for a grown-up son to meekly accept a thrashing from his aged father. Unscrupulous as he is regarding the method of obtaining his supplies, he is just as ready to part with what he has to a friend in worse plight than himself. Mr. Lealand says that he has found them more cheerful, polite and graceful than the lower orders of other races in Europe or America; and he believes that when their respect and sympathy are secured they are quite as upright. "Like all people who are regarded as outcasts, they are very proud of being trusted, and under this influence will commit the most violent acts of honesty." They have a tact and a delicacy which one would expect only in loftier spheres, and a love of nature which makes their wild life a pleasure to them. In dealing with the disreputable side of their character, it should be remembered that many of the lowest among them are descendants of vagabond whites who intermarried with them. The Gypsy's acts of theft are as natural to him as breathing. Poor and despised, and often hungry, it seems to him the most natural thing in the world that he should satisfy his appetite or needs at the expense of those who, in his eyes, are burdened with superfluity. He knows it is against the law of the land, but as for its being against a moral law, that is something concerning which he has never been taught to reflect.

One of the most remarkable traits of Gypsy character is the reverence which is universally shown for the dead. "In England," says Dr. Brown, "a Gypsy will often abstain from

spirits for years because a brother, now dead, was fond of liquor; or abandon some pursuit by reason of the fact that the deceased when last in his company was engaged in this business or pastime. Again, a wife or child will often renounce a delicacy most liked by the dead husband or father. They will never mention the dead one's name, and if any of the survivors happen to bear one of the names they will change it for another less apt to recall the loved one." Mr. Lealand tells us of a Gypsy who declined a cigar which he offered to him because in the pockets of his nephew some cigars were found after his death. The same man ceased using snuff after his wife's death. "Some men," said a Gypsy, whom Mr. Lealand quotes, "won't eat meat because a brother or sister who had died was fond of it; some won't drink ale for five or six years; some won't eat a favorite fish that a child ate; some won't eat potatoes or drink milk or eat apples, and all for the dead. Some won't play cards or a fiddle, and some won't dance. 'No, I can't dance; the last time I danced was with poor wife that has been dead these four years.' 'Come, brother, let's go and have a drink of ale.' 'No, brother, I never drank a drop of ale since my wife went.' 'Well, take some tobacco, brother.' 'No, no! I have not smoked since my wife fell in the water and never came out again alive.' 'Well, let's go and play at cock-shy; we two will play you two for a pint of ale.' 'No, I never play at cock-shy; the last time I played was with him.' And Lena, the wife of my nephew Job, never ate plums after her husband died." In Germany, where the Gypsies are nearer kin to the primitive conditions of the race than in England, respect for the dead is even more sacred. "By my father's head!" is a very binding oath, but to swear by the dead is even more so. "Even in England," says Dr. Brown, "a

Gypsy who declares that he will do anything by his dead wife is pretty sure to keep his word, though he never heard of the Bible." In Germany it is said that when a maiden called Forella died her entire nation ceased designating the trout by the old name Forelle.

The Gypsies are by no means a dull or unreceptive people. Many of them have great natural shrewdness, though, except as musicians, few of them have ever attained to much celebrity. Dr. Gordon, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, was understood to be of pure Gypsy stock, and it has been contended that Mrs. Carlyle, Lord Jeffrey and Christopher North were partly of that race. It has also been claimed that John Bunyan was of the wandering folk.

VENETIAN FRUITSELLER.

VII.

IN SUNNY ITALY.

ITALY is associated in the popular mind with insincerity and daggers. One thinks of genteel, courtly brigands and the four thousand murders which they are said to commit every year. "Italy," says an old writer, "is the prime climate of Compliment, which oftentimes puts such a large distance 'twixt the tongue and the heart that they are seldom relatives, but often give the lie one to another; some will offer to kiss the hands which they wish to cut off, and would be content to light a candle to the devil so they may compass their own end. He is not accounted wise who openeth all the boxes of his breast to anyone. The Italians are for the most part of a speculative complexion, and he is accounted little less than a fool who is not melancholy once a day. They are only bountiful to their betters, from whom they may expect a greater benefit. To others the purse is closely shut when the mouth openeth widest, nor are you likely to get a cup of wine there unless your grapes are known to be in the wine-press."

It cannot be denied that the Italians are for the most part criminally careless of human life. But as for their politeness one must agree with Thomas Bailey Aldrich that "if it is veneer, it is a singularly agreeable sort of veneer." Those who know Italy best, however, insist that the politeness of the Italians is something more than a mere surface polish. Dr. George B. Taylor, an American missionary who has spent a

quarter of a century in Italy, declares that he has found the same gentleness, good feeling and kindness among the people that he found among his own people in Virginia. Dr. Taylor tells of an American gentleman who spent many winters in Italy, who often said that when he returned home the manners of his own people jarred upon him; and adds: "Indeed, it is impossible not to note the contrast in the manners of the Italians with what is often met in England and America. Their gentle blandness and careful regard for those conventions which are the oil to the machinery of social and business life are contrasted with the crisp curtness and carelessness of forms which, by no means universal, might be more conspicuously absent in our enterprising land."* The same writer says that if one jostles, even sharply, an Italian on the street, he gives no sign, taking for granted that it was accidental, and if you should apologize he will lift his hat with a smile. On the other hand, if he should jostle you ever so little, he will raise his hat as a request for pardon.

The "white lies" for which Italians are known are explained by the desire universal among them to please every one with whom they come in contact. "Their word *simpatico*," says Dr. Taylor, "which is untranslatable, is fairly descriptive of them as a people, so genial and human are they, so readily entering into the feelings and situations of others." This trait is nowhere more noticeable than in Tuscany, where the urbanity of the people is their most striking characteristic. The politeness of the Tuscan has been stigmatized as obsequiousness, but those who know him best agree that it comes from a sincere feeling of kindness. The people are frank and genial, and always ready to accept the advances of a stranger.

* Italy and the Italians, by George B. Taylor, D. D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THE BIRD MERCHANT (ROME).

BLIND MUSICIANS.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in his "Venetian Life," writes in a delightful vein of the exuberance of manner which is so noticeable among the Venetians. There is a vast amount of ceremony everywhere, and, as Mr. Howells says, "one hardly knows what to do with the numbers of compliments it is necessary to respond to. A Venetian, does not come to see you, he comes to revere you; he not only asks if you be well when he meets you, but he bids you remain well at parting, and desires you to salute for him all common friends; he reverences you at leave-taking; he will some times consent to incommode you with a visit; he will relieve you of the disturbance when he rises to go. All spontaneous wishes which must, with us, take original forms, for lack of the complimentary phrase, are formally expressed by him—good appetite to you, when you go to dinner; much enjoyment, when you go to the theatre; a pleasant walk, if you meet in promenade. He is your servant at meeting and parting; he begs to be commanded when he has misunderstood you. But courtesy takes its highest flights, as I

ITALIAN FLOWERSELLER.

hinted, from the poorest company. Acquaintances of this sort, when not on the Cio ciappa footing, or that of the familiar thee and thou, always address each other in Lei (lordship), or Elo, as the Venetians have it; and their compliment-making at encounter and separation is endless: I salute you! Remain well! Master! Mistress! (Paron! parona!) being repeated as long as the polite persons are within hearing."*

Mr. Howells relates that, one day when passing through a crowd, an old Venetian friend of his who trod upon the dress of a young person before him called out: "Scusate, bella giovane!" (Pardon, beautiful girl!) "She was not so fair nor so young as I have seen women; but she half turned her face with a forgiving smile, and seemed pleased with the accident that had won her the amiable apology." The waiter in the café says to the ladies for whom he places seats: "Take this place, beautiful blonde;" or, "Sit here, lovely brunette," as it happens.

"A Venetian who enters or leaves any place of public resort," continues Mr. Howells, "touches his hat to the company; and one day at the restaurant some ladies, who had been dining there, said 'Complimenti!' on going out, with a grace that went near to make the beefsteak tender. It is this uncostly gentleness of bearing which gives a winning impression of the whole people, whatever selfishness or real discourtesy lie beneath it. At home it sometimes seems that we are in such haste to live and be done with it we have no time to be polite. Or is popular politeness merely a vice of servile peoples? And is it altogether better to be rude? I wish it were not. If you are lost in his city (and you are pretty sure to be lost there continually), a Venetian will go with you wherever you wish.

*By permission of and by special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

ON THE SPANISH STAIRS AT ROME.

SAN REMO.

And he will do this amiable little service out of what one may say old civilization has established in place of goodness of heart, but which is perhaps not so different from it.

"You hear people in the streets bless each other in the most dramatic fashion. I once caught these parting words between an old man and a young girl:

"'Giovanetta. Revered sir!' (Patron riverito!)

"'Vacchio.' (With that peculiar backward wave and beneficent wag of the hand only possible to Italians.) 'Blessed Child!' (Benedetta!)

"It was in a crowd, but no one turned round at the utterance of terms which Anglo-Saxons would scarcely use in their most emotional moments. The old gentleman who sells boxes for the theatre in the Old Procuratie always gave me his benediction when I took a box."

The incivility which meets American travelers at every stage in our own country is rarely found among the railway or hotel employees in Italy or, for that matter, anywhere in Europe. The men whose business it is to meet the public seem to be selected chiefly on account of their high breeding. Speaking of the guards on the railway carriages, Thomas Bailey Aldrich says that so far from being the disdainful autocrats to which we are accustomed in America, they are the most considerate of men. They look after one's welfare and comfort "as if it were the only thing for which they were created." They are always glad to give one information about anything, and it is said that it is impossible to weary them with questions. The proprietor of the hotel at which you stop treats you as an old friend. Mr. Aldrich adds that it is true he makes you pay roundly for all this, but pertinently asks if we do not pay

roundly for food and shelter in taverns in our own land and get no civility whatever.

Mr. Aldrich thinks that the politeness which characterizes every class may possibly be explained in part by the military system which requires of all men a certain time of service. The soldier is disciplined in the severest school of manners, and courtesy becomes a second nature. But Mr. Aldrich forgets that in the East, where this term of service is not required, the people are quite as polite as they are in Italy or anywhere else in Europe. The people of Europe are probably polite for the same reason that the people of the East are polite: they are polite at heart.

Whatever the defects and faults of the Italians, sloth and idleness are not among them, unless we except the laborers in the extreme southern part of the country. There is not a soberer or steadier class of people to be found than the humble order of laborers in the north of Italy. Where there is idleness at all, it is encouraged by the lack of motive for work, the absence of decent wages and everything else that is elsewhere held out to laborers as an incentive. The consideration which laborers have for one another is very beautiful. The fisherman of Naples is known only as a rogue the world over, but it is not uncommon to see him and a dozen others drying a net when half the number would amply suffice, the object being to share his scanty gain with as many of his friends as possible. Dr. Taylor says that in the mines of Sicily and Sardinia, in the rice fields of Lombardy, in seed time and harvest, as masons, sailors, fishermen and a hundred other crafts, they labor from daylight until dark, often into the night, and on the day of rest; and this usually for scanty returns. The

Italian laborers throughout the world, as a rule, surpass all others both in diligence and effectiveness.

Dr. Taylor thinks that Italy with the gospel would be one of the best and happiest, "as it already is the fairest of earth's lands."

AUG. HAGBORG.

AN EVENING IN SWEDEN.

VIII.

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

To the optimist Scandinavia is the land of pure delight. Certainly among no other primitive peoples does one who travels with an eye to the bright side of humanity find so much to delight in. While they are by no means without their vices, they are, according to their law, as Bayard Taylor has said, as true and honest and pure as the inhabitants of the most favored country in the world.

The first thing that strikes a stranger who travels through Norway and Sweden is the remarkable honesty of the people. One may travel for years among them and never lose a single article of value. Highway robbery is almost unknown, and it is said that the charity boxes which are often found set up on the public roads are never plundered. Everywhere the doors remain unlocked night and day. People leave their homes and even shopkeepers leave their stores for hours at a time with perfect safety. Even the royal residences of Stockholm are without fences or walls, and are unprotected either by soldiers or policemen. Visitors walk in the grounds even to the very doors, and no one ever thinks of plucking the flowers or abusing the privileges of the place in any way. M. Du Chaillu says that there is so much freedom and there are so few attendants that the plain and honest people who do not un-

derstand etiquette often make mistakes, and, entering the palaces, are surprised to find themselves face to face with royalty.

The same writer noticed in traveling in the northern part of Sweden that even the trunks remained unlocked. At Jemton a servant girl brought in a gold locket which she had found on the floor of the kitchen, and which he had dropped from his satchel the evening before while showing some curiosities which he had. "Why did you not keep it?" he asked, playfully.

"How then," replied the girl, bravely, "could I have walked erect and looked people in the face?"

He had hardly left the station the next morning when he was startled by a call, and as he looked back he saw a small white-headed urchin running toward him, having in his hand a white pocket-handkerchief which M. du Chaillu had dropped on the road. It was a treasure which he might have coveted, but his boyish heart was too honest, and handing it to its owner, breathless, he ran back as quickly as he came. Du Chaillu called him to give him a reward, but the little fellow, who was not afraid to return what did not belong to him, feared to come back to get a bit of money.

The same writer met with many similar evidences of honesty among the Laplanders in the far North. One morning, after having gone some miles from the farm where he had spent the night, he heard loud shouts, and turning saw a man coming towards him as fast as he could on his snow shoes. The honest fellow had come eight or ten miles to bring a gold watch and chain which Chaillu had left under his pillow. It was with difficulty that he could be induced to accept a small sum of money for his trouble, and this he did only when he was

SWEDISH PEASANTS.

made to understand that he was paid for his lawful time, and not because he returned what did not belong to him.

Many travelers have noted the total unconsciousness among the Scandinavians of what is called in civilized circles propriety. "The very freedom of manners," says Bayard Taylor, "which in some countries might be called laxity of morals is here the evident stamp of their purity. Honest and virtuous, they take the honesty and virtue of others for granted, and it is often very touching to see how implicitly they trust the stranger guest, having no conception of the trickery and rascality of higher civilization. M. du Chaillu relates a beautiful story illustrative of the simplicity of heart for which the people of the far North are noted. While traveling among the Finlanders a young girl was brought to him to act as his guide. Her friends said:

"Paulus, we bring you a girl to go to Norway with you. She has been there before, and can talk Norwegian which you can't understand, so she will be able to interpret for you."

They all seemed happy to find somebody to help him and, as Chaillu says, "it never occurred to these primitive, kind-hearted people that I could violate the trust put in me." She was a pretty young girl of seventeen years. Her mother was dead, and her father lived a few miles from Sattajarvi and was very poor. Two of her sisters had settled in Norway, where they were married. "She seemed glad of the prospect of going with me," wrote Chaillu, "and even willing to follow me to America."

In many parts of Norway and Sweden the people are as remarkable for their neatness as they are for moral purity. The neighborhood bath is their most popular resort, and the humblest cottages are spotlessly clean. The homes are not only

neat but orderly. Everything is in place, and in summer wild flowers are displayed about the rooms in profusion. M. Du Chaillu, to whose excellent book, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," * we are indebted for much of our information, gives an attractive picture of home life in southern Sweden:

"Old matrons and blooming girls are spinning, weaving, knitting, or doing needlework; and, bareheaded and barefooted, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired children are playing around their humble home, their rosy cheeks and happy faces reminding one very forcibly that wealth is not essential to bring health and content. As I was going along I saw a woman put carefully on a stone a piece of bread which she had been eating. The Swede or Norwegian never throws bread on the ground, but when on the road, after they have satisfied their hunger, they lay the remainder carefully on a spot where the passer-by, if hungry, may find and eat it. They think it sinful to cast away the gift of God. I have even seen persons when a piece of bread fell down pick it up and kiss it."

While the people of the cities are by no means so virtuous as the primitive classes of the country, they are exceedingly courteous, and their manners are marked with an air of contentment that is very noticeable. In the streets acquaintances are continually saluting each other, the gentlemen taking off their hats and bowing with remarkable grace, and always remaining uncovered even when talking to the humblest women. Politeness and amiability belong equally to all classes, the poor saluting the rich and the rich the poor, and refinement of manner is noticeable even in the servant maids, who are treated with great consideration.

* New York: Harper & Brothers.

The peasants of Norway are manly, self-possessed and brave. They are of rough exterior, outwardly cold, but of the most kindly hearts, tenderly careful of their families and merciful to their horses. Consideration for the family horse, however, is characteristic of Scandinavians everywhere. In the northwestern part of Sweden everyone gets out of his vehicle at the foot of a hill, and one often stops on a journey to divide his black bread with his horse or treat him to a handful of hay and to caress him. Colts are much petted, and often come into the kitchen, where they are caressed and treated to whatever they may like.

The religious feelings of the Norwegian are very profound, and he is, as a rule, truly pious. He is uniformly kind and gentle to his children, rarely quarrels, and, it is said, never swears even when under the influence of drink. The rights of hospitality are almost as sacred as they are in the East. The stranger is everywhere welcome, and the poorest are never allowed to depart without being offered something to eat. While many of the people are given to drink, they are, as a rule, law-abiding, and rowdyism is practically unknown. The fishermen of Norway have excited the admiration of many travelers. They are sturdy, well-behaved, hardy sons of the sea, perhaps without an equal among the fishermen of any other country. They never fight or quarrel, and their reverence for God is developed to a remarkable degree. It is said that they never swear, no matter how angry they may be or how great the provocation.

The Norwegian's reverence for truth is perhaps unequaled. In the form of oath administered to witnesses in their courts every person who takes an oath lifts up three fingers—the thumb, the forefinger, and the middle finger. The thumb sig-

nifies "God the Father," the forefinger "God the Son," and the middle finger "God the Holy Ghost." The other two fingers are bent downward, the larger signifying the soul, the smaller the body, the idea being that the body is of small account compared with the soul. The whole hand thus elevated typifies the one almighty and eternal God and Creator who made man and all things in heaven and earth. In administering an oath, an address is delivered in a strain of awful seriousness. It begins: "Whatever person is now so ungodly, corrupt and hostile to himself as to swear a false oath, or not to keep the oath sworn, sins in such manner as if he were to say, 'If I swear falsely, then may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost punish me—so that God the Heavenly Father, who created me and all mankind in his image and his fatherly goodness, grace and mercy may not profit me; but that I, as a perverse and obstinate transgressor and sinner, may be punished eternally in hell.'" In concluding the administrator says: "Whatsoever person swears falsely, it is as if he were to say, 'If I swear falsely, then may all that I have and own in this world be cursed; cursed be my land, field and meadow, so that I may never enjoy any fruit or yield from them; cursed be my cattle, my beasts, my sheep, so that after this day they may never thrive or benefit me; yes, cursed may I be, and everything that I undertake.' O man! reflect on this very carefully, and mark what a dreadfully hard and severe sentence he who swears falsely pronounces upon himself. A pious Christian heart might well be alarmed and tremble when a false oath involves such consequences; when a perjured person takes himself away from God, excludes himself from all his benefactions, temporal and eternal, separates himself from the whole Christian com-

NORWEGIAN GIRLS.

munity, and will be lost and damned, body and soul. Therefore every Christian should keep himself from false oaths and swearing lightly, forasmuch as his soul's welfare and salvation are dear to him. May God Almighty grant this to us all, through his dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

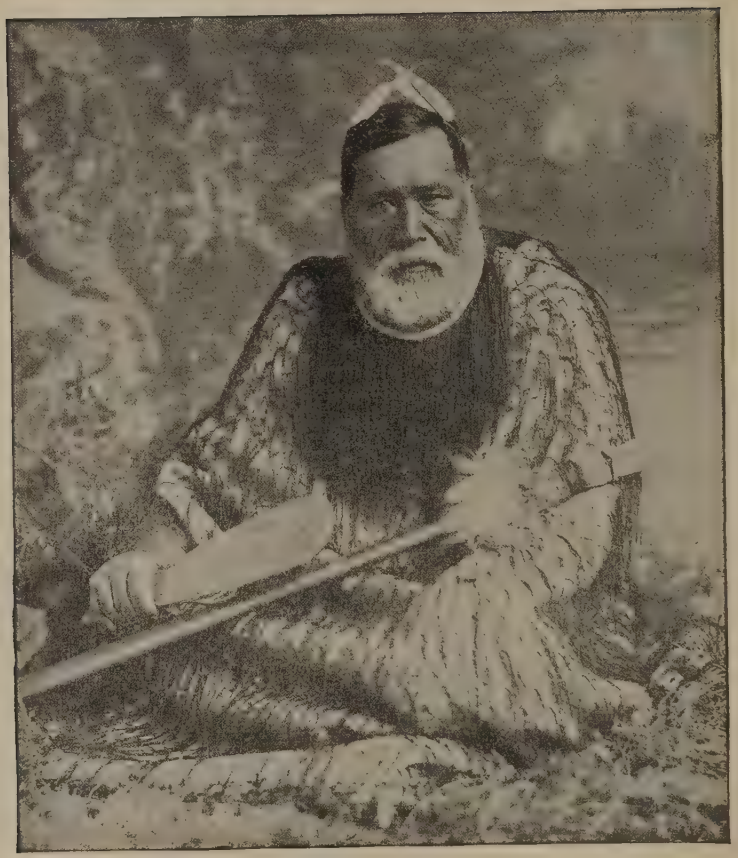
I have spoken of the kindness of the Scandinavian to his horse. It should be added that he has the same tender consideration for the pauper. In some parishes the people prefer to have no poorhouses, but to care for paupers in their own homes. One writer relates that while visiting in one of these parishes, one day an old man entered dressed in a suit of new clothes and wearing a high silk hat. He was bidden to take a seat, and was treated with great consideration. On inquiry it was learned that he was a pauper. When a man is pronounced too old or too infirm to work, he is permitted to go and remain some time on every farm in the parish. Almost everywhere he is treated as an honored visitor, and is often given the best food and the best bed in the house. If a pauper is mentally infirm, the authorities of the parish make arrangements with some of the farmers to care for him, stipulating what kind of labor he may undertake.

Very beautiful is the religious faith and life of the Icelander. While some travelers regard his faith as of a superficial character, it is certain that infidelity is unknown in the island. An Icelandic writer says that the religion of the people is more of an intellectual and reflective than emotional character, and that they are therefore to a great extent strangers to fanaticism. The Bible and the books used for church services are in every home, and the family altar is to be found almost everywhere. Icelanders never start on a journey without invoking a blessing. When the fishing boat is ready, the crew, reverently placing their hats before their faces, pray for

success and safety, and on reaching their destination return thanks after the same manner.

Baronet McKenzie has given us a touching picture of the religious life of the people. "In his domestic capacity," says Mr. McKenzie, "the Icelander not only performs all the duties which his situation requires, but while by severe labor he obtains provision for his children, he is also careful to convey to their minds the better inheritance of knowledge and virtue. In his intercourse with those around him his character displays the stamp of honor and integrity, his religious duties are performed with cheerfulness and punctuality, and this amidst the numerous obstacles which are afforded by the nature of the country and the climate in which he lives."

The churches, which are constructed of wood and turf, are situated usually amid the rugged ruins of a stream of lava or beneath mountains covered with never-melting snow, in a solitude so dense that the mind almost sinks under it. "Here the Icelanders assemble to perform the duties of their religion. A group of male and female peasants may be seen gathered about their church awaiting the arrival of their pastor, all habited in their best attire after the manner of the country, their children with them, and the horses which brought them from their respective homes grazing quietly around the little assembly. The arrival of the newcomer is welcomed by every one with a kiss of salutation, and the pleasures of intercourse so rarely enjoyed by the Icelanders are happily connected with the occasion which summons them to the discharge of their religious duties. The priest makes his appearance among them as a friend: he salutes individually each member of his flock, and stoops down to give his almost parental kiss to the little ones who are to grow up under his pastoral charge. These offices of kindness performed, they all go together into the house of prayer."



MAORI CHIEF.

IX.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE SOUTH SEA.

The Polynesians, who with the Papuans occupy the Oceanic group, are in many respects the most interesting savages in the world. They are usually of a very pleasing appearance, and travelers agree that among no other savages is the human figure so symmetrically and beautifully developed. Many of their women are beautiful, though, as a rule, like the women of other savage races, they do not equal the men in good looks. The complexion varies from an olive to a reddish brown. The hair is long, black and straight, though sometimes inclined to curl. In mental capacity they are superior to many other savage people. They have an elaborate mythology which, as has been said, is in itself the sign of a certain vigor of imagination, and some of their songs and legends are very beautiful. Their form of government is far removed from the rude systems prevalent among most primitive people. While other savages do not pretend to know anything of their pedigree, the Polynesian chiefs are very careful to preserve traditions concerning their ancestors, which, while doubtless mythical in some respects, are perhaps, as Dr. Brown says, "no more so than some in the British peerage."

They are a very ingenious people. A well-known traveler, Dr. Pickering, speaking of one of the Polynesian tribes, says that he has never seen a people so serviceable to the traveler, "for they seem able to command at all times the principal

conveniences of life. They are hospitable to strangers as well as to friends, and will often divide everything they have among their visitors, leaving themselves without food." It is said, however, that the stranger is not fed all the while he remains among them, but is given at the beginning a quantity of food which he can eat up all at once or save, as he prefers, for he will get no more, no matter how long he stays among them. And it should be added that their ideas of hospitality do not always prevent them from eating the strangers who come among them. Yet, in spite of this dark blot, they are on the whole a good-natured, cheerful people, full of good humor and fond of a harmless joke.

While the position of woman in the Oceanic group is inferior to that of man, she occupies a higher place in the social scale than the women of most of the races of the same grade. She is not overworked or abused, and her lot is in every respect much better than that of the women of most savage races. The religious superstitions, however, which are interwoven with Polynesian life, assign her to a position quite isolated and unsocial. She is not allowed to eat food with the other sex, and her meals must be cooked at a separate fire and placed in a separate basket, for the food and basket used by the men are sacred and would be defiled by the woman using them. The Tahitians are accustomed to hurl imprecations at the women, which indicate very strikingly their opinion of the gentle sex. "May'st thou become a bottle to hold saltwater for thy mother" is one. "May'st thou be baked as food for thy mother" is another. Yet women can attain to positions of honor among nearly every Polynesian nation, and in some of the islands they can become chiefs.

The Maoris, or New Zealanders, when discovered by the

KING AND QUEEN OF SAMOA.

whites were the most enlightened savages the world has ever known. They lived in houses, cultivated their land, though as property of the tribes and not of individuals, had weapons and instruments of stone, cooked their food, had a system for the administration of justice, believed in immortality, though not in a supreme being, and worshipped only spiritual gods.

The New Zealanders are "well proportioned, tall and muscular. Their brown complexions are clear, the nose straight and generally aquiline, the lips somewhat full, mouth large, eyes of good size, dark and vivacious, teeth white and even, cheek-bones somewhat prominent, extremities small. Though bearded by nature, they pluck out every vestige of whiskers, and replace these by tattooings. Their hair is straight and abundant, and receives much attention; it is frequently light in color, or even reddish." The condition of woman is unusually happy, the New Zealander granting her much authority as a counsellor. Even the office of chief of the tribe is open to her.

Taxes are paid as voluntary offerings, and each family determines for itself the amount of its taxes. The oldest son succeeds to the rank of his father, but if another heir is needed it is always the youngest son. The warriors comprise the freemen, while slaves are obtained by capture in war. The nobility do not work, leaving all labor to the women or to the slaves.

The system of slavery carries with it the right over life, liberty and property, and yet it is said slaves are uniformly well treated. The New Zealander believes in landed property, but he recognizes no other kind of tenure except that of the power to hold on to it. The laws are especially severe upon the crimes of murder, theft and adultery. In the two former cases the law of retaliation prevails, and in the third case the

life of the offender is forfeited to the injured husband. Death is regarded as always preferable to disgrace, hence suicide is quite common among them.

They are remarkable for their lavish hospitality. They are exceedingly generous, and regard their property as held in common by themselves and the stranger who comes to visit them. The chief often gives feasts lasting weeks at a time. Although they are cannibals, the practice is intimately connected with their religion. The philosophy of their cannibalism is the belief that the virtues of an enemy whom they have eaten become their own. The feast is always preceded by religious ceremonies, and neither women nor children are allowed to participate, the reason being that it is not thought necessary for them to possess the virtues of strength or fanaticism.

They are of a warlike disposition, but, as has been said, their fighting is more of a sport with them than a matter of hatred. Lord Pembroke has given some amusing anecdotes illustrating their passion for fighting for its own sake. Neighboring clans would often fight each other to the death just for the fun of the thing. "After potting after each other all day," he writes, "they would go out of their *phas* in the evening to talk over their day's sport in the most friendly manner. 'I nearly bagged your brother to-day.' 'Ah, but you should have seen how I made your dear old father-in-law skip,'" etc. "A distinguished friend of mine," continued Lord Pembroke, 'once asked a Maori chief who had fought against us on the Waikato, why, when he had command of a certain road, he did not attack the ammunition and provision trains? 'Why, you fool,' he replied, much astonished, 'if we had stolen their powder and food how could they have fought us?' I have

heard the old Archdeacon of Tauranga relate how in one of these petty wars he has known defenders of the *pha* to send out to their adversaries to say they were short of provisions, who immediately sent them a supply to go on with; how he has also performed service on Sunday between two belligerent *phas*, the inhabitants of each coming out to pray, meeting with the most perfect amity, and returning to their *phas* when the service was over to recommence hostilities on Monday morning."

The gallantry and forbearance of the Maoris toward an enemy whom they personally know and respect is of a character exceedingly rare if not unknown among civilized people. Previous to the unsuccessful storming of a *pha* in the Heke war the Maoris fired at every one who showed himself. A lieutenant of the English navy who was well known among the natives started towards the *pha* to reconnoitre. They began firing upon him, but, unmindful of their shots, he walked straight on. The moment they discovered that it was he they ceased firing and called to him to go back, declaring that they did not wish to hit him. He paid them no attention, but leisurely made his examinations, and then walked back without further molestation.

An educated Maori, in a book on New Zealand, declares that he had met among the natives men who would do credit to any nation; men on whom nature had plainly stamped the mark of "nobility," of the finest bodily form, quick and intelligent in mind, polite and brave and capable of the most self-sacrificing acts for the good of others; patient, forbearing and affectionate in their families; in a word, gentlemen. Anthony Trollope says that the Maoris are for the most part honest and good-natured, truthful and brave, and they have a great respect for themselves and others.

I have spoken of the New Zealanders more as they were than as they are to-day. The introduction of Christianity among them has, of course, wrought great changes. They now live in villages, dress in European clothing, own flocks and herds, cultivate their land, go to church and keep the Sabbath.

The Malay Archipelago, which includes all the islands lying north and northwest of Australia, is in many respects one of the most remarkable districts of the earth. "It not only teems with animal life," says Mr. J. W. Buel in his "Story of Man," "but nowhere else does nature revel in such gorgeous hues and enrapturing beauty. Flowers bejewel the prolific soil, not only in lowly beds carpeting the earth, but they also ascend trailing vines and gather in clusters of richest coloring to bedeck the trees. Insects flash like prismatic fires from flower to flower and tree to tree, their irridescent hues reflecting the lambent sunlight like a million of diamonds. Here alone are the birds of paradise, those gorgeous plumaged warblers whose coats seem fresh with the glory of heaven or a thousand rainbows. On every side the eye is charmed with scenes of nature more delectable than a shifting kaleidoscope; in short, it is a region of pure delight so far as the sight can measure it, but yet not wholly free from lurking dangers which seem to be added by beneficent design, in order that the eye might not weary by gazing always on the beautiful."

The inhabitants of the Malay Archipelago are in stature below the Caucasian. Their color is a reddish brown, with something of an olive tinge, and their hair is straight and of coarse texture, without wave or curl. Although well proportioned, they are by no means a handsome race. The Malays are known to us mainly for their cruelty as pirates. Certainly they are the scourge of the Indian seas, but their cruelty has

SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING CAVA.

often been exaggerated and they are not without noble traits. They are reserved, impassive, and wholly undemonstrative. They are never betrayed into any expression of surprise. The women and children are so timid that they scream at the sight of a white face. Their most noticeable characteristic is their almost universal silence. They talk little and sing less, and their countenances show no sign of emotion. When in company in a canoe they chant a plaintive, monotonous sound, which is about their only expression of emotion, if indeed it is emotion. In everyday life, says Dr. Brown, he is as impassive as the typical Scot. "He has little, if any, appreciation of humor, and does not understand a practical jest. To all breaches of etiquette he is very sensitive, and equally jealous of any interference with his own or anyone else's liberty. To such an extent does he carry this idea that a Malay servant will hesitate to awaken another, even his own master, though told to do so. The higher classes are exceedingly polite, possessing all the repose and quiet dignity of the best bred Europeans."

Probably the best of the Malays in point of moral character are the Dyaks who inhabit the island of Borneo. They are simple and honest, more lively and talkative and less secretive and suspicious than the other Malays, and lying is almost unknown among them. In their habits they form a striking contrast to the other Malay nations. The only serious blot on their moral character is the horrible custom of head-hunting, which Mr. Wallace says ought no more to be looked upon as indicating a bad character in the people as a whole, than the custom of the slave-trade a hundred years ago implied a want of general morality in all who took part in it. "Head-hunting," says Dr. Brown, "is a custom originating in the petty wars of villages, and not in the cruel character of the people,

as has not infrequently been declared." It may be added that many of the crimes attributed to the Malay are committed by the aboriginal races that remain in the islands. For instance, the aboriginal people of Sumatra not only eat their prisoners and condemned criminals, but their cannibalistic propensities are often exercised upon their relatives also. And yet there is a bright side even to this unspeakable crime, for the people eat their aged and infirm not so much from a desire to gratify a depraved appetite as to fulfil a religious ceremony, and to fulfil the wishes of the aged whom they hold in great reverence. "When a man became infirm and weary of the world," says a writer, "he was said to be in the habit of inviting his own children to eat him—especially when salt and limes were at the cheapest. The old fellow then ascended a tree, and round it his friends and offspring assembled, and as they shook the tree, joined in a funeral dirge, the import of which was 'The season is come, the fruit is ripe and it must descend.' The victim descended, and those nearest and dearest to him deprived him of life and devoured his remains in a solemn banquet."

The Dyaks are more industrious than other Malays, and quite as intelligent. Theft and robbery are wholly unknown among them. They are perfectly truthful, and travelers assert that if one fails to get the whole truth, one at any rate gets nothing but the truth. They exercise neighborly charity towards each other and live in the most perfect peace and harmony. They are fond of their children, and treat their wives with the greatest respect, consulting them in regard to their course of action.

It is claimed that the Tahitians of the Society Islands represent the highest civilization achieved by any people not possessing tools of metal. Stone, wood, bone and shell have

to serve them for materials, and Sir John Lubbock relates that the first nails introduced into Tahiti were planted by the natives under the impression that they were shoots of a new species of *lignum vitæ*. Their spades or hoes are about five feet long, narrow, pointed and with sharp edges. They are very clever in the manufacture of ropes, twine and netting, and in addition to catching fish by means of the mother-of-pearl hook and the seine, have the African fashion of intoxicating fish by the use of certain leaves and fruits. In the making of mats and wicker-work they are skilful and tasteful, but they especially excel as cloth weavers, their product rivaling the finest broadcloth. They are remarkable for their great amiability of disposition and extraordinary good humor. One cannot help being struck by the number of laughing faces seen everywhere in the island. They are always in good spirits and ready to be on the best of terms with everybody, though their smiles often seem to be without cause.

The Fijians, while sometimes fickle in their attachments, are loyal as servants and, as a rule, faithful as friends. They are strong in their affections, full of tact, abounding in resources, pleasant in manner, diplomatic and uniformly polite. They are remarkably successful as students of human character, keen in all their senses, and exceedingly clever in the various arts and industries.

Nowhere outside of the most enlightened nations is there to be found such respect for woman as exists among the Tongans of the Friendly Islands. The Tongan considers woman's inferior muscular strength as of greater reason why he should not overtax it, while at the same time he appreciates her distinctive traits and shares with her his pleasures as well as his troubles. The Tongan wife is neither a slave nor a drudge,

but the favorite companion of her husband and welcome to full participation in all his joy.

The Tongans regard no necessary labor as menial. They cultivate the land, build boats, weave mats and baskets, and manufacture their weapons. Their canoes are said to be triumphs of naval architecture. Idleness is unknown among them.

I have spoken of the Tongan of yesterday rather than of to-day, for he is now a Christian—an imperfect Christian indeed, yet a great improvement over the old heathen.

Of all the races that have been discovered in the South Pacific the Samoans are the most hospitable, the most peaceable, the most loyal to their promises, and the most courteous. They always address even their nearest neighbors by titled courtesy, and usually by a title higher than they have a right to. "The smallest shop-people in Germany expect to be addressed as Mr. Court Councillor, though everybody knows that the court never troubles him for his counsel. A Samoan, if he does not know the title of the stranger whom he is addressing will, as a safe course, style him 'chief.'" The Samoans are in the main honest, cleanly, graceful, and so polished in manners that etiquette among them seems not a mere ornament but an essential of life.

They are the gentlest of all the South Sea Islanders. Dr. Francis E. Clark says he did not see a single malignant face during his stay at Apia. Nearly all Samoans are now Christians. In reply to the common sneer that they are only Christians in name, Dr. Clark says: "If we may judge them by their fruits, their Christianity is not so nominal as that of most of the people who live in New York, Chicago, Boston and San Francisco. If our steamer had entered the harbor on Sunday, not

A LADY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

a single canoe or native would have come out to welcome us. Not a cocoanut or a bunch of bananas would have been offered for sale. All the canoes would have been hauled up on the beach high and dry, and at church time every man, woman and child in the place, barring the sick, would have been seen wending their way to church. Not such a nominal religion is that which thus remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy. If we should enter in one of these native huts at breakfast-time, we should see all the heads reverently bowed while the divine blessing was asked, and afterwards all the family would come together for morning prayers. If we should live among them we should find them honest, gentle, peaceable, kind-hearted, affectionate neighbors. Not merely nominal Christian graces these."

Nearly all Polynesians are fond of their children, though, as one writer whimsically remarks, some of them are not inimical to their neighbors' offspring as articles of diet. Perhaps the most remarkable virtue found among a savage people is the modesty which prevails among the Polynesians. The Tongans are said to be exceedingly fastidious in this respect.

The nearest neighbors of the Polynesians are the Papuans, who inhabit the Melanesian Archipelago, from the Fiji westward to the Aroe Islands, including New Guinea or Papua. They are often called the Oceanic Negroes, but this term is misleading, as the likeness is only superficial. The Papuans' hair is in some respects not unlike that of the Hottentots, but it grows longer and thicker. The chief similarity is in their tendency to thick lips and their black skin, though the shades of the Negro and Papuan races are different. Although the Papuan is sometimes confused with the Polynesian, their character is widely different. Indeed, it would be difficult to find

two other races living so near each other that differ in so many particulars. The Polynesians are taciturn and reserved; the Papuans are impulsive and demonstrative both in speech and action. Mr. Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago" illustrates this phase of Papuan character by an account of a visit which a band of them made on board his vessel. "They came up singing and shouting, dipping their paddles deep in the water, and throwing up clouds of spray. As they approached nearer they stood up in their canoes, and increased their noise and gesticulations; and in coming alongside, without asking leave, and without a moment's hesitation, the greater part of them scrambled up on deck, just as if they were come to take possession of a captured vessel. Then commenced a scene of indescribable confusion. These forty black, naked, mop-headed savages seemed intoxicated with joy and excitement. Not one of them could remain still for a moment. Every individual of our crew was in turn surrounded and examined, asked for tobacco or arrack, grinned at and deserted for another. All talked at once, and our captain was regularly mobbed by the chief men, who wanted to be employed to tow us in, and who begged vociferously to be paid in advance. A few presents of tobacco made their eyes glisten; they would express their satisfaction by grins and shouts, by rolling on deck, or a headlong leap overboard. Schoolboys on an unexpected holiday, Irishmen at a fair, or midshipmen on shore, would give but a faint idea of the exuberant animal enjoyment of these people."

One day while in the forest Mr. Wallace noticed an old Papuan watching him catching an insect and stowing it safely away. "He stood very quietly until I had pinned and put it away in my collecting-box, when he could contain himself no

longer, but bent almost double and enjoyed a hearty roar of laughter."

The Papuans are remarkable for their honesty. Alfred Russel Wallace, the English naturalist, relates an incident illustrative of this trait. "Before the end of September," he says, "it became absolutely necessary for me to return in order to make our homeward voyage before the end of the east monsoon. Most of the men who had taken payment from me had brought the birds they had agreed for. One poor fellow had been so unfortunate as not to get one, and he very honestly brought back the axe he had received in advance; another who had agreed for six brought me the fifth two days before I was to start and went off immediately to the forest to get the other. He did not return, however, and we loaded our boat and were just on the point of starting when he came running down after us holding up a bird which he handed me, saying with great satisfaction, 'Now I owe you nothing.' These were remarkable and quite unexpected instances of honesty among savages, where it would have been very easy for them to have been dishonest without fear of detection or punishment."

Closely allied to the Papuans and usually regarded as belonging to the same race are the Australians. The aborigines of Australia are almost as strange as the animal and vegetable products of the country. They are black, though not of the Negro type; their hair is long and disposed to curl, though not woolly, and they take delight in profuse beards and mustaches. On the whole they are a finely made, muscular race, of the average American height.

The character of the Australian is regarded as the worst of any of the Papuan races. They are said to be acute thieves, treacherous in the extreme, passionate and cruel. But it is ad-

mitted that they have greatly degenerated since they came in contact with the white man. Treacherous attacks made by white settlers upon the solitary hut in the bush have not served to improve them. Their lot before the whites came among them was not an unhappy one, especially in the coast district, where game is plentiful. It is said that their moral character would then have compared not unfavorably with that of more civilized nations. Rude as they were they were very punctilious in the courtesies which they extended and in the forms which they required of others. Their marriage laws were very strict, and no intermarriage was permitted among them. Although polygamous, they were as a rule virtuous. "Honest to each other, pilfering was not one of their vices." It has become evident in recent years that a great deal that has been said of Australian vices has no better foundation than the unsympathetic yarns of the old settlers, who are not, to say the least, the most acceptable witnesses.

Of the Filipinos and the Hawaiians I shall speak elsewhere.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

X.

THE TIDIEST NATION.

"HOLLAND," writes Le Sage, "would be a good country to live in if you could only change the four elements and the people." Many similar sarcasms might be quoted to show how an envious world has conspired to make merry over one of the noblest races of Europe. On the other hand, Voltaire, on returning from Holland, said that in its chief cities he found neither an idle man, nor a poor man, nor a dissipated man, nor an insolent man; but that everywhere he had seen labor and modesty. Louis Napoleon said that in no people of Europe were good sense and the sentiments of reason and justice innate as in the Dutch. Descartes declared that in no country did one enjoy greater liberty than in Holland, while Charles V. insisted that "they were the best of subjects, but the worst of slaves." Taken all together, the Hollanders constitute one of the most interesting races of Europe. As has been said, their marvelous perseverance in reclaiming their country from the rivers and the sea, as well as their energy in keeping what they have obtained, gave them a right to an honest pride in their country which has been characterized as "great in its smallness." Although cold to strangers, their manners are not unpolished, and when one has overcome their taciturnity and found his way into their homes one finds them exceedingly amiable and kind.

They are the most industrious people on earth. Everywhere one goes, in city or in country, one is surrounded by

evidences of their energy and patience. The people live in comfort and there is a well-to-do air about every community. The Dutch are devoted to their homes, and they adorn their houses and children with every comfort. Farmers' houses are well furnished, and the homes in the cities are often luxurious. "The Dutch," says a writer, "understand the art of making money and keeping it, and verily know the most important

A RARE BIT OF OLD HOLLAND.

secret of getting the most out of their wealth. The well-to-do live well, the middle class comfortably, the poor as they can, though grinding poverty is rarer among the Dutch than anywhere else." They love to work. They excel in many useful arts and they are always advancing, though by slow degrees. They acquire gradually, "but they never lose what they have gained." If avarice is not unknown among them, it should not be forgotten that they are the most beneficent people in Europe.

And their beneficence is of the purest type. It does not receive its impulse from the government, but is spontaneous. It is a beneficence which has founded innumerable schools and libraries, and which provides every poor person with shelter and work for every laborer. All writers who have visited Holland agree that perhaps there is no country in Europe in which so much money is given by the wealthy to the needy class.

The charitable institutions of Holland are as varied as the needs of mankind. Said Louis XIV. to Charles II. of England: "Have no fear for Amsterdam. I have the firm hope that Providence will save her if it were only in consideration of her charity towards the poor." There are now over one hundred charitable institutions in Amsterdam alone. Nearly all of these are supported by voluntary contributions, and they are so well conducted that they have become the admiration of the world. It is claimed that there are more societies for the sick, the aged, blind, indigent, lunatic, widows, orphans and foundlings in Amsterdam than in any other city in the world.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Dutch is their passion for cleanliness. It has been said that they clean everything they have once every day and three times on Saturday. At any rate, it is certain that there is not to be found in one of their houses at any time a spot or stain or a particle of dust. De Amicis declares that a cobweb in a Dutch parlor would be as strange an anomaly as a coach-and-four in Venice, and he insists that the streets of Haarlem are so clean that "one hesitates to let fall the ashes of one's cigar." The same writer says that every day in every house the windows are polished, the finger-marks are removed from painted wood, every tar-

nished vessel is made bright, and a careful search is made for any wandering hair or bit of dust. In addition to this there is a great Saturday cleaning, when all the steps and doorways and windows and walls are scrubbed and brushed or burnished and the exterior of the building deluged with water, "the ceremony of the day ending with a thorough cleansing of all brushes, brooms, cloths and other instruments which have been used in the cleaning. No rubbish of any kind is ever seen on the streets, and there are no bad odors except those which are inevitably present where there is much shipping."

In speaking of a visit which he made to a home in Delft, De Amicis says: "We went down to see the kitchen; it was splendid. When I returned to Italy and gave a description of it to my mother and the servant, who piques herself on her neatness, they were annihilated. The walls were as white as untouched snow; the saucepans reflected objects like mirrors; the mantlepiece was ornamented by a species of muslin curtain like the canopy of a bed, without a trace of smoke; the fireplace beneath was covered with china tiles that looked as bright as if no fires had ever been lighted there; the shovel, tongs and poker and the chains and the hooks seemed made of polished steel. A lady in a ball dress might have gone into every hole and corner of that kitchen and come forth without a smirch upon her whiteness. The maidservant, meanwhile, was cleaning up, and her master commented thus: 'To have an idea of what cleanliness is with us, you should watch one of these women for an hour. Here a house is soaped, and sponged and rubbed like a person. It is not cleaning, it is making a toilet. She blows in the cracks between the bricks, pokes in the corners with finger and pin, makes a minute supervision, enough to fatigue the eye as well as the arm. It is truly a national pas-

sion. These girls, who are in general phlegmatic enough, become quite frantic on cleaning days. We are not masters in our own houses then. They invade the chambers and turn everything upside down; they are real cleaning Bacchantes; they excite themselves in washing and sweeping.' 'And this is not,' he added, 'the cleanest part of Holland; the excess is to be found in the northern provinces.'"*

* Holland and its People, by Edmondo De Amicis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

By Karl Venig.

RUSSIAN GIRL.

XI.

UNDER THE CZAR.

A NOTED traveler, Captain Younghusband, used to say that it was always a pleasure to meet a Russian. "He is invariably so frank and hearty." "Take him all in all," wrote Mr. Wahl, "the Russian is a good, simple-minded person of quiet dispostion, trusting in God, chance and the Czar, of the most placid resignation, no matter what fate Providence may have in store for him."

This docility of disposition is perhaps the distinguishing trait of Russian character. Of this disposition nothing is more conclusive proof than the amiable temper with which they submit to a patriarchal despotism. Among no other people is there a more general kindliness of spirit, and as Captain Younghusband says, no one would ever accuse them of not being warm-hearted. No people are more humane than the northern Slavs, and their hospitality is all that one could desire. Strangers are invariably received with the most sincere demonstration of pleasure, and are henceforth treated as members of the family circle. The beggar, the benighted traveler, the unfortunate dragging his weary steps toward Siberia, all are equally made free of what the household has to offer.

Mr. Lansdell says that when the Russian peasant is sober he displays many virtues, some of which are rare in more advanced countries. He attributes their intemperance to the large number of their fast days, at the close of which they

break out in excesses. But he does not endorse the opinion sometimes expressed, that they are as a people more intemperate than other Europeans. They are quiet, peaceable, cheerful, always ready for a laugh, and altogether a very clever folk. It is said that the fanatical spirit of the Nihilists belongs to a very small minority of the race. Most of them have no quarrel at all with the government and are perfectly loyal.

The Russian is without vindictiveness. Although often brusque to rudeness he is good-natured, and while keenly alive to injustice, he will often tolerate an act of severity. "Take him all in all," says Dr. Brown, "he is a singularly good fellow and easily managed by those who understand him." Dr. Brown adds that he is a child with a child's faults and many of a child's virtues. If a servant he may pilfer, but he is faithful far beyond the average hireling. "He never tires in your service," says Seebohm. "If he has worked for you all day, he will work for you all night if required. Nothing is too difficult for him to attempt. He is your right-hand man in every case of need. He can mend your carriage or your harness, or repair your clothes or your boots. Give him a good axe, and there is no joiner's or carpenter's work which he cannot do; nay, if need be, he can build you a new house almost single-handed. . . . He is the soul of punctuality, and if you order him to wake you at four o'clock in the morning, you may sleep soundly until the last moment in the full confidence that at five minutes past that hour it will be your own fault if you have not made considerable progress with your toilet. He is honest if you trust him"—though Seebohm adds that to earn a glass of *vodka* he will lie without shame and commit a petty theft without remorse.

The vices of the poor are often reproduced in enlarged

form among the rich, but so are also some of their virtues. The Russian gentleman is sociable, kind and ready to sacrifice his own comforts at the call of strangers who have no claims but those of hospitality upon him. Travelers agree that he is too good-natured and repugnant to harshness to rule his children, and it is said that they are in consequence over-indulged and often grow up wilful and wild.

It is now generally admitted that Siberian exile, which has long been regarded as the deepest stain upon Russia's name, has been grossly misrepresented. Some years ago an English minister, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, traveled throughout Siberia. He had devoted many years to visiting the prisons of Europe, and his object in visiting Siberia was to visit its prisons also in order to distribute Bibles and religious tracts and to learn the true condition of the inmates. Mr. Lansdell says that much has been written in regard to the condition of the exiles in Siberia that is absolutely false. One author who published an account of his exile in Siberia was never there. "Escapes" and so-called "revelations" of Siberia of persons who were banished only a few days' journey beyond the mountains which divide Siberia from Russia amount to little, as the severest forms of exile are to be found farther on. Mr. Lansdell says that he doubts if any English author had preceded him. A master-key was put into his hands that opened every door, and not on a single occasion was admission refused him, and statistics were given him freely whenever he asked for them. He says that in dealing with criminals the Russian government sends only the most incorrigible to Siberia, society thus getting rid of a bad member, and the wilderness country receiving a fresh accession for its development. Only a small per cent. of the exiles are sent on account of political crimes.

Probably one-fifth of them are charged with no particular crime, but are sent because they are obnoxious to the community in which they live. If a man in Russia is idle and a drunkard, and will neither pay his taxes nor support his family, the village parliament votes him a nuisance, hustles him out of town and pays his expenses to Siberia. Their plans, however, in each case are first submitted to higher authorities for consummation. He is sent to Siberia not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist and "grow up with the country." The political exiles, as a rule, are accommodated with free lodging.

Among the many savage races supposed to be under the Czar's rule, none is perhaps more interesting than the Samoyedes, a wandering people to be found along the shores of the Arctic Ocean. It is said that they have a marvelous capacity for brandy, and they have been charged with many other vices. Yet they are among the few savages who are pronounced incapable of any very serious crimes. They are faithful in friendship and the rights of property are sacred among them. While they are popularly supposed to be a race of thieves, it is certain that they do not steal from one another. They reverence their dead and honor their memory. Mr. Rae, to whom the world is indebted for most that is known of these primitive people, has, on the whole, a high opinion of them, and regards them as far superior in generosity and general character to many races which occupy a much higher place in public esteem. In his account of the Samoyedes Mr. Rae relates an incident which may be appropriately applied to most of the prejudiced accounts which we have of savage nations. "'What filthy beasts,' said an English gentleman to whom I related a few Samoyedes' traits on my return to England. And when he had said so,

that gentleman went home and swallowed oysters alive, ate game in so decomposed a condition that it would offend a Samoyede, and cheese so decayed that a Samoyede dog would avoid it on the tondras; then he took a glass of brandy and thanked goodness that he was not as those Samoyedes were."

NATIVES OF MADAGASCAR IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

XII.

THE MALAGASY.

The Malagasy people, as the inhabitants of Madagascar are called, have always possessed some degree of civilization. They live in fortified towns and villages, spin and weave silk, cotton, hemp and other fabrics, manufacture straw-plaited articles of great beauty and delicacy, and show great skill in metal work and other handicrafts. The houses of the wealthy people are constructed of timber on a large scale, and much money is lavished upon tombs. While the race has no written character, and are consequently not a cultured people, they are by no means deficient in mental power. Children are bright and intelligent, and in recent years a number of the young men have taken degrees in English universities. Although they have no written literature, they have a considerable amount of what may be called unwritten literature, which gives abundant evidence of their intellectual acuteness and imaginative power. Nearly all the men are ready and fluent speakers, and many of them have remarkable oratorical ability.

The Malagasy religion never had the cruel, repulsive feature which characterizes most of the religions of heathenism. With the exception of one tribe in the southeast of the island, human sacrifice has never been practiced among them, and self-torture and mortification are unknown. Long before their conversion to Christianity there existed among them a higher tone of humane feeling than is usually found among pagan

nations. It is true that infanticide was, to a limited extent, practiced among them, but Mr. Sibree, who was for many years a missionary in Madagascar, says that it had its origin in the belief that children born on certain unlucky days would be exposed to misfortune if allowed to live. "With this exception, it is undeniable that there was an absence of most of those revolting and barbarous usages so frequently found in connection with idolatry in Polynesia, China and India." There is everywhere a strong mutual affection between parents and children, and a notable respect and care for the aged, infirm and sick. Of the cruelty and indifference to human suffering which existed during the reign of Radama I. and Ranavalona, of which so much has been said, Mr. Sibree claims that this was largely caused either directly or indirectly by European influence. "The miseries caused by the slave-trade were a direct result of the cupidity and heartlessness of foreigners, while the desolating wars carried on by both these sovereigns were an indirect and unintended consequence of the very measures of the English government to put a stop to the slave traffic."

While the Malagasy women are not respected and honored as in Africa; they are not made slaves or drudges as is usual in barbarous or semi-civilized countries, nor are they looked down upon as essentially inferior to men. It is true that the marriage tie is too easily severed, but public opinion acts as a restriction upon the husband's caprice, and separations are not so common as might be expected.

In common with other people of Asiatic descent, the Malagasy people excel in hospitality. The writer whom I have just quoted says that during his journeys through the island he seldom stopped either at midday or in the evening at any vil-

A FESTIVAL DAY.

lage without receiving a visit from the chief or his family, who brought presents with them. "Fowls, rice, potatoes, eggs and honey were constantly brought to us, preceded by a speech which, of course, was unintelligible to me, but which I was informed was a recital of the names and honors of the queen, and of their pleasure at seeing the foreigner in their village." Travelers from the earliest times who have visited Madagascar have borne testimony to the courteous and polite conduct of the people. Their politeness, though excessive, is genuine. The poorest among the people have a natural dignity and ease of manner that is uncommon among people of the same class in our own country. If a person is about to pass another who is sitting in the house or in front of his doorway, he bends low, and, with his hands nearly touching the ground, says: "Allow me to pass, sir," to which there is a gracious response: "Pray, proceed, sir."

The persecution of the Christian converts in Madagascar during the reign of Queen Ranavalona, horrible as it was, gave to the world one of the most beautiful chapters in the history of Christian heroism. The persecution lasted twenty-five years, reckoning from the departure of the last English missionaries to the death of the queen, and during all this time it was a capital offence to pray to the true God, invoke the name of Christ, or read the Scriptures or any Christian book. Yet through all these years the faithful continued to observe in secret, in the recesses of the forest, in caves, and even in rice holes the ordinances of Christianity.

"The first Christian martyr," says Mr. Sibree, "was a young woman named Rasalàma. In the year 1837 she was put to death by spearing at Ambòhipòtsy, the southern extremity of the long rocky hill on which the capital is built. She had

previously been subjected to cruel torture, by being put into irons, made not so much for security as to inflict severe punishment. These irons consisted of rings and bars, and were so fastened around the feet, hands, knees and neck as to confine the whole body in the most excruciating position, forcing the extremities together as if packed in a small case. Being led the next morning to the place of execution, she expressed her joy that she had received the knowledge of the truth, and continued singing hymns on the way. Passing by the chapel where she had been baptized, she exclaimed: 'There I heard the words of the Saviour.' On reaching the fatal spot she calmly knelt down, and in solemn prayer committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and in that attitude was speared to death."

In the year following, Ràfaralàhy, a noble-minded and devoted Christian, shared a similar fate on the same spot, and exhibited in his last moments the same holy confidence and joy.

"The 28th of March, 1849," says Mr. Sibree, "will long be remembered as a terrible and yet a glorious day in the religious history of Madagascar. Nineteen Christians were condemned to death, and in the presence of a great multitude witnessed a good confession with heroic fortitude and even with joy. Of this number fourteen suffered at Ampamarinana, a place which has been compared to the Tarpeian Rock of Rome, but which on that day beheld a scene that has no parallel in classic story. This name is borne by a precipice which forms part of the bold cliffs by which the western side of the city of Antanànanìvo descends to the plain. The narrow platform of rock at its summit is not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant from the great palace, although considerably lower in

IN MADAGASCAR WILDS.

level so that a stone could almost be thrown upon the spot from the balconies. The face of the cliff is broken by a projecting ledge about half-way down, but the total fall of those who were hurled from the top was about a hundred and fifty feet. This punishment was reserved for sorcerers, or rather those declared to be guilty of such offences by the poison-ordeal. It will be remembered that the Christians were supposed to be able to resist the queen's commands through the influence of some powerful spell or charm.

"The fifteen, wrapped in mats, and with mats thrust in their mouths to prevent their speaking to each other or to the people, were then hung by their hands and feet to poles, and carried to the place of execution. But the attempt wholly to stop their mouths failed, for they prayed and addressed the crowd as they were borne along. Thus they reached Ampamàrìnana. A rope was then firmly tied round the body of each, and one by one fourteen of them were lowered a little way over the precipice. While in this position, and when it was hoped by their persecutors that their courage would fail, the executioner, holding a knife in his hand, stood waiting for the command of the officer to cut the rope. Then for the last time the question was addressed to them, 'Will you cease to pray?' But the only answer returned was an emphatic 'No.' Upon this the signal was given, the rope was cut, and in another moment their mangled and bleeding bodies lay upon the rocks below. One of those brave sufferers for Christ, whose name was Ramanambonina, as he was led to the edge of the precipice, begged his executioners to give him a short time to pray, 'for on that account,' he said, 'I am to be killed.' His request being granted, he kneeled down and prayed very earnestly; and having risen from his knees, he addressed the peo-

ple with such powerful and subduing eloquence that all were amazed, and many struck with awe.

"One only of the condemned was spared. A young woman, who was very much liked by the queen, was placed where she could see her companions fall, and was asked, at the instance of the queen—who wished to save her, but could not exempt her from the common sentence against the Christians—whether she would not worship the gods and save her life. She refused, manifesting so much determination to go with her brethren and sisters to heaven, that the officer standing by struck her on the head, and said, 'You fool!—you are mad!' They sent to the queen and told her that she had lost her reason, and should be sent to some place of safe keeping."

Speaking of the marvelous changes which have been wrought among the people by Christianity, Mr. Sibree says that in the only war which has occurred for many years the queen gave strict orders "to prevent the needless shedding of blood, that property should be respected and no slaves be made —that, in short, the soldiers were to remember that they were Christians and not heathens. One division of the army had to attack the chief stronghold of the enemy, and a few lives were thus lost, but the other succeeded in gaining their end entirely by peaceful means. The New Testament was appealed to as the standard of conduct by which the Hovas wished to act; property and life were respected, the gospel was regularly preached in the camp, so that the heathen people of that district heard for the first time what 'praying really was;' and they were astonished at the change which the profession of Christianity had brought about in their Hova conquerors. Thus peace was restored and the army departed with the goodwill of the people who acknowledged that the gospel which the

Hovas preached was not a weakening of their strength, preventing them from fighting, 'a but showing of mercy.'" Mr. Sibree says that the army was, of course, not all composed of Christians, but there was such a strong Christian element in it that this largely influenced its conduct as a whole.

A FAMOUS BELLE OF JAPAN.

XIII.

THE FRENCHMAN OF THE EAST.

THREE hundred years ago St. Francis Xavier declared that Japan was the delight of his soul. A little later Adams, the English pilot major, sending home an account of the land where he was at that time a prisoner, gave it as his opinion that the people of Japan were "good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war. Their justice is universally executed without any partiality upon transgressors of the law. They are governed in great civility: I mean there is not a land better governed in the world by civil policy. The people are very superstitious in their religion and of divers opinions; also very subject to their governors and superiors." Kaempfer a hundred years later describes the Japanese as bold, heroic, revengeful, desirous of fame, very industrious and inured to hardships, great lovers of civility and good manners, and very nice in keeping themselves and their houses clean and neat. "As to all sorts of handicrafts, either curious or useful, they are wanting, neither proper materials, nor industry, nor application; and, so far is it that they should have any occasion to send for masters from abroad, that they rather exceed all other nations in ingenuity and a neatness of workmanship, particularly in brass, silver, gold and copper." Later authorities agree that the Japanese are industrious, neat, artistic, loyal, docile, of fine manners and high spirit, bright and often fascinating; though by some they are regarded as deceitful, insincere,

vain and frivolous. Most writers agree that they have less high-strung nerves than the Europeans. Sir Edwin Arnold, however, declares that it is doubtful whether any nation possesses a more nervous organization than the Japanese. "Their love of light, delicate pleasures; their keen appreciation of the teacup, of a spray of cherry blossoms or a maple branch whose leaves are green stars, of the tiny pipe, of the deliciously mingled landscapes of their country, go to show their extreme impressionability." They have been well called the Frenchmen of the East.

Sir Edwin Arnold thinks that the central characteristic of the Japanese is self-respect, and that their patience, their fearlessness, their quietism, their resignation and a large proportion of their other virtues have root in this deep and universal quality. The same writer says that he has never passed days more happy, tranquil and restorative than among Japanese of all classes in the cities, towns and villages of Japan, though he admits that what he says of the Japanese should be received with the proper caution attaching to the language of a friend and even a lover. "Where else in the world," he asks, "does there exist such a conspiracy to be agreeable; such a widespread compact to render the difficult affairs of life smooth and graceful as circumstances admit; such fair decrees of fine behavior fixed and accepted for all; such a universal restraint of the coarser impulses of speech and act; such pretty picturesqueness of daily existence; such sincere delight in beautiful and artistic things; such frank enjoyment of the enjoyable; such tenderness to little children; such widespread refinement of tastes and habits; such courtesy to strangers; such willingness to bless and to be blessed?"

It is true that the forms of politeness in Japan are some-

A TYPICAL JAPANESE BEAUTY.

times carried to a ridiculous extreme. When you are invited to dine, the invitation will state that no special preparation will be made for the occasion. At the beginning of the meal the hostess will apologize for presuming to set before you such dirty food, and will solemnly affirm that she has nothing whatever fit for you to eat. The greetings between friends are often very amusing. Mr. Peery in his "Gist of Japan" says that he has often overheard such conversations as the following. Two men meet in the street, bow very low, and begin:

"I have not had the pleasure of hanging myself in your honorable eyes for a long time."

"I was exceedingly rude the last time I saw you."

"No; it was surely I who was rude. Please excuse me."

"How is your august health?"

"Very good, thanks to your kind assistance."

"Is the august lady, your honorable wife, well?"

"Yes, thank you; the lazy old woman is quite well."

"And how are your princely children?"

"A thousand thanks for your kind interest. The noisy, dirty little brats are well, too."

"I am now living on a little back street, and my house is awfully small and dirty; but if you can endure it, please honor me with a visit."

"I am overcome with thanks, and will surely ascend to your honorable residence, and impose my uninteresting self upon your hospitality."

"I will now be very impolite and leave you."

"If that is so, excuse me. Sayonara."

Everywhere in Japan the ear is gratified by those soft praises of old world deference and consideration which, as Sir Edwin says, fill the air like plum and cherry blossoms falling.

It is said that there is not an ugly word in the Japanese language—not an oath, not a foul phrase, scarcely an improper phrase of any sort. Even when common coolies quarrel the worst they can think of is "The fellow!" Even the lowest slums are free from vile epithets, whatever else they may contain. The Japanese are good-tempered, and they know how to use good-tempered words. Mr. Arnold tells a story of a man who was rolling a timber-barrow along the road one day and ran against the bamboo pole of a citizen's veranda, sweeping it away and bringing down some of the tiles. Out comes the owner deeply agitated to expostulate; but, because the coolie stands bowing with covered head and endeavoring to explain, the shopkeeper tries to snatch off his covering, crying, "Do you dare to apologize to me with your hat on your head?" This angers the coolie, who ceases to express his regrets and simply explains that it was due to a flat place in the road. Presently the shopkeeper sees that the coolie had broken his wheel, and, his passion instantly leaving him, he bows low and says: "It was the honorable mutuality." "Yes, Danna," responds the mollified coolie, "truly it was the honorable mutuality." And with a profusion of bows they separate.

Even the custom-house officials, says Dr. Francis E. Clark,* bow low when we present our keys and request them to examine our trunks, and the *jinrikisha* men almost bend themselves to the dust before us in their polite entreaties that we favor them with our patronage.

"As we go up the street, if we step into a Japanese store to buy so much as a sheet of paper, we are greeted with a low salaam by the proprietor, who deems it quite awkward to go

* "Our Journey Around the World," by Francis E. Clark. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co.

directly to business without a few polite preliminary genuflections.

"When we reach our boarding-house a smiling man-servant stands upon the piazza to take our baggage with the most gracious bow, and the door is opened by a maid-servant who almost touches the floor with her forehead, so low is her obeisance as she admits us within the penetralia.

"When we go upon the platform to make an address our

JAPANESE LADIES.

audience often rises and bows, and when we begin to speak it is the proper thing to make as low a salute as our American stiffness and previous training will allow. Upon this the audience all bow most graciously once more. At the conclusion of the address the speaker bows again, and the audience returns the salute.

"But it is when we receive callers that the most trying politeness is expected. The caller bows and we bow, and then

the caller bows again and we bow still lower. Again, our Japanese visitor bends his body in a third genuflection, and we follow suit, doing our best to bow in Japanese if we cannot speak Japanese.

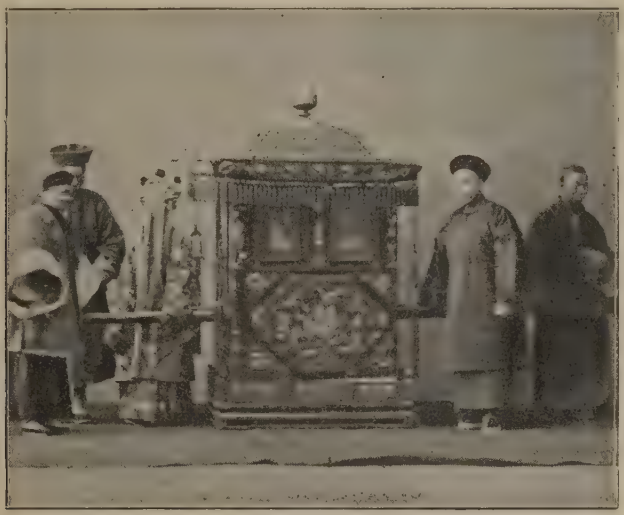
"If we were well trained we should not lift up our stooping figure until our visitor had begun to raise himself from his salutatory posture, and we furtively glance out of the corners of our eyes to see if he is not almost through with his bowing. Sometimes a peculiar little guttural grunt indicates that the visitor has finished his genuflections, and that we can raise our own bodies to an upright posture with propriety. I very much fear that I have many times broken all the laws in the Japanese code of propriety and courtesy, but I trust I shall be forgiven, and that my rudeness will be charged to a lack of early training, and to my imperfect western notions of civility."

Dr. Clark says that one important factor in the Japanese obeisance is to get the hinge in the right part of your anatomy. The brusque Yankee and stiff Englishman bow simply with their heads, and the hinge they use is at the top of their spinal columns; but no such indifferent bobbing of the head will satisfy the Japanese demands. "One must put the hinge lower down, at the base of his spinal column, and bow with his whole body instead of the top of his head. A few days of practice will make one fairly proficient in this superficial part of the Japanese code of etiquette.

"But not only is their politeness a matter of bows and genuflections; it is as fully indicated in their language. There is a polite language which is quite different from that used on ordinary occasions, and cannot even be understood by those familiar only with the colloquial tongue. Even the humblest people use the politest circumlocutions on every possible occasion.

"For instance, when we knock at the door, the person inside cries out 'Ohairi,' which means, 'We welcome your honorable return.' When one greets a friend on the street he says, 'Ohayo,' which means, literally, 'Honorable early;' or, if translated into Irish, it would be: 'The top o' the morning to yez!'"

Dr. Clark says that Japanese politeness consists not only in loading the persons spoken to with all kinds of compliment-



A JAPANESE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

ary adjectives, but also in depreciating one's self. Such a colloquy as this is often heard in Japanese highways:

"How is your honorable wife this morning?"

"I thank you, honorable sir, my fool of a wife is very well this morning."

And yet the second speaker may be a most loving and exemplary husband; he only wishes to be properly polite in depreciating his own.

The Japanese are remarkable for kindness of heart. Their

affection for brothers and sisters and all kinsfolk is boundless, while their reverence for their parents equals that of any people of the East, where reverence for parents is almost universal. Mr. Thos. W. Knox says if one should inquire into the circumstances of the laboring men whose daily earnings are pitifully small and with whom life is a constant struggle, one would find that nearly every one of them is supporting somebody besides himself, and that many of their families are burdensome for size; yet they accept their burdens cheerfully and are always smiling and apparently happy. Cheerfulness is a virtue throughout Japan. The writer says that in his experience with laboring men in all parts of the world he has found that the Japanese coolie is the most patient, has the kindest heart, is the most thankful for honest pay for honest work, and is the most appreciative of the trifles that his employer gives him in the way of presents.

There is nothing more beautiful than the home-life of the Japanese. The houses are more open than with us, and one can see the women constantly playing with the children, and the children are everywhere in evidence. Mr. Knox says that there is probably no country in the world where more attention is given to the wants of the children than in Japan, and he does not believe it possible for a greater love to exist between parents and children than one finds there. "There are so many things done for the amusement of children, and children seem to enjoy them so much, that it is pleasant to study the habits of the people in this respect." Yet the children are not spoiled, but are noted for obedience to their parents and readiness to undergo any sacrifice for their support and comfort.

Lafcadio Hearn tells a touching story illustrative of the

wonderful depth of feeling which the Japanese have for children. "The infant son of a man who had been murdered was brought to face the condemned murderer. 'Little one,' said the officer to him, 'this is the man who killed your father, ... look at him—(here the officer, putting a hand to the prisoner's chin, sternly forced him to lift his eyes)—look well at him, little boy! Do not be afraid; it is painful, but it is your duty. Look at him.'

"From the mother's shoulder the boy gazed with eyes widely opened as in fear; then he began to sob; then tears came; but, steadily and obediently, he still looked—looked—looked—straight into the cringing face. The crowd seemed to have stopped breathing. I saw the prisoner's features distort; I saw him suddenly dash himself down upon his knees despite his fetters, and beat his face in the dust, crying out the while in a passion of hoarse remorse that made one's heart ache:

"'Pardon! Pardon! Pardon me! little one, that I did —not for hate was it done, but in mad fear only, in my desire to escape. Very, very wicked I have been; great, unspeakable wrong have I done you, but now for my sin I go to die. I wish to die; I am glad to die; therefore, O little one, be pitiful! Forgive me!'

"The child still cried silently; the officer raised the shaking criminal; the dumb crowd parted left and right to let them by. Then, quite suddenly, the whole multitude began to sob, and as the bronzed guardian passed I saw what I had never seen before—what few men have seen—what I shall probably never see again: the tears of a Japanese policeman.

"The crowd ebbed and left me musing on the strange morality of the spectacle. Here was justice unswerving, yet passionate, forcing knowledge of the crime by the pathetic

witness of its simplest result. Here was desperate remorse praying only for pardon before death; and here was a populace —perhaps the most dangerous in the empire when angered— comprehending by touch, but all satisfied with the contrition and the shame, and filled, not with wrath, but only with a great sorrow for the sin—through simple, deep experience of the difficulties of life and the weakness of human nature. But the most significant, because the most Oriental, fact of the episode was that the appeal to remorse had been made through the criminal's sense of fatherhood, that potential love for children which is so large a part of the soul of every Japanese."*

The story is told that a famous Japanese robber, entering a house at night, was charmed by the smile of a baby which reached out its hands to him, and that he remained playing with the little one until the opportunity for carrying out his purpose was lost. "Every year," says Lafacadio Hearn, "the police records tell of the compassion shown to children by professional criminals. Some months ago a terrible criminal case was located by the local papers—the slaughter of a household by robbers. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep, but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed, crying alone in a pool of blood; and they found evidence unmistakable that the men who slew must have taken great care not to hurt the child."

Mr. R. B. Hubbard, at one time Minister of the United States to Japan, says that for the great cardinal virtues of loyalty and parental and filial devotion no people on earth surpass the Japanese. "We mean," he writes, "that love of child for the parent which, coupled with obedience and gratitude, never grows cold." He adds, that although marriage is not hedged

* Kokoro, by Lafacadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AT DINNER.

in by the same vows that are regarded in Western civilization, yet from the prince to the coolie they have made their homes united and happy.

Sir Edwin Arnold goes into ecstacies over the Japanese women, whom he regards as semi-angelic in their sweetness of disposition. "They seem," he says, "taken altogether, so amazingly superior to their men-folks as almost to belong morally and socially to a higher race." It is a mystery which Sir Edwin does not undertake to solve, how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous mal-estimation surrounding her from her early times. "The story of these early times proves abundantly that she was always what she is now —tender, gentle and devoted. Another strange thing is," continues this writer, "that though the national morality from our point of view would be called low, and the position accorded to women has assuredly not been such as to make them heroic, nowhere in the world are wives more faithful; and nowhere have there been more moving love stories." It should be added, however, that what Sir Edwin has written concerning Japanese women has not been wholly from the standpoint of a disinterested observer, his wife being a noted Japanese beauty.

In honesty the Japanese excel all other peoples of the East. In a letter to the author, describing a journey which he made with several missionary companions, the Rev. B. C. Haworth, of Osaka, writes: "We spent the night in a native hotel in Kyoto, and set out early next morning for our journey of three days to Kanazawa. We had proceeded by rail as far as Lake Biwa, where we were to take a little steamer for a sail of four hours across the lake. We had gone aboard and the boat

was about to sail when a young man, breathless and streaming with perspiration, rushed on board and ran up to Mrs. Hayes with her valuable gold watch which she had left under her pillow in the hurry of catching the train, and which she had not yet missed, though several hours had elapsed. The chambermaid had discovered the watch and immediately reported it to the proprietor, who dispatched the messenger by the next train."

A similar occurrence took place the next day, after the party had gone ten miles by *jinrikisha* from the Japanese inn where they had spent the night. This time it was a small silver fruit knife, of no great value, which Mrs. Haworth had left at the inn. The innkeeper had sent it after them over the mountain road at his own expense.

Mr. Haworth says that it is common in Japan to recover things lost or dropped on the street, the finders almost invariably reporting such "pick-ups" to the nearest police office. "A few days ago one of our missionary ladies discovered on arriving at my house that she had lost a valuable lamp from her bicycle. I advised her to report it to the police department, as it would doubtless be reported by the finder. When I next saw her she said she had received the lamp from a woman whose house she passed in returning to her home. The woman had seen the lamp fall to the ground and tried to call her, but the young lady did not hear. Thinking she would be likely to pass that way again, the native woman kept a sharp lookout, and was successful in returning the lamp."

Mr. Haworth adds that these instances, which could be multiplied indefinitely, were not the acts of Christians, but of ordinary, heathen Japanese. "Of course it would be easy to give instances of native dishonesty and vice which, if allowed

JAPANESE LADIES AT HOME. (177)

to stand alone, would give quite a different view of the Japanese character. Our souls are often sorely tried by the conduct of even our professed Christians, and the moral standards of the nation are not capable of producing the full, well-balanced moral character which we admire in the West. But even among the unconverted natives we may see such instances of true nobility of character as would call forth unqualified admiration; and when touched by the light of the Gospel, these virtues shine with all the greater brilliance."

FATHER OSHIMA.

In confirmation of this last statement Mr. Haworth relates a beautiful story of an old Japanese convert to Christianity, "Father" Oshima, who, realizing that his eyesight was failing, and dreading lest he should be cut off from his beloved Bible and Hymn Book, conceived the plan of copying them with his own hand in very large Chinese characters. In writing Japanese the characters of the Chinese language are used. Beginning with the Hymn Book, he worked at it daily for over a year, copying in all 39,708 Chinese characters. The difficulty of this work may be conceived when we bear in mind that every stroke had to be written under a strong magnifying glass,

for his eyes were too weak, even with spectacles, to enable him to make out the letters in the Hymn Book and transcribe them in the copy.

"Having succeeded with the Hymn Book beyond his hopes, the old man resolved to proceed with the New Testament in the same way. His pastor tried to dissuade him from attempting more than the Gospel of Matthew, but he was not to be moved from his purpose. Day by day he worked on until at last in the year of Meiji the 26th (*i. e.* 1898), seventh month, the 11th day, at 11.30 A. M., as he told Mr. Haworth with justifiable pride, he wrote the last of the 292,546 Chinese characters of the New Testament, having devoted five years to the task (including the time spent on the Hymn Book). In all he had written 332,254 characters. "Father" Oshima's Bible (New Testament) which he showed Mr. Haworth is a marvel of Japanese penmanship, the characters being in the clear, square style used in printing, and beautifully executed as to form an alignment. It forms a collection of some twenty volumes with pages as large as foolscap. In the accompanying picture of old Mr. Oshima the aged saint holds in his right hand one volume, while the others lie on the table at his side.

"In the execution of this great Bible work not a single page of manuscript was spoiled, not a single letter misplaced or incorrectly copied. He insists that this was due to no skill of his, but to Divine help. He is a faithful church-goer, and he never goes without his Bible. If he can ascertain beforehand what Scripture portions are to be read in the service, he takes only the volumes containing those portions; but very often he has the whole collection carried to church, although in read-

ing he is obliged to use his magnifying glass in addition to his spectacles."

Another convert who impressed Mr. Haworth was a school boy of eighteen, who, on being baptized, was peremptorily ordered by his uncle and guardian to come home. His family felt that he had scandalized them by becoming a Christian, and they threatened to disinherit him of his patrimony, amounting to about one hundred thousand dollars, unless he renounced his new faith. After striving with him for three days without avail, they drove him away and deprived him of his property, leaving him wholly without means of support. "Yet," says Mr. Haworth, "he cheerfully accepted his situation, and when I talked with him seemed actually happy at his loss."

The Rev. H. M. Landis, an American missionary at Tokio, writes of a young theological student who fell in love with a young lady, but could not get the consent of her parents to their marriage. One day they met in a neighboring town by appointment to deliberate upon the best course to pursue. Not unnaturally they lost consciousness of the passing hours, and before they were aware the last train had left, and they were compelled to remain in town over night. "Their conduct, though not challenged on moral grounds, was yet looked at askance in such a manner that the young man refrained from entering the ministry and devoted himself to teaching. Conscious of his innocence, he was nevertheless embittered at seeing his hope wrecked. He became, however, an excellent teacher. He got married, and the union was blessed with two beautiful children. On his return one evening from his teaching, the mother had disappeared. Though she left no account of herself, he supposed she had been overtaken by darkness at a distant friend's house, and so was not over-anxious. Next

morning, as he entered the schoolroom, a letter was put in his hands. His wife was in prison, having the day before in a bazaar suddenly been seized with a kleptomaniac frenzy and caught in the act. What to do now was the question. Japanese honor would call for a divorce. He, in great anguish of heart, went to see a trusted missionary lady and told her his whole sorrow and asked her advice. She frankly told him that divorce could not be thought of on Christian grounds. When she was through he thanked her, saying, 'Your advice I had already decided on before coming, and I simply wanted to be convinced that a trusted Christian would agree with the decision of my heart. I shall share my wife's disgrace, and seek to reclaim her. Perhaps God has a deeper lesson for us to learn.'

LITTLE MOTHERS IN JAPAN

"He returned home and wrote a letter in the name of his children, entreating her to come back by following the way the accompanying Bible directed, outlining their little hands at the close, in accordance with a Japanese custom." His wife was condemned to several months' confinement in prison, but he remained faithful to her, visited her in prison, and succeeded in reclaiming her and in restoring her to his home.

Answering the question, "Are the Japanese people worth the efforts which are being made to save them?" Mr. Haworth says: "It is scarcely necessary to say that the marvelous political transformation through which the country has passed within a few decades speaks volumes for the wisdom and patriotism of the leaders of the nation. In the February number of *The Assembly Herald* Dr. Arthur J. Brown pays an unintended compliment to the Japanese. 'Be not deceived by the result of the war with Japan,' he says. 'These Japanese were successful in it, not because they are smarter, but because they had more quickly responded to the touch of the modern world and had more quickly succeeded in organizing their government, their army and their navy in accordance with scientific methods. More bulky and phlegmatic China was caught napping by her wide-awake enemy.' That quality which enabled them so swiftly to respond to the touch of the modern world and to organize her government, her army and navy in accordance with scientific methods, may not be 'smartness' in Dr. Brown's definition of the term, but it is a quality which has not only raised Japan to the chief place among Oriental nations, but has also compelled the nations of the West to recognize and treat with her on terms of equality, a concession enjoyed by no other non-Christian nation. Surely such a race of people is worth every effort that can possibly be put forth for her conversion."

LEISURE.

XIV.

THE CHIVALROUS MEXICAN.

A MEXICAN WOMAN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

Fanny Chambers Gooch, who was for seven years a close observer of Mexican life, says that one of the happiest discoveries she made during "those days of a bewildering struggle with a new civilization" was that, despite the representations of our own countrymen, fidelity, tenderness and untiring devotion were as truly Mexican characteristics as American. Brantz Mayer, who was at one time secretary of the American legation in Mexico, says that he found the Mexicans, kind, gentle, hospitable, intelligent and brave; possessing the elements of a fine people "who want the stimulus of a foreign emulation to bring them forward among the nations of the earth with great distinction." In speaking of their politeness he says: "The 'old school' seems to have taken refuge among the Mexicans. They are formally and, I think, substantially the politest people I have met with. . . . A fine regard for ancient friend-

ship, a universal respect for genius, a competent knowledge of the laws and institutions of their country, a perfect acquaintance with the cause of Mexican decadence, and a charming regard for all those domestic rites which cement the affections of the home circle, may all be observed and admired within the walls of a Mexican dwelling."

Miss Sarah Hale, who for eleven years was intimately associated as a missionary with the highest as well as the poorer classes of Mexicans, says that while the people of Mexico are not without their defects, she is confident that they have no greater faults than Anglo-Saxons would have if they were brought up under the same circumstances and surroundings. They are very intelligent people. Miss Hale insists that she has never seen any reason to believe that the higher classes are less intelligent or less gifted than Americans, declaring that she has found among them some of the brightest minds she has ever known.

Of the gracious hospitality for which Mexicans are proverbial she writes: "I heard an American drummer say that in traveling among the small towns where there are no hotels he was always entertained by the people, and the fact that they could not be induced to accept any compensation made it embarrassing for him, as he could not hope ever to make any return for their kindness." Mrs. Myrtle Campbell, the widow of a well-known missionary in Mexico, writes that in her travels with her husband through the country she was deeply impressed with the hospitality of the people, especially among the poorer classes. "Rare indeed were the times when we were not received with the utmost cordiality and offered the best in the house even by those who were utter strangers to us. Many and many a time, when there was only one bed in the

hut, the usual occupants slept upon the floor and insisted upon our using it."

The Mexican women are noted for their charity. With them it is a passion to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the distressed, and entertain strangers. As Miss Gooch says, every battlefield on their soil has left its records of the tender devotion of Mexican women to prisoners and captives, without regard to name or nationality. Our American soldiers, when in their country with death staring them in the face, have borne grateful witness to their patient and tireless nursing. Even before the dawn of Christianity in Mexico, the women practiced a noble charity. When the young prince of Tezcuco was flying from his enemies, weary and dust-stained, he suddenly found himself in the presence of a young girl who was reaping in the field. He hastily informed her of his danger and entreated her aid. She was moved to pity, and, telling him to lie down, covered him with leaves and stalks. "The housewife is supplied with home remedies," says Miss Gooch, "that she may give effect to her charitable interest in the sick and suffering. In many places ladies in high places unite on a saint's day in giving a dinner to the poor. Each one contributes to the feast, and then with her daughters and friends waits on the squalid guests."

"Two of the most interesting young people," continues Miss Gooch, "whose acquaintance I made at the Capital, were descendants of an humble Indian woman. With her sick babe, only a month old, homeless and friendless, she trudged through the rain at dusk. A charitable lady from the interior of a luxurious home witnessed the scene, and, calling the woman, took the babe to her heart as if it were her own. She proposed to her to adopt the child, promising a mother's care. The

trust was sacredly kept, and though this lady afterward became the mother of fifteen children, the poor waif was retained in the family and developed into a lovely woman." *

In no country are family ties stronger than in Mexico. The same writer says that the thought of separation is to them fraught with unspeakable anguish, and even after marriage it is not unusual to see half-a-dozen families living in the same house, daughters with their husbands, and sons with their wives remaining under the paternal roof. The time never comes in the lives of the parents when the children are not more or less amenable to them. Grown sons and daughters do not forget the respect and obedience which were expected of them when children, and reverence for parents goes with them in their wedded lives and even increases with the lapse of years. A Mexican never grows too old to kiss the hands of his aged parents, or to visit them every day if he resides in the same city.

A striking instance of the attachment which Mexicans have for their kindred is related by Miss Hale. She boarded for some time in a family of the highest class. This family had suffered a serious reverse of fortune, and were hardly able to give their children the clothing and education which their position demanded; yet, notwithstanding their straitened circumstances, they received into their home two maiden aunts of advanced years, and treated them with such kindness, respect and affection as to impress them constantly with the fact that, so far from being a burden, their presence gave pleasure to the family. "I have no reason," adds Miss Hale, "to think that this family did more than most Mexican families would have

* "Face to Face with the Mexicans," by Fanny Chambers Gooch. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbut.

done under similar circumstances." Like Miss Gooch, she was charmed with the elegant manners of the educated class, as well as the politeness of the lower classes, and thinks that Americans are generally inferior in these two particulars.

In America the very name of Mexican suggests insincerity, but Miss Gooch says that in all their professions of friendship she found them perfectly frank. She admits that they are gifted in a high degree with the art of evasion; but she insists that this art is rarely used for unworthy ends. "Let one who has had trouble confide in them, and let them be but fully convinced that they are the trusted custodians of such confidence, and nothing can induce them to betray the confidence so reposed. The penalty of severest judgment cannot wring from them the secret entrusted to them, but by the dainty manipulation of their admirable tact and diplomacy the inquirer is satisfied, and not one syllable betrayed. As well try to make an incision in the side of Popocatepetl with a penknife as extract from a Mexican what he does not want to tell you."

The Mexicans excel in their kind attentions to the bereaved. In an account of a sorrow of her own while in Mexico, this ardent admirer says that her friends never left her for a moment day or night, and in deference to her bereavement were all robed in sombre black. "Every possible delicacy that could tempt a wayward appetite was brought, and notes and messages came daily to my door, and numberless inquiries expressive of sympathy and desire to serve me from the male relatives of my friends. These affectionate and tender attentions could not have been exceeded by those endeared to me by ties of blood."

The Mexicans are a knightly race, and when a man mar-

ries, if his wife has a widowed mother or sisters without the means of support, "it never occurs to him that it is not his duty to keep and maintain them. This office they cheerfully accept as a hereditary right, and it is a notable fact that the estates of orphans and widows are administered with great faithfulness."

Miss Gooch says that in many homes she has seen the husband regularly three times a day bring from the court-yard a flower to lay on his wife's plate; and such little attentions are not meaningless. "I have also known many instances where the husband fondly insisted on the wife so placing herself at the table that she might be excused from serving either the soup or coffee—saying that the care of the children was enough for her." Most travelers agree that in social life there are no more agreeable companions than educated Mexican gentlemen, and they are still more delightful when one comes to know them intimately upon the basis of friendship, "their time and means being alike at one's disposal; and wherever fate may lead them, they follow the fortunes of their friends." It is related that an American family was conveyed by a gentleman on a journey of five hundred miles over a rough and barren country, and nothing would induce the generous Mexican to receive one cent in compensation. Wealthy Mexicans have a passion for endowing hospitals and institutions of learning, and it is said that a governor of Coahuila devoted his entire salary during his term of office to the establishment of public schools in his State.

Of Mexican indolence a recent writer says that while the country is one in which all have leisure to spare, only shallow observers will set the inhabitants down as "the laziest, nothin'-worthin'est set in the world!" "The fact is, they are idlers

and they are workers, proficient in both practices, considered as equally necessary, as they have learned to look upon life. They like to idle, sit quietly and observe keenly, and they also like to work when its reward is in sight, exhibiting then a remarkable activity, steadiness and concentration, given, however, to lapsing, just as their immediate 'forbears' were forced into frequent resting during hunts when hunting was the sole business in America."

XV.

A PEOPLE WHO CANNOT HATE.

Robert Louis Stevenson declared that the best specimen of the Christian hero he ever met was a native Hawaiian missionary. A later writer says that he does not believe that the Hawaiians know how to hate. All travelers agree that they are amiable, sympathetic, kind-hearted, forgiving in spirit and absolutely free from treachery. There is scarcely a word in the native speech by which enmity can be expressed, and the average Hawaiian seems to be utterly incapable of cherishing ill-feelings against anyone. The language is not only free from words expressive of malevolence, but it is said that if a citizen of Hawaii wants to swear he is driven to the necessity of using a foreign tongue. On the other hand, the language is prolific in words expressive of love and good-will. Their word "Aloha," which means practically "My love to you," is always on their lips. "If a Hawaiian," says a writer, "were to give you his autograph, he would write 'Aloha' instead of 'Yours truly.'" With these facts in mind one is prepared to learn that nowhere else are people more peaceful and law-abiding, and that most of the convicts in their prisons are foreigners.

The pure Hawaiians are rapidly disappearing by absorption into other races, and the reddish-brown skin which originally distinguished them is now rarely seen; nor are the facial characteristics so prominent as they were a generation ago. The aborigines bear considerable resemblance to the Maoris of

New Zealand, and their ancestors probably came from the East Indian Archipelago. "During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, according to concurrent traditions, there was a general movement of the population of central Polynesia, during which the Haney Islands and New Zealand were populated. The intercourse between the islands, however, was not maintained, and at the time of Captain Cook's discovery the Hawaiians knew nothing of the world beyond their group." The original inhabitants were comparatively intelligent, though they made little progress in the arts. They were destitute of metals, cereal, grain, cotton and flax and beasts of burden, and their tools were made of lava, sharks' teeth and bamboo; but in building canoes and houses they showed great skill in the use of such primitive implements as they possessed. Their descendants, who constitute hardly one-third of the present population, and who have, perhaps, degenerated in character since prehistoric times, are large of stature, well developed, and "in every respect they are physically among the finest people of the earth." Formerly they tattooed their bodies, and this practice is still noted to a limited extent among the lower classes on the small islands.

The most interesting people of the island to-day are the half-whites. Under the monarchy it was regarded as an advantage to marry into a native family, and there are many whites of high standing who have Hawaiian wives. The half-white women are very attractive—many of them being beautiful and of pleasing manners. They are all good-natured and exceedingly hospitable. "As soon as a traveler stops at a native hut it is customary for one of the women to ask if he is 'full,' meaning if he is hungry; and, without waiting for a reply, she may feel of his stomach in order to form an inde-

pendent judgment on the subject." The half-whites retain many of the native Hawaiian characteristics. They are well educated and refined, as that term is understood among them, though one writer thinks that a Boston dame "would hold up her hands in holy horror at some of their doings." He adds, however, that one's views in this regard, especially upon short acquaintance, and "judging from customs under which they have lived rather than those which obtain here, would depend largely upon the purity of one's own mind."

The overthrow of idolatry in the Hawaiian Islands forms one of the most charming chapters in the history of Christian missions. When the first missionaries landed in 1820 they were startled by the intelligence that the *tabu* had been abolished and that idolatry was no more. Incredible as it seemed, the news proved to be true. The people of their own will—rather the will of the overruling Spirit—had renounced their idols and were waiting for new light. Almost from the beginning the gospel had free course. Great tidal waves of religious zeal swept over the island from time to time, and in less than a generation the Hawaiians had been transformed into a Christian nation. During the revival in 1843 twenty-seven thousand converts were brought into the church. It is often claimed that the islanders have been made religious rather than moral; nevertheless it was said of those who emigrated to California to seek fortunes in the gold mines that among the toughs of all nations they were noted as men who would not drink or gamble or profane the Sabbath. "In this great company of converts," says Miss Brain, "most of whom had been only a few years before repulsive savages worshipping idols, it was hardly to be expected that all would prove faithful to their vows. The number of backsliders, however, was extremely

small. In the Hilo district, where the largest ingathering occurred, it was found, after a long and thorough testing, that but one convert in sixty proved amenable to discipline, and that, too, in churches with the strictest New England standards of discipleship." The Hawaiian converts were from the first noted for their liberality. Though extremely poor, they were unwilling to come to any service of the church empty-handed. "Among their humble gifts," wrote Titus Coan, "you will see one bring a bunch of hemp, another a piece of wood for fuel, a mat, a narrow strip of bark cloth, a little salt, a fish, a fowl, a *taro*, a potato, a cabbage, a little arrowroot, a few ears of corn, and a few eggs. The old and feeble, and children who have nothing else to give, gather grass wherewith to cover and enrich the soil." Later, when metal coins were introduced, they began to contribute money. The women had a beautiful way of training their little ones to give. "The mother put a bright coin into her baby's hand and held it over the contribution box. If the tiny fingers held on to the shining piece, she gently shook it until it fell with a merry ring in the box below."

In 1850, just thirty years after the first missionaries landed, the Hawaiians organized a Foreign Mission Society of their own, and from that day they have had a place in the first rank among the missionary churches of the world. No other Christians have given more liberally for the foreign work either of men or money. Thirty per cent. of the native pastors have become missionaries in other islands.

Nearly forty years ago, Richard Henry Dana, a distinguished author and lawyer, wrote: "It is no small thing to say that the missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. have, in less than forty years, taught this whole people to read, write, cipher and

sew; they have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science, entertainment, etc.; they have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that the proportion of the inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England.

"Whereas they found these people half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, we see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional government under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies. . . . .

"In no place that I have visited are the rules which control vice and regulate amusements so strict, so reasonable and so fairly enforced. A man may travel in the interior alone, unarmed, even through the wildest spots. I found no hut without its Bible and hymn-book in the native tongue, and the practice of family prayer and grace before meat."

One of the most remarkable converts to Christianity among the Hawaiians was the Rev. James Kekela. This man, while pastor of the church on the island of Oahu, was asked to accompany the pioneer missionaries to Micronesia and assist them in starting a new mission. Shortly before leaving Hawaii for this purpose, he delivered an address which reveals something of the spirit of the man.

"I am a native of these islands," he said. "My parents were idolaters, and I was born in times of darkness. A short time ago our people were heathen; they worshipped a great variety of gods; they were engaged in war; they were addicted to stealing and robbery. Man and wife did not live together and eat together as now; they took no care of their children.

"But a great light has arisen over us. The Bible has driven away our darkness, overturned our heathenish customs, and caused a great improvement in our condition. . . .

"What is more reasonable than that we Hawaiians should extend to other natives in this ocean the blessings of the gospel? Those tribes are now what we were a short time ago—degraded, wretched idolaters. Shall we not have pity on them, as the people of God in the United States have had pity on us?"

After visiting Micronesia, Kekela went as a missionary to the Marquesas Islands, and while there rescued Lieutenant Whalon, an American officer, from being killed and eaten by Marquesan cannibals. In acknowledging the present which President Lincoln sent him as a recognition of his heroism, Kekela wrote:

"Greetings to you, great and good Friend!

"My mind is stirred up to address you in friendship. I greatly respect you for holding converse with such humble ones. Such you well know us to be.

"When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation, ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to deliver him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people.

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain

of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love. . . .

"How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment—that which I have received of the Lord—aloha. May the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you until the end of this terrible war in your land."

The most famous of all Hawaiian converts was the high chiefess, Kapiolani, a descendant of a long line of kings and ruler in her own right of a large district in southern Hawaii. "Notwithstanding her royal lineage and exalted rank," writes Belle M. Brain,* "she was an ignorant and superstitious savage. According to Hawaiian custom she had several husbands and was addicted to the use of liquor. The first time the missionaries saw her she was sitting on a rock anointing herself with native oil. When the gospel message touched her heart, she at once set about reforming her life. She gave up her intemperate habits and dismissed all her husbands except Naihe, the powerful national orator, who promised to assist her in promoting the new religion. So ladylike in deportment and so lovable in disposition did she become, that she won the respect and admiration of natives and foreigners alike.

"With great cordiality she welcomed the missionaries into her own home and planned with them for the uplifting of her people. In her determination to root out superstition and idolatry, she went to the sacred temple of Keave and car-

*The Transformation of Hawaii, by Belle M. Brain Fleming H. Revell Company.

ried away the idols, hiding them in inaccessible rocky caves near the head of the bay.

"Going about among her people, she taught them the Word of God, entering into the meanest hovels of the poor and sick to point them to Christ, and relieve their physical wants by generous gifts of food and mats. The burden of lost souls weighed heavily upon her. Frequently in the night she awakened her women, asking them to unite with her in prayer for the conversion of the king.

"But there was one great act of Kapiolani's life that rendered her famous above all the other converts of her race—she defied the fire gods of Kilauea and broke their despotic power. This brave and courageous deed placed her name forever in the list of the world's great heroines, and won for her a glowing tribute from Thomas Carlyle, who tells the story in his 'Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell.'

"Though idolatry had been overthrown and *tabu* abolished in Hawaii, many of the natives still believed in Pele and dared not violate her *tabus*. Especially was this true in the district over which Kapiolani ruled. Her subjects, living in close proximity to the volcano, were continually under the spell of its awful fires. Then, too, they had rarely witnessed the open violation of *tabu* by foreigners, a sight familiar to natives in other parts of the islands. Since the murder of Captain Cook, which occurred in this region, few strangers visited it, fearing to share his tragic fate.

"In December, 1824, Kapiolani resolved to free her people from the thraldom of this superstition and break the power of the fire goddess by defying her in her own domains.

"Her plan was to visit the missionaries at Hilo, where a mission station had recently been opened, taking the track across

the mountain on which the crater is situated—a difficult and dangerous journey of one hundred miles across rough lava beds. Since there were at that time neither horses nor mules in Hawaii, she was obliged to travel the entire distance on foot.

"Her people were dismayed, and gathered from far and near to plead with her to give up so dangerous an exploit. Even her husband, Naihe, sought to dissuade her. But strong in faith, believing that her Heavenly Father would protect her, she said to them: 'The *tabus* are abolished. There is but one great God; He will keep me from harm.' When her people found that she could not be induced to abandon the project, eighty of them decided to go with her.

"As they journeyed toward the volcano, Kapiolani was stopped again and again by men and women along the way, who implored her to return home and not risk Pele's anger. With heroic faith she kept bravely on, simply answering: 'If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God.'

"Near the crater they were met by a priestess of Pele who claimed authority from the goddess herself. She warned Kapiolani not to enter the sacred precincts of the volcano with unbelief and opposition in her heart, threatening her with the penalty of death if she persisted in doing so.

"Nothing daunted by this terrible prediction, Kapiolani sat down beside the poor deluded creature and talked with her. Taking out her Testament, she taught her of the one true God in the heavens. At last the priestess hung her head, declaring that the goddess had forsaken her and she could say no more.

"Growing along the mountain path were the *ohelo* berries

sacred to Pele, which no Hawaiian dared eat without the permission of the goddess. Determined to break every *tabu*, Kapiolani ate freely of them without making the customary offering, but her followers dared not do so.

"Arriving at the crater, she led the way down the steep, rocky path, across the hot lava beds, the ground trembling under her feet, and steam issuing from every crevice, to the edge of Halemaumau. Into the great lake of fire she deliberately hurled stone after stone, knowing that nothing could be more disrespectful and displeasing to the goddess.

"Only those who have watched the awful fires of Kilauea, and 'who know with what awful terrors pagan deities are clothed in the common mind, and with what tenacity these superstitions continue to hold even professed converts, can imagine what holy courage and faith must have been begotten in this Hawaiian heroine.'

"Turning to her terrified people she said: 'Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may all fear her power; but if Jehovah save me in breaking her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve Jehovah. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God.'

"The whole company then knelt, prayer was offered, and the crater rang with the music of a Christian hymn. Above the roaring and crackling of the flames could it be heard, echoing and re-echoing to the praise of Jehovah. Thus were the fire palaces of Pele consecrated as a temple of the living God.

"Returning as they came, across the bed of the crater, we can imagine the terror of the people. No doubt they fully expected the thin crust to give away beneath their feet, pre-

cipitating them into the fires below; or to be overtaken by showers of lava and stones, hurled upon them from behind. But the cruel fire goddess failed to avenge herself; they therefore reached the edge of the crater in safety and continued their peaceful journey to Hilo.

"It was a brave and heroic deed that has been likened to that of Elijah on Mt. Carmel challenging the priests of Baal, and to Boniface in Germany cutting down the sacred oak of Thor. But Kapiolani displayed a faith more heroic and a courage more indomitable than either of these. They had never been under the power of the gods they destroyed, while less than four years previous she had not even heard of Jehovah, in whom she now trusted to save her when defying the gods she had worshiped since childhood.

"Then, too, Elijah stood on the peaceful slopes of Mt. Carmel, and Boniface on the quiet plain of Upper Hesse, while she stood in the presence of real danger, before those awful fires that strike terror to the stoutest hearts.

"Arriving in Hilo, with feet swollen from the long, hard journey, and mind and body utterly weary from exciting experiences, Kapiolani refused to rest until she had secured lodgings for her entire company and gathered them together for evening worship.

"While in Hilo she rendered valuable assistance to the missionaries, going about among the people giving words of Christian counsel or reproof to all with whom she came in contact. Her benign influence was felt long after her return to her own home.

"Her beautiful and fruitful life was ended on May 5, 1841, when she passed away, fully trusting in the Saviour she had served so long and faithfully. She was deeply mourned,

not only by her own people, but by the missionaries, who realized that they had lost a valued friend and helper.

"At her funeral her pastor said: 'This nation has lost one of its brightest ornaments. She was the most decided Christian, the most civilized in her manners, and the most thoroughly read in the Bible of all the chiefs this nation ever had; and it is saying no more than truth to assert that her equal in these respects is not left in the nation.'"

(208) APACHES FOUR MONTHS AFTER ARRIVING AT CARLISLE.

XVI.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE INDIAN.

In 1656 a Jesuit missionary among the Iroquois wrote: "Among many faults caused by their blindness and barbarous education, we meet with virtues enough to cause shame among the most of Christians." A little later, Pere Lallemant, a missionary among the Hurons, declared that in point of intellect the American Indians were not at all inferior to the natives of Europe. "I could not have believed," he writes, "that, without instruction, nature could have produced such ready and vigorous eloquence or such a sound judgment in their affairs as that which I have so much admired among the Hurons. I admit that their habits and customs are barbarous in a thousand ways; but, after all, in matters which they consider as wrong, and which their public condemns, we observe among them less criminality than in France, although here the only punishment of a crime is the shame of having committed it." "Simply to call these people religious," wrote Captain Bonneville, "would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades the whole of their conduct. Their honesty is immaculate; and their purity of purpose and their observance of the rites of their religion are most uniform and remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages."

In 1724 Father Lafitau wrote of the Indians among whom he had lived that they were possessed of sound judgment, lively

imagination, ready conception and a wonderful memory. "All the tribes retain at least some trace of an ancient religion, handed down to them from their ancestors, and a form of government. They reflect justly upon their affairs, and better than the mass of the people among ourselves. They prosecute their ends by sure means; they evince a degree of coolness and composure which would exceed our patience; they never permit themselves to indulge in passion, but always, from a sense of honor and greatness of soul, appear masters of themselves. They are high-minded and proud; possess a courage equal to every trial, an intrepid valor, heroic constancy under torments, and an equanimity which neither misfortunes nor reverses can shake. Toward each other they behave with a natural politeness and attention, entertaining a high respect for the aged, and a consideration for their equals which appears scarcely reconcilable with that freedom and independence of which they are so jealous. They make few professions of kindness, but yet are affable and generous. Toward strangers and the unfortunate they exercise a degree of hospitality and charity which might put the inhabitants of Europe to the blush."

Captain Carver, a noted traveler of the latter part of the last century, said that while the Indians with whom he mingled were cruel, barbarous and revengeful in war, they were yet temperate in their mode of living, patient of hunger and fatigue, sociable and humane to all whom they looked on as friends, and ready to share with them the last morsel of food they possessed, or to expose their lives in their defence. In their public character he describes them as "possessing an attachment to their nation unknown to the inhabitants of any other country, combining, as if actuated by one soul, against a common enemy; never swayed in their councils by selfish or

party views, but sacrificing everything to the honor and advantage of their tribe, in support of which they fear no danger, and are affected by no sufferings. They are not only affectionately attached, indeed, to their own offspring, but are extremely fond of children in general. They instruct them carefully in their own principles, and train them up with attention in the maxims and habits of their nation. Their system consists chiefly in the influence of example, and impressing on them the traditionary histories of their ancestors."

Writing of a visit to the Indians in the Northwest, he says: "I received from every tribe of them the most hospitable and courteous treatment, and am convinced that till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbors they will retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers."

INDIAN TYPES.

While visiting the Winnebagoes he met a young chief who was going on an embassy to some of the bands of the Sioux. The chief, finding that Captain Carver was about to visit the Falls of St. Anthony, agreed to accompany him. "We could distinctly hear the noise of the water full fifty miles before we reached the Falls; and I was greatly pleased and surprised when we approached this astonishing work of nature; but I was not long at liberty to indulge these emotions, my attention being called off by the behavior of my companion. The prince had no sooner gained the point that over-

looks this wonderful cascade than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he imagined this to be. He told him that he had come a long way to pay his adoration to him, and now would make him the best offerings in his power. He, accordingly, threw his pipe into the stream, then the roll that contained his tobacco, after this the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists, next an ornament he wore on his neck composed of beads and wires, and, at last, the earrings from his ears; in short, he presented to his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During this he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear, untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe in honor of the Great Spirit. I was greatly surprised at beholding an instance of such elevated devotion in so young an Indian. . . Indeed, the whole conduct of this young prince at once charmed and amazed me. During the few days we were together his attention seemed to be wholly employed in yielding me every assistance in his power, and even in so short a time he gave me innumerable proofs of a most generous and disinterested friendship, so that on our return I parted from him with the greatest reluctance."

The Indian has always been a deeply religious being. Thomas Hariot, an employee of Sir Walter Raleigh, writing from the Virginia colony in 1587, said that a day seldom passed with an Indian "in which a blessing is not asked or thanks returned to the Giver of life, sometimes audibly, but more

generally in the devotional language of the heart. Catlin the artist, who spent eight years among the Indians more than forty years ago, living with them in the freest intimacy, wrote: "I fearlessly assert to the world, and I defy contradiction, that the North American Indian is everywhere in his native state a highly moral and religious being, endowed by his Maker with an intuitive knowledge of some great Author of his being and the universe—in dread of whose displeasure he constantly lives with the apprehension before him of a future state, when he expects to be rewarded or punished according to the merits he has gained or forfeited in this world."

Mr. Catlin asserts that he never saw any other people who spend so much of their lives "in humbling themselves before and worshiping the Great Spirit as these tribes do, nor any whom I would not as soon suspect of insincerity and hypocrisy. Self-denial and self-torture and almost self-immolation are continual modes of appealing to the Great Spirit for his countenance and forgiveness."

The piety of the Christian Indian forms one of the most charming chapters in the history of modern Christianity. The Rev. Edgerton R. Young, for many years a missionary to the Red Indians of British America, tells a beautiful story illustrative of the faithfulness of the Indians to their religious principles.

"Not very long ago," he writes,* "the governor of our colony sent out one of his commissioners to meet the Indians with supplies in accordance with the treaty. This commissioner sent word to one of our Christian Indians to bring his people to a certain point, as he would be there and distribute their annual allowances. The Indians were on hand at the

* *Christian Endeavor World*, Boston.

time appointed; they brought nothing from their distant camp-fires, for they expected to receive abundant supplies to feast upon. But the day came and the big white commissioner did not arrive—and it is an everlasting disgrace when government representatives break word with the Indians. The commissioner did not come the first day, nor the second; and the Indians were hungry. They went to the big chief and said:

"'Pakan, our wives and children are hungry for food—here are our supplies, the gift of the queen to us, and the servant hath not yet come to distribute them. Will you open them and give us enough to satisfy us?'

KIOWAS.

"'Oh, no, my people, I have never broken a word of treaty and I don't want to now,' replied the chief. The next day no white man appeared, and the third morning these young Indians' eyes began to look ominous, and flash out something that boded trouble. They went to the chief and said: 'We must have food for our hungry ones.' His answer was: 'Have patience a little longer, my people,' and he called on an Indian who had a splendid horse to accompany him, and mounting his own away they went as fast as they could to find and hurry up the dilatory commissioner. About noon they met him coming along with a large retinue of friends and servants. In those days that country abounded in game, and these white men had gone out for a good shooting time.

As Pakan rode into the camp at noonday he found them preparing to stop there because not far off was a spot that seemed full of game. Pakan said to the commissioner:

"'You have broken your promise to my people; you were to have met them three days ago. Don't stop here—come on and distribute the supplies, for my people are hungry.'

"'Oh, Pakan, I am glad to see you,' replied the white man; 'you are the chief, I would like to have you dine with me. I hear you are a great hunter; come with us this afternoon and show me your skill in hunting.'

"'No!' said he, 'you have broken your word. The people are hungry—come on at once.'

"'Oh, no, I am going to have some shooting.'

"Pakan said: 'When are you coming?'

"'I will come to-morrow.'

"'Oh,' said Pakan, 'to-morrow is the Sabbath, and we have been taught to keep the Sabbath.'

"The commissioner answered: 'My religion don't prevent me from distributing food on Sunday.'

"Pakan looked at him. He is one of the finest specimens of man I ever saw. He bravely replied:

"'I don't care what your religion will allow you to do; mine says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and, hungry as we are, unless you come and distribute the food to-day we will not take it until Monday.'

"The man quailed before him, and at once some subordinate was sent back with him. Before they left the commissioner said to the chief: 'I will come along to-morrow, and we will have our usual annual talk about Indian affairs and the distribution of money.'

"Pakan replied again: 'To-morrow is the Sabbath, and we

will have no treaty talk to-morrow,' and away he rode. The next day the white man came on to the Indian encampment. He expected the Indians to meet him, hundreds of them, with firing of guns and waving of flags, but not one came to receive him, and no guns were fired; the only wigwam where the flag was flying was the place where the people met together three times a day to worship God. He sent for Pakan to come and dine with him, but Pakan said: 'I dine with my own family on God's day whenever I can,' and he refused the invitation."

Probably no man in our day has a deeper insight into Indian character than Captain John Cussons, the distinguished soldier, who spent several years among the Lacotahs, the tribe which overran Minnesota, which slew Custer and his command, which gave birth to Sitting Bull, and which, as he says, has so often since been depicted as a band of incarnate demons—bloody-minded, revengeful, treacherous beyond belief. While among them, Captain Cussons was absolutely in their power, but he found them always kind, generous, faithful and brave. In a stirring address on the American Indian, delivered in Richmond, Va., Captain Cussons said:

"Summon the free-born Lacotah of forty years ago—the indigenous native American, whom we have so wantonly destroyed. Look at him!—lithe, sinewy, strong, handsome in form, and in movement graceful as the leopard. Constant in his friendships, faithful to his people, crowned with the majesty which can dwell only where freedom is—a kingly bearing, tempered by that gracious courtesy which springs from a union of kindly feeling with conscious strength—these were the qualities which marked him while he remained untouched by our higher civilization. A savage he may have been—wild, unlettered, impatient of restraint—yet he had a

devotion and a kindliness which were all his own; and I am not ashamed to say that I have met but few men who have more deeply impressed me with a sense of full manhood than the typical Lacotah warrior. It may be social treason to avow it, yet I have seen Robert E. Lee, both in bivouac and battle, when he has brought vividly to my mind the image of Matta-Num-Pa, a war chief of the Lacotahs.

"But it is said that they are cruel, heartless, destitute of all emotion. Let us see. And let us not forget that the most ruthless cruelty is that which betrays through the affections.

INDIAN CHIEF OF POLICE.

"I recall an incident which will illustrate my meaning:

"Plainsmen of forty years ago will remember the old Frenchman, Provo, who had a ranch on the North Platte. He married an Ogalalla woman, and had the reputation of being the poorest shot in the country, although otherwise he was accounted a decent sort of man. One day he picked up an antelope fawn and tethered it in a copse of willows about a mile from his lodge, and then went after his old Hawkins rifle, his idea being that the bleating of the fawn would attract the doe, and thus give him a pot shot. His squaw, suspecting what was going on, started for the river bottom on a dead run, and I cantered over to see what would happen. Wau-seech-ee Hung-Coo was a picture of rage and mortification. She seized his rifle and flung it in the slough, and then, liberating the

little fawn and flipping her fingers at Provo, she stalked back towards the ranch, an embodiment of silent scorn. But soon she broke down, and signaling me to her side, she begged that I would forget the incident and never mention it to their children.

"That 'heathen woman' had never learned from us either the teachings or the deeds of mercy. No white man's lips had ever interpreted to her the divine injunction, 'Thou shalt not seethe the kid in the mother's milk.'"

With regard to the revengeful character of the Lacotahs, Captain John Cussons said that among Indians fair and equal reprisal carries with it the sense of salutary and natural justice. It ranks with their highest virtues and accompanies them; and he declares that the injury which the Lacotah chief resented was not that which was done to himself but to his tribe. "It was not revenge, but simple justice."

Mr. Catlin, whom I just now quoted, says of the Sioux: "I have traveled three years already among these people, and I have not had my scalp taken off nor a blow struck me nor had occasion to raise my hand against an Indian; nor has my property been stolen as yet to my knowledge to the value of a shilling, and that in a country where no man is punished by law for the crime of stealing. . . That the Indians in their native state are drunken is false, for they are the only temperance people, literally speaking, that I ever saw in my travels or ever expect to see. These people manufacture no spirituous liquor themselves, and know nothing of it until it is brought into their country and tendered them by Christians. Speaking of the Sioux chief Ha-won-je-pah, he says: "This chief took his name 'One Horn' from a little shell which he wore always on his neck. This shell had descended to him from his father,

and the chief said that he valued it more than anything which he possessed—affording a striking incident of a living affection which these people often cherish for the dead."

It is said that for thirty years it was the uniform boast of the Sioux in every council that they had never taken the life of a white man.

Miss Alice Fletcher writes in a charming strain of the Indian's home life. "The consideration of the Indian for the feelings of his guest," she says, "is very remarkable. Good breeding forbids that the newly arrived guest should be even spoken to until he has had time to rest and to collect himself, and shows a disposition to open a conversation." Miss Fletcher adds that in looking back upon her experience of Indian life, "against a background of poverty and rude circumstances stands forth a picture of unfailing family affection, of faithfulness, of unhesitating hospitality and courtesy towards strangers, a majesty of demeanor at times, and a spirit of happiness and contentment that leave little room for ambition or envy." Catlin wrote that he found the Indian endowed with every feeling of parental, filial and conjugal affection that is met with in more enlightened communities. One of the earliest glimpses we have of the character of the Indians relates to the affection and tender feeling which they have for children. In a book published in France in 1633 Father Le June tells of a party of braves who, while watching a French drummer-boy beat his drum in Quebec, pressed more closely around him until the little fellow struck one of the party in the face with his drumstick so sharply that the blow drew blood. The Indians, much offended, went to the interpreter and demanded apologies and a present, according to their custom. "No," said the interpreter, "our custom is to punish the offender; we will punish

the boy in your presence." When the Indians saw the child stripped for the flogging they began immediately to beg for his pardon; but as the soldiers continued their preparations for whipping the lad, one of the Indians suddenly stripped himself and threw his robe over the boy, crying out, "Scourge me, if you choose, but do not strike the boy!"

Helen Jackson, in her immortal defence of the Indian, "A Century of Dishonor," writing of the charge so often made, that the red man will not work, says that of the three hundred thousand Indians living in America (not including Alaska) one hundred and thirty thousand are self-supporting on their own reservations, receiving nothing from the Government except interest on their moneys, or annuities granted them in consideration of the cession of their lands to the United States. Of the remainder eighty-four thousand are partially supported by the Government—the interest money due them and their annuities as provided by treaty being inadequate to their subsistence on the reservation where they are confined. In many cases, however, these Indians furnish a large part of their support, some of them as much as seventy-five per cent. Only about thirty-one thousand are entirely supported by the Government. In 1869 President Grant appointed a commission of nine men, representing the influence and philanthropy of six leading States, to visit the different Indian reservations and to examine all matters appertaining to Indian affairs. In their report the commission says: "To assert that the Indian will not work is as true as it would be to say that the white man will not work. Why should the Indian be expected to plant corn, fence lands, build houses, or do anything but get food from day to day, when experience has taught him that the product of his labor will be seized by the white man to-morrow?

The most industrious white man would become a drone under similar circumstances; nevertheless, many of the Indians are already at work, and furnish ample refutation of the assertion that the Indian will not work, and there is no escape from the inexorable logic of fact."

In a recent letter to *The Outlook* a missionary of the American Missionary Association gives a picture of Indian life which will come as a revelation to the multitudes whose ideas about the red man are embraced within the narrow limits of General Sherman's sarcasm to the effect that there is no good Indian but a dead Indian:

PUPILS FROM THE ARAPAHOE SCHOOL, DARLINGTON.

"Yesterday I returned from Fort Yates, where I had been participating with our people in their Fourth of July celebration. I wish you could have been with us. I was proud of our Indian friends, and their quiet, orderly demeanor served as a surprise to some of their white guests from the Post who came to see them celebrate. The Rev. I. H. B. Headley, whom you may have known in New York and Boston, and who is now an army chaplain at Fort Yates, accepted an invitation to attend our Sunday morning service in the booth, July 4th. At the close he said to me: 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything.' The wife of a young army officer who was present said: 'This is a sight I never expected to see. It seems so strange to see Indians partaking of the communion, when a few years

ago they were doing anything but that." There were probably from seven hundred to a thousand Indians, who were camped about the mission in a great circle (as usual) for a week. During the time I did not see or hear of any drunkenness, rowdyism, or disturbance of any sort. Among those present there were only one or two policemen (all the others having gone to attend the Catholic celebration at Rock Creek), and their services were not needed officially. This was noticed and commented on by some of the white visitors from the Post. Indeed, some of our guests would have done well to take pattern after the Indians in quiet, reverent demeanor during the Sunday services and the exercises of the morning after the addresses were made. Nearly all, if not everything, was planned and superintended by the Indians themselves, and they certainly deserve much credit for the manner in which they celebrated. Even their games in the afternoon, into which they entered with enthusiasm, were characterized by the same self-control and gentle, manly behavior as the rest. As soon as the boys were through with their fun in sending off Roman candles (which we all enjoyed with them), the great camp quieted at once for the night. Others who looked on during the days spent there agreed with me that the same number of white people if assembled on such an occasion could not have been more quiet and orderly, and we thought would probably be less so. Now that our people have come home, they are starting out at once upon their haying. Poor things! I am glad I have cast my lot among them, and only wish that I might do more."

One may say that this is only an isolated instance, and that the majority of the Indians are hopelessly bad. To this charge Rev. Edgerton R. Young has well replied that it is not

fair to point to a few lazy, drunken Indians on the outskirts of civilization as specimens of "what the Indian is coming to." "If I should take an Indian to show him the best of the whites, should I be doing right if I should take him to the saloons and drag out some lazy, drunken wretches, or take him to the slums and show him the dilapidated specimens of humanity there to be found? No, you would say; bring your Indian to our Christian Endeavor convention; let him see our bright Christian faces; hear our joyous testimonies to the uplifting and sustaining power of the gospel, and join in our praises to our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ."

One of the finest tributes to Indian character which has come to my notice is an article on the death of Sitting Bull, written by Captain John Cussons, whom I have already quoted The following extract, it seems to me, forms a fitting close to this chapter:

"The old hero and patriot, Ta-tank-i-ya-tonka, last war-chief of the Lacotahs, is dead.

"The little remnant of his tribe which ungraciously refused the ignominy of pauperdom on a scant reservation of their ancient domain will soon be destroyed, and we can take possession of their heritage in snug comfort, with none to molest or make us afraid.

"The old chief was at peace. He had accepted the hard terms which our superior resources enable us to impose, and was living quietly on the reservation. He no longer saw hope or future for his beleaguered people. Each effort for their deliverance had but multiplied the destructive forces which beset him, and whelmed his followers in yet deeper ruin.

"On the field, it is true, he had met us and withstood us. He had foiled the strategy of our ablest generals; he had

scattered like chaff our troopers in open fight; he had felt in full measure all the fury of modern war, all the strength of civilization without its mercy, and he had not blanched.

"But valor, constancy, devotion, were alike unavailing. The trend of the age was against him, and the westward movement of the nations. Military posts were steadily dotting themselves all over his broad land; lines of railroads were cutting his hunting grounds into narrow shreds; and wherever grass grew or rivers ran there would be planted a trenched camp, from whence would issue gangs of Yahoos with repeating rifles, slaughtering buffaloes for tongue and hide, and wantonly wasting the subsistence of his people. The effects of age, too, were stealing over his limbs. For age is measured by its deeds, and his brief seven-and-forty years of civil care and battle toil had done the ample work of a full fourscore.

"And so, worn and weary, he assembled his followers about him, and for their sake yielded the ancestral domain to the spoiler, and accepted such environment as we were willing to 'bestow.'

"'A barren heath
For a broad empire lost.'

"But there were difficulties in the way. Some of his young men rejected the proffered prison-pen, and went forth to the free mountains and the high valley lands where the invader must meet them on somewhat equal terms.

"The old chief sent messages demanding their return; assured them of the hopelessness of further resistance; and in behalf of their women and children insisted that they should yield to the enemy and accept the inevitable.

"The message was received with incredulity and scorn. A compact between their honored chief and the false paleface

was deemed impossible, and the only effect of the mission was to render the young men more alert against betrayal. For they trusted their leader with a full-hearted faith, and would not wrong him by a doubt of his constancy. They loved him with a devotion which is accorded only to those who follow right and justice, as it is given them to see it, for its own sole sake—the devotion which Lutheran Germany gave to the great Gustavus; the devotion which the patriot Poles gave to Kosciusko; the devotion which the Southerners of our own land gave to Robert E. Lee.

"And they believed he would soon join their camps and lead them in the deliverance of their own homes from the invader.

"This was the situation last Sunday night, the fourteenth of December, in the year of our Redeemer eighteen hundred and ninety.

"The old chief, with his wife and children, were sleeping in their lodge on the Reservation in Morton county, North Dakota, about thirty miles southwest of the capital city of Bismarck, and within sound of the steamboat whistles of the Missouri river. He was virtually a prisoner. He was as completely within military power as was Bonaparte at St. Helena.

"Well, there the old hero sleeps, watched over by a detachment of semi-municipal cayotes—the offscouring of all tribes—a mongrel breed of pimps and apostates, abjects and renegades, euphoneously styled the United States Indian Police. Meantime a stealthy march of regular troops is being made all through the long hours of that Sabbath night. They come from Fort Yates, forty miles away; a strongly equipped cavalry force, accompanied by light artillery and Gatling guns. They are to be at the Reservation at dawn, at which hour the

police arouse the old chief and arrest him on a charge of 'intending to leave the Reservation without permission.' Before he has been completely bound and disarmed there comes a cry that a body of cavalry is charging down on them. The result is easy enough to foresee. There is a scuffle, a struggle to reach the horses, a hand-to-hand fight. And in the melee the old chief is butchered.

"With these facts before us, it is an insult to common sense to form any other assumption than that the whole business was plotted and mapped out in advance; that the killing of this man was a contrived murder—one of the most atrocious ever committed by any of the brood of Cain. . .

"Some thirty years ago this slaughtered chief was a dreaming, meditative boy. He joined but little in the sports and exercises of his young companions. He was best content when listening to the lore of the elders and was deeply absorbed in all the traditions that related to his tribe and race.

"He came of pure Lacotah stock, and was a nephew of Mat-to-a-wa-yu, the last hereditary chief of the great Sioux nation, a man distinguished for wisdom, moderation and valor. At that period the white man, wandering alone, had free range of the whole Lacotah territory, and there was no one in the tribe who gave warmer welcome to the stranger than the gentle and thoughtful boy whom we have just cut off.

"There had been a brief period of warfare prior to that time, the 'Laramie massacre' we called it; but peace had been restored, only to be broken again by successive outrages on the part of the whites.

"But real and abiding troubles came with the Government agents, who, for the most part, were a set of shameless thieves. It was from these creatures that young 'Sitting Bull'

formed his estimate of the white character, which to him was the epitome of all that is base and false and vile. And it was to his steadfast belief in the utter depravity of our race that all his prestige as a prophet must be ascribed.

"Other chiefs believed our words, and were betrayed. This man stood by his fixed conviction that the truth was not in us, and for more than twenty years, through all the mutations of treaty and compact, with their common wreckage of broken promises and violated pledges, the result in every instance avouched the accuracy of his forecast. But he trusted us at last, and we foully murdered him.

"And now, as a fitting round-up of the whole business, and in maintenance of the eternal harmonies, it devolves upon us to impugn his motives and revile his name; to mock the 'heathen moaning' of the bereft kindred; to shove forward our Holy Cross ere the desert breezes have lapped up his blood, and to solace ourselves with the blessed thought that our sacred Scriptures still follow the sword."

A LADY OF MANILA. (229)

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF THE EAST.

XVII.

THE FILIPINOS.

The modern Filipino is a composite of the Chinese and several Polynesian races, "with perhaps a dash of unrecognized Spanish, English or American blood." The aborigines, however, of whom about twenty-five thousand remain, are doubtless of pure Malay blood. These are little creatures, not so large as the Koreans, averaging considerably less than five feet in height, with limbs as small as those of a ten-year-old child. The nose is as flat as the Negro's and the lips as thick, and they are almost black, but it is certain that they are not Negroes. They have enormous heads of black, frizzly hair, and they are provided with prehensile toes, by which they are enabled to grasp an object with almost as much ease as with their hands. They wear little clothing, tattoo themselves, have no permanent abode, and subsist chiefly on honey, game and wild fruits. Wars drove them to take refuge in the least accessible parts of the island, though a few still inhabit the lowlands, and are often found living in houses built upon piles above water after the manner of the Dyaks. They are monogamous and capable of intellectual development to a remarkable degree. It is said that those who have been captured as children and brought up amidst civilization, have developed all the characteristics proportionate to the refinement with which they were invested.

The only trace of resemblance between the aborigines and

the Filipinos of Manila is in the curious meeting of the eyebrows over the nose. This is particularly noticeable among the women, who are otherwise very attractive in appearance, with their plump figures, and magnificent hair often falling to their ankles; though, as some one has said, their habit of "washing the aforesaid hair in unfragrant cocoanut oil and of chewing the blood-red betelnut is conducive to admiration at a distance."

The natives of the Philippines, like other members of the Malay race, have long had the reputation of being cruel and bloodthirsty—a reputation which has come to them on account of the ravages of Malay pirates. An educated Filipino, Ramon Reyes Lala, in his book on the Philippine Islands, very pertinently asks why the outrages and rapacity of Malay pirates should be taken as indicative of the Malay character any more than the atrocities of the Caucasian corsair are taken as indicative of Caucasian character. The Filipinos are subject to terrible fits of temper, during which they seek to slay everything in their path; but these outbursts are infrequent, and, as a rule, they are quiet and not easily moved to anger. They are always brave, and they know how to be loyal to an animating principle.

The most noticeable trait of the Filipinos, especially of the Tagalaogs, who inhabit Luzon, and who are by far the most numerous and most intelligent of the population, is their impressive demeanor and imperturbable bearing. The Filipinos are stoics. This accounts for their remarkable coolness in moments of danger, and their intrepid bearing against overwhelming odds. They never bewail a misfortune, and they have no fear of death. When a misfortune comes they merely attribute it to fate and calmly go about their business. Travelers usually

NATIVE GIRLS OF LUZON.

regard them as lacking in sympathy for the misfortunes of others, but it is not so much a want of fellow-feeling as a sense of resignation. Their fatalism saves them many a bitter pang. Mr. Lala says that while they are not noted for foresight and energy, their indolence is due chiefly to the enervating climate. The most energetic foreigners find, after spending a little while in the Philippines, that they are unable to shake off the lassitude created by the heat. Another secret of their indolence is to be found in the fact that, being deprived by the Spaniards of all active participation in the affairs of the government and robbed of all fruits of industry, all incentive to advancement and progress was taken away. They have yielded with composure to the crushing conditions of their environment, preferring the lazy pleasures of indolence rather than labor for the benefit of their oppressors. Recent events, adds Mr. Lala, show that, given the stimulant of hope, there is power in them yet to dare and achieve.

The characteristic virtue of the Filipinos is their family affection. They are very fond of their children, who, as a rule, are respectful and well-behaved. It has been noticed that such noisy little hoodlums as adorn European and American cities are conspicuously absent from Manila. The Filipinos are also noted for their reverence for parents. The old are tenderly cared for and venerated. They are not only faithful in caring for their parents, but in almost every well-to-do household there are poor relatives, who, "while mere hangers on, are nevertheless made welcome to the table of their host." Hospitality prevails everywhere. A guest is always welcome, and welcome to the best. The people, especially among the better class, embrace every opportunity to feast their friends and the stranger within their gates.

The Filipinos are sober and always clean. Mr. McQueen, in an article in the *National Magazine*, says that they are forever washing their bodies and their vestments. The same writer also notes the remarkable courage and endurance of the Philippine soldiers. They suffer and die like heroes. The women

A CAVITE MAIDEN.

are far more industrious than the men, and also more cheerful and devout.

Everywhere the people have a passion for music. Proprietors of large estates have taken advantage of this passion, and it is not an uncommon thing for a brass band to be found in the field discoursing music before the laborers gathering the rice plant.

In some of the provinces of Luzon the natives of the farming class have received an elementary education, while those who have had the means and aspired to better instruction have attended the schools of America and Europe. The natives of Luzon have ever been known as kind-hearted, hospitable and easily led, though they are very superstitious. A recent writer says that there are a number of Filipinos, chiefly half-breeds, at Manila and other places in Luzon, who might be capable of self-government under safe and competent leaders, but he doubts if such would exceed half of the population of the whole island.

ESKIMO MOTHER AND CHILD.

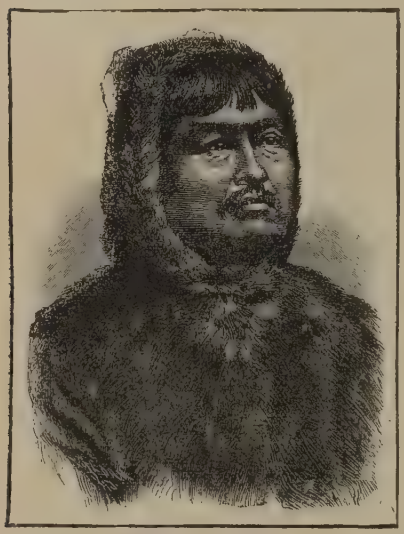
XVIII.

THE GENTLE ESKIMOS.

IN GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

To most minds the term Eskimo suggests dirt. It must be admitted that there is ground for the suggestion, but it should be remembered that in their aversion to the bath the Eskimos have the hearty sympathy of all who have had a taste of their climate. Moreover, if they are strangers to that comfortable state which is said to be next to godliness, they are by no means without distinguishing virtues. A notable trait is their hospitality to strangers. They are exceedingly cordial in welcoming the newcomer, and are fond

of showing their good-will by crying "good-cheer," and, when permitted, by rubbing noses with each other. Their kindness to one another is even more noticeable. Love for one's neighbor is a fundamental law among them. If one hunter has better success during the summer than his companions, and obtains a larger quantity of meat than he will need for his own family during the winter, he never conceals the surplus, but gladly divides it with others, taking pride in distributing it among those whose eyes are not as keen, or whose arms are not as strong as his own. It is a rule among many of the tribes that any game which a hunter does not take home, but leaves at a convenient point and covers it with stones for possible use in future, may be taken by any other member of the tribe. Indeed, it may be said that they really have no knowledge of the principle of private ownership of property, and that they practically hold all interests in common. Nansen says that when he first went among them they would often take articles from his party, not realizing that they were doing wrong. When Nansen protested they at once ceased, and ever afterwards he was able to rely upon their honesty, though, as he says, "it was plain to see that they were intelligent enough to perceive the injustice of our holding them to strict account while we were taking possession of their land



ESKIMO TYPE.

without their permission and without compensation, and killing the reindeer, which would have been useful to them for food."

The Eskimos are remarkable for their quiet and gentle manners and their dislike for disturbance or discord. They are so gentle that they really do not know how to quarrel, and when there is a misunderstanding it is always a very tame affair. If two persons have a disagreement, they never think of talking loudly or calling each other disagreeable names, but simply turn their backs and each goes his own way.

AN ESKIMO OF LABRADOR.

All explorers testify that the Eskimos rarely tell a falsehood, and when they depart from the truth at all it is never from malice. They rarely ever attempt to deceive one of their own race, though it is a hardship for them to tell a truth which they know will be disagreeable, and they employ all kinds of subterfuges to avoid the unpleasant duty.

One would suppose that a people situated as they are, compelled to fight a hard battle for life and always in constant danger of suffering for want of food, would be very serious, if not unhappy; on the contrary, they are always bubbling over with good spirits, nearly always laughing and always ready with an amusing witticism or an absurd joke. It would be

difficult to find a people who are better satisfied with their lot in life.

The fondness of the Eskimo parents for their children is very beautiful. Nansen says that the children are rarely punished, but that they are so thoroughly good-natured that punishment is seldom needed. It is exceedingly rare for the little ones to quarrel or fight, and they have never been known to call each other ugly names or to use abusive language in any way. They are very sweet and cunning in their ways, if not in their persons; in short, as some one has said, they are "a lot of dirty angels."

The Eskimos are remarkable for their devotion to their homes and their pride in their ice-bound country. It is safe to say that no other people love their native land or their homestead quite so well as they. The few that have visited foreign lands have invariably become seriously homesick, and would run any risk to get back again. "Do you see the ice? Do you see the ice?" was the longing cry of one of them who was returning from Europe ill unto death as he approached his native land.

GROUP OF PARSEE LADIES.

XIX.

HINDU TRAITS.

An intelligent American lady in India wrote me a few days ago that she had been living among the Hindus for five years, "and if there was any good in them she had never discovered it." Good Bishop Heber wrote of these same people that "as a race they are sober, dutiful to their parents, and affectionate to their children, and of tempers almost uniformly patient and gentle, and easily affected by kindness and attention to their wants and feelings." As I sat a moment ago weighing these two statements, my eye fell upon this sentence, which may partially reconcile them: "Within the limits of the vast empire of Hindustan we find man in every stage of civilization, from the philosopher who reasons calmly and piously on the nature of God, on the universe, on man's condition here and hereafter, down to the cannibal savage, to whom God and every spiritual substance is unknown; so there is no degree of cruelty, no excess of vice, no hard-hearted profligacy, no ineffable abomination of which we cannot find examples among the Hindus; neither is there, on the other hand, any height of virtue which they have not reached."

Mr. Clements Markham, who traveled extensively in India, especially among the villages and out-of-the-way places, insists that whatever may be said of the inhabitants of the great towns, the country people are as a rule singularly temperate, chaste, honest, peaceful, docile, easily governed and patient.

Bishop Heber also describes the country people as a mild, pleasing, intelligent race, sober and, where an object is held out to them, industrious and persevering. "There is," says Dr. Robert Brown, "if not some palliation for, yet an explanation of their duplicity and want of veracity, which amounts almost to excuse. Theirs is a country which has been conquered and reconquered by successful and despotic rulers who have ground down the people. The defence of the weak has always been duplicity and flattery; and accordingly nations which have been frequently conquered and governed by an iron-handed series of rulers, especially if of an alien nation, have invariably developed two classes which combine to make up the majority of the population, viz.: a substratum who avoid the wrath of the conqueror by artifice and duplicity, and who in time become by the transmission of the acquired instinct a race of hereditary liars; and the other division—generally found among the higher classes—who maintain their place by flattering and cringing to the conquerors."

It has been frequently charged that the Hindus have no gratitude. It is true that their language contains no word to express the feeling of gratitude, but those who know them best agree that, if they have not the word for it, they are not wholly lacking in the substance. The Rev. Charles Acland, in his popular account of the manners and customs of India, tells a story in point: "When we are going to travel," he writes, "we pay the money for the bearers into the hands of the postmasters beforehand; he then orders the men to be ready at each stage, and he subsequently sends them their pay. At one stage, as I was going to Midnapore, some time ago, the men complained to me that they had not received their money for many months. I questioned them, and finding their story

A HIGH CASTE BRAHMIN GIRL. (247)

probable I promised to speak to the postmaster, and also offered to carry a petition from them to him. This I did. There had been a fault somewhere, but not, I believe, with the postmaster; however, the poor men got their money. Since that time, whenever I go along the road, as soon as I come to that place a man calls out: 'Here is the kind Sahib that took our letter for us,' and although the stage is ten miles in length, yet they carry me over it in less time than it takes me to go a six-mile stage elsewhere. My palkee is a heavy one, but they literally run as fast as they can the whole way, and two additional men always go with them without asking for pay."

BURMESE WOMAN.

The Hindus are also accused by the majority of travelers of being extremely dishonest. In reply to this charge Mr. Acland says: "This also I deny; although their treatment by individuals is enough to make them so. . . . I would not hesitate if it were necessary to entrust a thousand rupees to a servant to take to Calcutta; that is for him a fifteen days' journey; yet if he chose he might easily get beyond reach; and such a sum would be sufficient to purchase an estate which

would render himself and his descendants landed proprietors and gentlemen. I doubt if you could say more than that for English honesty; although, of course, there may be exceptions here as well as there."

Mr. Acland writes that after leaving Jelesore he remembered that he had omitted to lock his tin traveling boxes. There were many valuable things in them, and when he reached the first stage they had not then come up; yet he proceeded day after day for a hundred and fifty miles without the slightest uneasiness. These boxes passed through the hands of sixteen men successively, all of the poorest class, and they all came to hand the day after he reached his destination. Mr. Acland says that he would not have felt so easy had this occurred in England.

The Bengalees are the bravest of all Asiatics. They are famous for stratagem, and display remarkable patience and coolness, although they are not regarded as patriotic. They are deeply attached to their homes, and although noted for the shedding of blood by their rulers, they are not individually cruel. Gordon McCauley, after describing the vices of the Bengalees, says that they do not lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting among the better classes. They are sometimes found to possess a fortitude such as the stoics attribute to their ideal sage. "A European warrior, who rushes on a patrol of cannon with a loud hurrah, will sometimes shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall in an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee who would see his country overrun, his house laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonored, without having the spirit to strike one blow, has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mucius, and to mount the

A BURMAN FAMILY.

scaffold with the steady step and even pulse of Algernon Sidney."

The Parsees inculcate respectable living, and strenuously insist upon a careful fulfillment of one's promises, industry, humanity even towards animals, and blamelessness in thought, word and deed.

The Parsees are the most interesting people of northern India. They are followers of Zoroaster, who lived twelve hundred years before Christ, and their religion has few of the revolting elements which characterize most heathen religions. The popular notion that they are fire worshippers is not exactly true. They do not worship the sun as God; they only insist that in worshipping God one should fix his gaze upon some one of the wonderful things that God has made. The sun, fire, water, etc., are not gods, but in them they see God revealed. This idea, says Dr. Francis E. Clark, lies at the root of their burial practices. They cannot put bodies in the ground according to their notion, or else the ground would be defiled. They cannot burn them, for fire is a sacred element. They cannot throw them into the river, for the water would be desecrated. But the vultures, being unclean birds, can dispose of the dead bodies without defiling land, water or fire.

Like other Oriental peoples, the Hindus are noted for hospitality. Hunter tells a story of a man belonging to one of the miserable low castes who are attached to the Kandh hamlets, who killed the son of a village patriarch and fled. Two years afterwards he suddenly rushed one night into the house of the bereaved father. The indignant patriarch with difficulty held his hand from the trembling wretch, and convened a council of the tribe to know how he might lawfully take revenge; but the assembly decided that however grievously the

refugee had wronged his host, he was now his guest, and must be kept by him in comfort and unharmed. The Rev. D. T. Van Horn, a missionary in India, writes that in the villages the people are exceedingly hospitable, often insisting upon furnishing him with food for himself and his horse free of charge, while in some places they offer to pay him for telling them about Christ. Mr. Van Horn says the longer he lives among the Hindus the more he loves them, and that their childlike sympathy draws out his heart towards them. He adds that in sorrow they will sympathize with you; in trouble they are ever ready to lend a helping hand, and in the sick-room they are invaluable, and nurse the patient as tenderly as a mother nurses a babe. Mrs. E. M. Bacon, another missionary, writing to the author in a similar strain, tells the story of a highly educated Hindu teacher who, on learning of the illness of the wife of a foreign gentleman, went to his house and insisted on remaining with him through the night and administering to the dying woman.

When a Hindu is converted to Christianity his zeal knows no bounds. Miss Lillian E. Marks, of Ajmere, India, writes of a noted Bible reader who is from morning till night besieged by a starving multitude. This Bible woman receives only $2.00 a month. "I wondered," writes Miss Marks, "why the poor came over there while she had so little for them, but in the evening when she cooked her food I was enlightened. Her own daily allowance of food was cooked with that of the other members of the family, but I found that she did not eat it. Quietly, when no one was looking, she slipped her share out of the house and gave it to the four starving ones sitting at the door. I found on investigation that she was only eating one small meal a day in order that she might feed them."

CEYLONESE GIRLS.

Miss Marks also writes of another noble woman whom the love of God has changed into a saint: "She is filled with a burning zeal for the souls of her sisters, and day after day she travels about from village to village in an ox-cart preaching the gospel. I have been with her often on her tours. If we had to pass through any village without stopping, 'Caroline Maunna' would always say, 'Oh, Miss Iahib, let us stop here. There may be many people here who have never heard of Jesus, and I am getting old and I may not pass this way again.' Every morning she was up at three and four o'clock to read her Bible, that she might get a message for the day. Her life was one that any Christian might copy with profit to his soul."

One of the most curious customs among the Hindus is to set apart an apartment in the house called the chamber of anger, in which any member of the family who happens to be in a bad temper shuts himself up until he has recovered his usual equanimity. The other members of the family are thus undisturbed by the irritability of the angry person, and the head of the house knows immediately by looking into the chamber of anger whether everything is going straight with his household or not.

Many of the religious ideas of the Hindus, if not in accordance with our own, at least challenge our respect for their consistency. To the Hindu all life is sacred—the life of beast, bird, reptile and even insect, as well as of man. In accordance with this idea they have established hospitals for animals. The hospital for animals in Bombay is one of the great institutions of the city. "Here," says Dr. H. M. Field, "in an enclosure covering many acres, in sheds or stables or in open grounds, as may be best to promote their recovery, are gathered the

lame, the halt and the blind, not of the human species, but of the animal world—cattle, horses, sheep and goats, dogs and cats, rabbits and monkeys, and beasts and birds of every description. Even poor little monkeys forgot to be merry and looked very solemn as they stood on their perch. The cows, sacred as they were, were yet not beyond the power of disease, and had a most woe-begone look. Long rows of stables were filled with broken-down horses, spavined and ringboned, with ribs sticking out of their sides, or huge sores on their flanks and dripping with blood. In one pen were a number of kittens that mewed and cried for their mothers, though they had a plentiful supply of milk for their poor, emaciated bodies. The Hindus send out carts at night and pick them up wherever they have been cast into the street. Rabbits, which no man would own, have here snug warrens made for them and creep in and out with a feeling of safety and comfort. In a large enclosure were a hundred dogs more wretched looking than the dogs of Constantinople—'whelps and curs of low degree.' These poor creatures had been so long the companions of man that, ill-treated as they were, starved and kicked, they still apparently longed for human society, and as soon as they saw us they seemed to recognize us as their deliverers, and set up a howling and yelling, and leaped against the bars of their prison house, as if imploring us to give them liberty . . . . While walking through these grounds in company with a couple of missionaries, I saw how much better these animals were cared for than some men. I was thinking of some of our broken-down ministers at home who, after serving their people faithfully for a whole generation, are at last sent adrift, like an old horse turned out by the roadside to die."

THE TAJ. (259)

After dwelling upon the dark side of Hindu life, Dr. Field says: "But I do not sit in judgment on the Hindu, nor include the whole people in one general condemnation. Some of them are as noble specimens of manhood, with as much 'natural goodness' as can be found anywhere, and are even very religious in their way, and in zeal and devotion an example to their Christian neighbors." Of this he gives a very striking instance in a grand old Hindu, the Maharajah of Benares, whom he visited in his castle on the Ganges. The Maharajah of Benares is a member of the Viceroy's council at Calcutta, and is held in universal respect by the English community. "Sir William Muir, who is one of the most pronounced Christian men in India, whom some would even call a Puritan for his strictness, told me that the Maharajah was one of the best of men." And yet he is one of the straitest sect of the Hindus, who bathes in the Ganges every morning, and in all religious services is most exemplary, even spending hours in prayer. "How this earnest faith," adds Dr. Field, "in a religion so vile can consist with a life so pure and so good is one of the mysteries of this Asiatic world which I leave to those wiser than I am to explain."

In concluding an account of his visit to India, the same writer says: "The last night we were in Calcutta it was my privilege to address the students at one of the Scotch colleges. The hall was crowded, and I have seldom if ever spoken to a finer body of young men. These young Bengalees had, many of them, heads of an almost classical beauty; and, with their grace of person heightened by their flowing white robes, they presented a beautiful array of young scholars such as might delight the eyes of any instructor who should have to teach them 'divine philosophy.' My heart went out to them very

warmly, and as that was my last impression of India, I left it with a very different feeling from that with which I entered it —with a degree of respect for its people and of interest in them which I humbly conceive is the very first condition of doing them any good."

When we think of India the mind hovers about the black hole of Calcutta, and in that awful chasm sees only the darker side of Hindu character. I would that we might look away now and then and let the eye rest upon the Taj—that wonderful monument that tells the story of the brighter side. Of this marvelous structure Dr. Talmage has given us a brilliant description.

"In a journey around the world," he writes, "it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. But there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having seen that we felt that if we saw nothing more our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to enthrone a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon at Athens was there; and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there; and the spirit of St. Isaac of St. Petersburg was there; and the spirit of the Baptistery of Pisa was there; and the spirit of the Great Pyramid and of the Luxor obelisk, and of the Porcelain tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice, and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitols for the living, and of great necropolises for the dead were there. And the presiding genius of the throng, with gavel of Parian marble, smote the table of Russian malachite, and called the throng of spirits to order, and called for a vote as to which spirit should wear the

A HINDU LADY.

chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief sceptre, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: 'Long live the spirit of the Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of India!'

"The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectation rose until we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how anyone can be disappointed with the Taj is almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself. There are some people always disappointed, and who knows but that having entered heaven they may criticise the architecture of the Temple, and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of Life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little springhalt, or spavined!

"My son said: 'There it is!' I said: 'Where?' For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately you stop at an elaborated gateway of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four-domed, so painted and chiseled and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye, and stun the imagination, and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway, and buy a few pictures, and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend from the pavement to the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the ecstasy

of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water, in which all manner of brilliant fins swirl and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout and bend and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in basins of snowy whiteness. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye, and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what human genius did when it did its best: moon-flowers, lilacs, marigolds, tulips, and almost everywhere the lotus; thickets of bewildering bloom; on either side trees from many lands bend their arborescence over your head, or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms toward you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind, and cypress, and poplar, and oleander, and yew, and sycamore, and banyan, and palm, and trees of such novel branch, and leaf, and girth, you cease to ask their name or nativity. As you approach the door of the Taj one experiences a strange sensation of awe, and tenderness, and humility, and worship. The building is only a grave, but what a grave! Built for a queen who, according to some, was very good; and, according to others, was very bad. I choose to think she was very good. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this commemorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness; never such a tomb was cut out from block of alabaster; never such congregation of precious stones brightened, and gloomed, and blazed, and chastened, and glorified a building since sculptor's chisel cut its first curve, or painter's pencil traced its first figure, or mason's plumb-line measured its first wall, or architect's compass swept its first circle.

"The Taj has sixteen great arched windows, four at each

A BUDDHIST PRIEST AND HIS PUPILS. (267)

corner. Also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret one hundred and thirty-seven feet high. Also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall has cracked, nor a mosaic loosened, nor an arch sagged, nor a panel dulled. The storms of two hundred and fifty winters have not marred, nor the heats of two hundred and fifty summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montaz, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as another life began; as the rose bloomed the rosebush perished. To adorn this dormitory of the dead, at the command of the king, Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian, and Ceylon its lapis-lazuli, and the Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquoise, and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punah its diamonds, and bloodstones, and sardonyx, and chalcedony, and moss agates are as common as though they were pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset with eighty and another with one hundred stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and although the labor was slave labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about $60,000,000 of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the wall by iconoclasts or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their places; but the vines, the traceries, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wondrous that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb beside the

queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed, the foundation for such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross; but the son dethroned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trellis-work of marble, marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through glass. Look the world over and you find no such translucency, canopies, traceries, lace-work, embroideries of stone."

PRINCESS KAPURTHALA. (271)

By Paul Sinibaldi.

DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

XX

A HINDU SCHOLAR'S VIEW OF INDIA.

G. L. Shakur Doss, a highly educated Hindu and a notable convert to Christianity, in a letter to the author presents some observations which deserve to be quoted at length.

"India," says Mr. Doss, "is a changing country. Its characteristic traits are not altogether what they were a century ago. Old influences are abating and vanishing. New character is being formed, and we should judge India accordingly. Look and see that there are at least three great forces casting their influence upon India in this age. The first is the old force of book religion of the Hindus and Mohammedans which still holds full sway over the minds of India's millions. The second great power is the English literature. The third mighty force is Christianity. The old religious beliefs and practices are entirely separate from morality, and not necessarily joined as in Christianity. The influence of the English literature is mainly on the intellect. Christianity alone has to contend with the idolatry and immorality of the country. Each of these powers produces effects peculiar to its nature. It is worth while now to show how far each has succeeded in its efforts, and this will enable us to form an estimate of Indian character.

"In the first place, the Indian heathenism with its established superstition and learning is still a great factor in keeping up the old religious character of its devotees. The Hindus are the most religious people in the world. Religion pervades

their domestic, social, political, agricultural and mercantile duties. Nothing is done without some religious ceremony for it. This can be ascertained from the daily life of a Hindu, and also from Mann's Dharm Shaster. I would refer the English reader to Sir Monier William's 'Religious Thoughts and Life in India.' If this nation were converted to Christianity it would be or rather ought to be a very religious community of the Christian Church. In the scale of religious civilization this trait of Hindu character would be a most beautiful trait for Christianity to work upon.

"In spite of the old established and still existing superstition and learning of India and the influence they have had in moulding the character of its people, the British rule and the English literature have created a new life in India. The British rule has rightly suppressed the brutal rites and customs of the people—such as widow-burning, suicide before the idol Juggernaut and infanticide. The English literature has almost transformed India by bringing into its possession a vast amount of literary wealth, and by quickening its mind to see what is erroneous and what is wanting in the Indian literature.

"And what do you think is the result? The Indian mind had, no doubt, made great and original achievements in its own way, but the additional influence of Western culture is enabling the people to rise to higher character and to a higher order of usefulness in the world. In this respect certainly the English do not think that there is 'nothing in the heathen to begin with, and that therefore our efforts to educate them are useless.' And they are consistent in their dealings with their Indian subjects. They teach and train them and then trust them, and thus practically admit that the Indians are trustworthy as well as intelligent. In days gone by the Govern-

A BURMESE GIRL OF RANGOON.

ment used to regard their natural ability and acquired knowledge with no little mistrust; but of late the mistake has been seen, and a more generous policy has been adopted. Native gentlemen of intelligence and ability have been raised to responsible posts, and as magistrates, judges, professors and engineers they have proved equal to the responsibilities laid upon them. Education has found the Indian mind very congenial for its advancement, and it is making great strides all over India. India is getting filled with University graduates, and even at this early stage private efforts are being made by the Hindus, Mohammedans and Sikhs for starting independent schools and colleges. Such a state of things shows very plainly that the people of India possess intellectual character equal to that of any Western people. In an article on the 'Influence of English Literature upon India' Rev. John Hewlett, M. A., missionary at Benares, writes that 'the English literary achievements of the Rev. K. M. Banerja, D. L., author of Dialogues on the Hindu Philosophy, of the Rev. Lol Behari Day, author of *Govindo Shamanta*, of Mr. Ram Chander Bose, M. A., author of two works, one on the orthodox and one on the heterodox sects of Hinduism, and of Dr. Rajendra *Lal Mitra*, author of works (especially his *Indo Argaus*), which throw vast light on the history, character and names of his countrymen, prove that Indians are capable of receiving such powerful mental illumination from English literature as to make them most wise instructors of their countrymen." Again, in the same article he says that "the medical and legal professions have been very popular from the adornment they have received from able native gentlemen, highly trained in English. It is well known that a large number of Indian gentlemen have been qualified by their enlightened English education to become

distinguished officers of the Government, showing remarkable wisdom and impartiality on the bench and great energy and zeal at administrative posts. So that the Western light poured upon India through the schools, colleges and universities has already created an intellectual awakening full of bright promise for that great country's future." (*Ind. Evang. Review, July*, 1890.) Ten years have passed over since these words were written, and, as far as my information goes, this awakening has gone far and wide into the country since. In Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, there are now five colleges, viz.: Government College, Mission College, Islamia College, Anglo Vedic College, and Chiefs' College. There is a college at Amritsar, one Mission College at Scalkot and one at Rawalpindi. I would also add that the English arts, sciences and manners are practically breaking down the power of the Hindu caste system more than any other agency in India. In short, English literature is not only influencing the intellect, but it is also bringing about social changes, such as the education of women, the remarriage of widows, adoption of new occupations, and abandonment of idolatry, caste and child-marriage. Such a capability of intellectual, moral and social improvement is in itself quite sufficient to change the conviction of the Americans, and enable them to see that there is a great deal in the heathen of India to begin with.

"The third force which is exercising an influence on the moral and religious tone of India heathenism is Christianity. Buddhism and Mohammedism in their days exerted their influence over India, and moulded the character of the people after their peculiarities, but they are stationary now. The special traits of character formed by them have in turn to be remodelled by the high and holy influence of Christianity. This

A BRAHMIN PERFORMING PUNJAB. (279)

is a thing for which all the good people of the whole Christendom feel very much concerned. Now Christianity preaches a change of character—regeneration—and change of religion without any compromise. It advances its morality instead of the Indian's and its God and Saviour for the gods and *gurus* of India. In other words, its aim is to drive away the very soul of Indian heathenism, which renders it the most difficult of all undertakings, but the difficulty is not insurmountable, as is evident by the advances it has already made on heathenism.

"Leaving aside the divisions and subdivisions of the Indian people into castes, races and religions, there are found in the present age two grand divisions: the educated classes and the ignorant masses. The characteristic of the educated class is that it is increasing, and educated young men in India are growing up without any religion. They are losing respect for their old religions and Christianity is not very clear to them. For, after reading the scientific dreams of Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, history turned into fiction by Renan and Strauss, the Religious Thoughts of Parker, and the pantheism of Hegel and a host of other such Western writers, they form the conviction that educated men in Europe and America are ashamed of Christianity as decidedly as educated men in India are ashamed of Hinduism. But, of course, they are striving to the best of their knowledge and ability to serve God outside of Christianity.

"Again, those missionaries who are fit for working among the masses only when they come in contact with the educated Indians have peculiar difficulties to encounter, and the best thing they can do to screen their inability is to depreciate the parts of the educated Indians by saying that 'there is nothing in the heathen to begin with.' Inferior preachers,

whether European or native, cannot command their respect, or explain the Christian truth in a convincing and edifying manner to this class of people. Moreover, the schemes and operations of some missions ignore their very existence. There are missionaries appointed as managers of mission schools and colleges and as preachers for villages, but none are separated to reach and preach to the class under consideration, as Barnabas and Saul were separated for the work among the Gentiles. It should be borne in mind that the Bible instruction given in mission schools and colleges can be only superficial, and by far the great majority of educated heathens from Government, Hindu and Mohammedan colleges remain entire strangers to Christianity—so much so that this class of people need to be preached to as much as the ignorant masses. Now, if amidst such a state of things many have been saved from this class by the efforts of good Christian preachers, whether European or native, all efforts to save the heathen must be worth while.

"As to the ignorant millions of Hindus and Mohammedans the partial efforts of the missionaries for them have not been of much avail. They have willingly allowed and even forced their sons to take to education, which has produced a generation of which we have already spoken. But they themselves are still strangers to education or Christianity, and heathenism, with all its virtues and vices, is the character of this innumerable mass. It may be said of such people that 'if our gospel is veiled, it is veiled to them that are perishing' (2 Cor. iv. 3). But still this would in no wise justify retiring from the field, as it would simply be a suicidal policy. Remember that the educated and intelligent are not only dissatisfied with the idolatries of the masses, but are also influencing the masses against the old customs.

"Hitherto I have stated some general features of the Indian character and the forces that are influencing it, and have touched upon the character of the heathen only. But there is a new class of people called Christians. They are the outcome of the Christian efforts in India. Some of them are from the higher and educated classes, though most of them are from the low caste people, very poor and more ignorant than the Hindu and Mohammedan masses. According to Government Census Report the population of India at the end of 1890 was 279,684,203, and the numerical strength of Protestant native Christians was 559,661. This new class is being formed of incongruous characters, and whether they fulfil them or not the people come under new conditions on their becoming Christians. The missionaries, finding it perhaps hard to overcome the Hindu and Mohammedan masses, turned to these low castes of the country, and on finding it easy to baptize them they became more eager for number than for quality. It is difficult to give a description of the two kinds of people that are forming the Indian Christian society, and therefore it is better to describe them separately.

A YOUNG GIRL OF INDIA.

"The Christians from the higher and educated classes are not behind their heathen brethren in attainments and intelligence in all the provinces of India. In proportion to their

number they are keeping pace with Hindus and Mohammedans in obtaining university degrees. Like the uneducated heathen parents, the uneducated Christian parents do their utmost to get their sons and daughters educated. Their superiority, however, consists in the moral and religious tone of their character. As a rule idolatry, street prostitution, polygamy (the common sins of Hindus and Mohammedans), enforced widowhood, non-education of women (the social evil of Hinduism) have been totally abandoned. Though some drink, yet drunkenness is not characteristic of Indian Christians. Of course, temptations to it are strong from the side of Hindus as well as Europeans. But these vices are no longer the vices of Indian Christians. There are of course the negative aspects of the Indian Christian morality, and the positive aspects are not so conspicuous, such as having good or self-denying philanthropy, truthfulness in all its bearings, treatment of subordinates, independence of thought, acting from principle, and energy.

"The introduction of Christianity and English literature, as I have already intimated, has produced great convulsions in India. The Hindus and Mohammedans naturally felt bound to preserve their religions and customs against these foreign invaders, and in this case it would be simply doing justice to my native Christian brethren to speak of their zeal, wisdom and firmness who have adopted aggressive and defensive measures for the Christian religion even more than the missionaries. I would give a few names and incidents out of many in the Punjab which have come under my personal experience and observation.

"The late Mr. G. Lewis, a graduate of the Calcutta University and an Indian Christian, adorned the responsible post

A HINDU PRINCE.

of a division judge. He was admired for his Christian character by the Christians, both European and native. He aided the missions by his purse, and was respected by the Hindus and Mohammedans for his honesty and impartiality as a judge. His death has been a great loss to the Christian community.

"The late Mr. Abdullo Athim, a scholar in English, Persian and Arabic languages, was a convert from Mohammedanism. He was an extra-assistant Commissioner in the service of the Government. Besides doing his official duty honestly and diligently, he was famous for his zeal for the Christian cause in India. He was a prolific author. He wrote and published religious books and tracts at his own expense. Toward the latter part of his life, after he had retired from Government service, when his head was silvery, his constitution weak and his voice low, he proved himself a Christian hero. The notorious Mohammedan, Lufi Mirza Gulane Ahmad, of Ladian (Punjab), who claims to be an inspired prophet, challenged Mr. Athim to a public discussion on the divinity of Christ, the atonement of Christ and the perfection and supremacy of the Bible. The old veteran accepted the challenge, and the time for the discussion was fixed. Christians and Mohammedans and Hindus were present to hear the discussion, which was held at Amritsar from the 22d of May to the 5th of June, 1893. There was an excitement in the country over this discussion. The Hindus were anxious to see the Christians win. On the last day the vanquished opponent uttered curses against the mild, but strong and steady Christian champion, that he should die on the 5th of September of the next year. But to his surprise the good old man survived more than a year after the cursed day. The whole conduct of this Christian hero affected a great many of Lufi's followers, and some left him

and became Christians, and at the same time saved the country from the spreading of a seditious sect. The writer took a share in the discussion, and, seeing Mr. Athim physically and mentally weak at the time, several times asked him to retire and give him the floor, but he would not do so. His death was another heavy loss to the Christian community. I would like to add that there was not a single European gentleman or a foreign missionary who took part in the discussion. The occasion reminded me very much of a discussion on the Bible between Dr. Joseph Berg and Mr. Joseph Parker, of England, about half a century ago.

"A considerable list of Mohammedan converts can be given who are as shining lights in the country, and have written well for the benefit of their Mohammedan countrymen. Among these can be mentioned Rev. Imadrid Din, D. D., in the C. M. S. Amritsar, and the late Molvi Lafdar Ali. The former is an author of several books and tracts on Mohammedanism, and has written a commentary on several books of the New Testament. He is considered a pillar in the church by the Church Missionary Society.

"Let us have now a few instances of converts from Hinduism. The first I would mention is Rev. Tora Chand, of the Church Missionary Society at Ajmere. He is an able man and a writer of several devotional books. He is highly respected by the missionaries. Mr. Chandu Lol, a Government pensioner, was head master of the government school at Lahore. He has been all along a devoted Christian, and shows a great earnestness in the mission cause. He does not depend upon the missions for his support. His sons are holding responsible posts in the Government service. One is an extra-assistant Commissioner, and one is an assistant engineer. Mr. Chandu

is known to me personally, and he is one of those earnest Christians who long to see their countrymen come to Christ.

"The late Professor Ram Chandar, Director of Public In-

TAMIL GIRL PICKING TEA.

struction in Patiala State, was a thoroughly educated man. He was a convert from Hinduism. His love for Christianity and sympathy for the Mohammedans moved him to leave two liter-

ary monuments for their benefit. One is called 'Ijaz-i-quran' (Quran Refuted), and one is 'Tahrif Quran' (Quran Interpolated). Probably the Hindus were not so offensive in his days as the Mohammedans.

"If the reader will pardon what may be denounced as egotism, I will refer to a few incidents in my own missionary life, which extends to a period of twenty-five years. Being a convert from Brahmanism, I lost all love for its religious system, though not for the people. As soon as I was through with my theological course with the late Rev. J. P. McKee, of Jamestown (America), I found that there was only one man—the above-mentioned Rev. Imadrid Din, of Amritsar, who occupied the Christian field against a host of Mohammedan controversialists. This turned my attention toward the Mohammedans, and aggressive and defensive measures were adopted on new grounds. I commenced my attack on Islam; 'Quran not needed' was my theme. For nearly two years the discussion was carried on in the papers. Sometimes I was opposed by half a dozen *molvees* at a time. When the discussion was over the Rev. E. M. Wherry, D. D., of A. P. Mission, published the whole matter in book form. Its second edition is now before the public. My attacks on Islam were renewed on another new basis, viz.: 'The Character of Christ and Mohammed.' Perhaps the people of America are not aware how risky it is to attack Mohammed and his Quran. I was warned and threatened by Mohammedans in Pasrur, Jhang and Gujranwala to stop such writing. Those of Gujranwala were followers of the Mirza Gulam Ahmad of Qoquin, whose great book Barahin Ahmadia I had refuted in a 'Review on Barahin Ahmadia,' and two of them are employed in the American U. P. Mission School. I had to face such threats in 1895–96, the time when

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BURMESE ARMY.

the U. P. missionaries were determined to ruin me and had forced me to go to law. In the meantime I had not forgotten the Hindus. The Aryan sect published tracts against Christianity, some of which led me to write for their benefit an elaborate tract on the 'Origin of Vedic Religion.' The Hindus and Mohammedans, unable to make original attacks on the Bible, have been wide awake all over India to stuff their brains with the blasphemies of Payne and Bradlaugh and the mystic theory of Strauss and Renan. Rationalism in Europe is the mother of modern Rationalism in India. 'Everything spiritual is a myth, and conscience alone is the law and the lawgiver!' Such became the new feature of Brahmaism among Hindus and naturalism among the Mohammedans. Sir Lynd Ahmad Khan became a leader of the latter. My love and zeal for Christianity would not let me remain neutral to these civilized heresies, and to the best of my ability I faced Sir Lynd and some of the Brahmas, and the outcome was my two treatises against these theories. One is called 'Vindication of the Miraculous Birth of Christ' and the other 'Philosophy of Revelation.' All are in the Verdu language. Besides these I have written and published several other books and tracts in defence of our holy religion. In these days I am writing a commentary on Matthew's Gospel for Indian readers, and it is nearly ready for the press. During my trials and difficulties in 1895–96 my Hindu friends in Gujranwala, namely, Munshi Jwan Keshan Pleader and Kirpa Rain, sanitary inspector, and several others urged me to retrace my steps to Hinduism, as I had seen enough of Christianity in the life of these missionaries. My plain and prompt answer was that I am a Christian because I follow Christ, and not because I follow the missionaries.

"I would now like to give you a few incidents of living Indian martyrs. Mr. Gopot Chand is a convert from Hinduism. Love of truth moved him toward Christianity, and he had the moral courage to leave his parents and other relations and receive baptism from the Rev. W. W. Harper, of the Church of Scotland Mission at Sealkote. His baptism precipitated many trials and troubles. He was forced to Hardwar to be purified with the Ganges water. His body they washed over with that water, but his heart was in Christ, and on his return he went back to the missionary. He had to go straight through the trial alone, as there was no other Christian to help him. Some time afterwards distress stared him in the face, but his faith never wavered, and he remained as firm as ever. He has now joined the order of Plymouth Brethren, and is working as a clerk in the executive engineer's office, Gujranwala.

"Mr. Didar Ling is a very valuable man in the Church of Scotland Mission, Gujerat (Punjab). He belongs to a very high family of Sikh Lardars. He was brought to Christ by the loving efforts of the Scotch missionaries. After baptism he was persecuted by his friends and relatives, who got the police to arrest him. By perseverance in his trials he is a Christian to-day, and is a useful member of the Church of Scotland. His faith and character are having an edifying influence on the heathen public.

"In addition to the above-mentioned notable Indian Christians, I am glad to say that our graduates and under-graduates are filling responsible posts in Government service, such as Rae Mayer Doss, and others; and some are professors in mission and Government colleges; for instance, Mr. M. Meeker Jee, B. A., in Forman Christian at Lahore, and Mr. Golakhnath

Chatterjie, B. A., in Government College, who graduated in England. Others are pleaders and barristers.

"I would mention one more trait of character of the high class converts. As a rule, there is no caste system among them. They have reached the truth that social order does not rest on the reputed natural inequality of men. 'It is not birth which ennobles. Men are great only through their faith, virtue and piety.' They have got to respect human nature, though these virtues be absent. This is evident from their mixing freely among the low caste people and from the intermarriages of Hindu and Mohammedan converts.

"All of the above facts show that in a short period and in a country like India Christianity has made remarkable and lasting changes, and efforts to save the heathen have proved useful. In short, the Indian Christians from higher classes have tried, are trying, and will try to better and improve their mental and moral propensities, and to be bouyant in social status with the civilized races."

Mr. Doss does not think highly of the mission work among the lower classes.

XXI.

BRAZILIAN BONHOMIE.

The Brazilians are a generous, whole-souled folk. In hospitality they are not equaled by any other American people, and are surpassed only by the Orientals. One may travel in Brazil for months without paying a penny for his entertainment. Everywhere people open their doors as well as their hearts, and the traveler is sure not only of a cordial welcome, but of the best room, the best bed, and the best of everything that is to be had. The host can never have too many guests, and the guests can never wear their welcome out. Miss Kuhl writes that while traveling with a party of seventeen she met a man who insisted on entertaining the entire party at his own house and at his own expense. The Rev. G. Bickerstaff, of Castro, says that their generosity is unequaled. He has traveled much over the prairies and through the forests, stopping over night at the houses of Catholics, and never has he been made otherwise than welcome, nor was he ever expected to pay anything for his entertainment. The hospitality of the people flourishes in spite of the fact that it is constantly abused. The land swarms with respectable beggars, who spend their lives visiting friends. Mr. Bickerstaff mentions one who wore good clothes and rode a good horse, the gift of friends, who spent his whole time visiting, stopping a month or two at a house.

The Brazilians delight in helping one another. While they

have few public charities, their individual charities are a legion. They delight in seeking out the poor and needy and in visiting the sick, and there are among the converts to Christianity many devout women who spend a large part of their time in going from house to house to lend a helping hand wherever it is needed. The motherly instinct is largely developed in Brazilian women, and not content with raising large families, they are glad to receive into their homes the orphans of their deceased friends and relatives. There are hardly any orphan asylums in Brazil, for the reason that most of the homes of the people are private orphan asylums. In this they have excelled all other peoples. "One charming Brazilian woman," writes Miss Kuhl, "who brought four pupils to our boarding school, told me that she had reared seventeen children. Seven of them were married, and to each of these she had given an outfit and a wedding feast." Miss Kuhl tells of another couple who raised quite as many orphans, not only caring for them while they were children, but giving them an education as they grew up and helping them to start in life after they were married.

The Brazilians also have a higher sense of honor than is common among Latin races. The Rev. S. L. Ginsburg writes that a native helper was so poor that he often went without a meal; yet when he was entrusted with thousands of dollars belonging to the church which Mr. Ginsburg represents his accounts always balanced to a penny. Mr. Ginsburg says that he could cite many other instances of this sort. The converted Brazilians can be absolutely trusted. Indeed, there are no better Christians. "To my mind," says Mr. Bickerstaff, whom we have quoted, "true nobility of character does not consist merely in the ability to rise occasionally to heroic deeds, but reveals itself in a consistent Christian life of growth in grace;

in the persistence with which one 'climbs upward, working out the beast, and lets the ape and tiger die;' fighting to the death one's own evil passions and inclinations and bearing the petty annoyances of everyday life, not with stoical indifference, but with patience and charity for Christ's sweet sake." Mr. Bickerstaff says that judged by this standard there are many noble examples of Christian character in Brazil. The hardest thing for a Brazilian to do is to forgive an injury or an insult, yet Mr. Bickerstaff recalls many instances of patience and charity under trying circumstances which have come under his observation. One of his converts was accused of diverting the finances of the church to his own private use. The man was innocent, but instead of losing his temper he patiently waited under the charge until the opportunity came to present proof of his innocence. Rev. F. C. Taylor, of Bahia, relates many instances to illustrate the piety and zeal of the Brazilian Christians. Some of these instances remind one of the early days of Christianity. An old man was lying upon his bed paralyzed and his mind almost entirely obscured. Several of his friends stood over him and asked if he recognized them, but he only shook his head. "Why," said one, "have you forgotten Jesus, Brother Taylor, Brother Samuel, John Baptist, and all?" He looked up and said: "Taylor I don't know, Samuel I don't know, but Jesus, yes, I know him; he is my Saviour."

It is not an ordinary mother who, in addition to the responsibility of her own large family, will gladly take upon herself the burden of raising a dead friend's children, and one is prepared to believe the statement that has been made, that there are no people who are more devoted to their mothers than the Brazilians. It is not unusual for a young man to

turn over nearly all of his salary to his mother. Mr. Ginsburg tells of a young man employed in the general post-office in his city who, when the rumor became apparent that the end of the world was at hand, ran away from his place, leaving a note behind him saying that he wanted to die in the arms of his mother. The Brazilians have some very beautiful family customs. One of these is the evening salutation. When the candles are lighted while the family is sitting at the dinner table, the children rise and, bidding each other good-night, kiss the hands of their parents and ask for a blessing. The children kiss the hands of their parents morning and night, and when meeting after an absence, the father pronounces his blessing upon them. In passing a church a Brazilian will usually raise his hat. This is not done for superstition, but as a delicate expression of religious sentiment. This same delicacy of feeling leads them to raise their hats when a funeral procession is passing.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

XXII.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

In a forgotten corner of an obscure library I came, the other day, upon a collection of books which thirty years ago were held in great esteem for the light which they were supposed to shed upon the freedmen, as the Negro people were then called. It occurred to me as I took up my pen that if I should set down at the head of this chapter the titles of certain of these volumes —after the manner of the painstaking reviewer—there are older readers who would find in the memories which they would awaken much to account for the chaotic state of mind which we are now in concerning the colored man and his problems. But one does not enjoy recalling the early follies of one's mind any more than one enjoys being reminded of those early follies which are committed in absence of mind; and to name these books at the present day would be a little less than cruel to those of us who were once accustomed to swear by them. The older reader will understand; if the younger does not may I be forgiven for explaining that, with the exception of a few geographical and racial terms, there is nothing in these books to indicate the particular branch of the human family with which they are concerned. There are character delineations in them, to be sure—silhouettes by flying tourists, sketches by overheated reconstructionists, half-length portraits by missionary schoolma'ams—but most of them are of that obliging type which leaves the matter of resemblance to each

individual imagination, while the only speaking likenesses are those which speak through their labels.

It was not a serious matter thirty years ago. Indeed, I am not sure but that the mist of ignorance which then obscured the Negro served a merciful purpose—as mists have often done in hiding from us difficulties which we did not have the courage to face. Zealous as were the friends of the freedmen in those first years of missionary effort, it is a question whether they would have had the heart to enter upon the task at all if they had fully realized its magnitude. The pressing need at the beginning was money; and so long as there was enthusiasm the money flowed whether or no. But time has cooled our ardor and brought us into a new state of mind concerning the Negro; and the mist which was once his protection has become his peril. Time was when the friends of the Negro were content with giving, and the entire direction of affairs was left to the men who were on the field; now the man who has a dollar to offer has a policy to present with it. Strangely enough, this change has been heralded as a happy omen; but when the stockholders of a cotton-mill who have never been at pains to learn the difference between a spindle and a loom grow dissatisfied with the way things are going, and undertake to say what the mill needs, and how the work must be done, it is not usually regarded as a happy omen. And this is precisely the peril which to-day threatens the Negro people. All the discouraging conditions which exist in the North concerning the colored man and his problems—the growing sense of disappointment in his progress; the disposition to demand of him a harvest without regard to the sowing; the decline of faith in his future; the increasing desire to eliminate him from current thought; the fickleness of patronage, which to-day leans toward

the higher education, to-morrow toward industrial training, the next day toward individual benevolence, and the next is withdrawn in disgust—all these conditions exist because, for several years past, the American people have undertaken to decide all questions relating to the future of the race, without taking the pains to learn anything of the race as it is. If the present unmistakable decline of interest in the Negro is to be arrested, if the confusion as to his needs is to be cleared up, if we ever expect to set ourselves to the solution of any one of his problems, it is high time we were making some serious effort to acquaint ourselves with his present condition and tendencies.

At the end of a third of a century of unparalleled investigation, experiment and discussion, the most striking fact about the Negro problem is still the scarcity of facts which are available about the Negro himself. Not that there has been no progress. We have learned a great deal about individual Negroes who stand well out in front of their race. We have accumulated an immense heap of material concerning the external features of the dark mass in the background. But of the real constitution of that mass we are almost as ignorant as we were at the beginning. The average Negro has never been portrayed, except in silhouette. We see him as a shadow on the wall. We know the size of his brain, but we do not know what he thinks. We know that he is emotional, but we do not know what he feels. We know the dimensions of the space he occupies in the world, but we are still in doubt as to the part he actually plays in it. We know his rights, and many of his wrongs, but we have yet to learn what he knows or cares about either. In a word, whatever may be the future value of the material that has been gathered as a contribution to the solution of the Negro problem, our present knowledge of the

Negro is a knowledge of characteristics rather than of character, of persons rather than of personality. We have been coasting Africa with a kodak and studying the problems of the interior by the aid of the views we have been taking.

The Negro is still very provoking. At times he provokes us to good works; at other times he provokes a smile; at all times he provokes us to great extravagance of speech. A calm, sane word concerning him seems almost impossible of utterance. He provokes our feelings rather than our thoughts, and when we are sure that we have at last arrived at a cool judgment, lo! it is a fierce conviction. We never look upon him except in a glamour, or a mist, or a coat of paint. We never see him as a man, but as a colored man; and as if he were not colored enough, we must color him over again according to our individual fancy. We never put him in a cold, white light and look him over in the ordinary way, as an ordinary being; we think of him in superlatives, and he is always extraordinary—to one, extraordinarily good or bright; to another, extraordinarily bad or dull. He exhausts our figures of speech. If we compare him to a dog—as some of us are seldom ashamed of doing—we never think of him as a plain, everyday dog of ordinary virtues or vices, but as an extraordinarily bad dog who richly deserves his bad name and all the kicks that go with it; or else an extraordinarily persecuted dog, whose appealing looks prompt us to stoop and pat him on the head, and tell him he is the dearest little doggie in the world, and how mean people are to treat him so, and how he should go right along and bite the last one of them that dares to interfere with him.

The comparatively indifferent attitude of the Negro toward the recent war with Spain provoked the usual fusillade of super-

latives by which we periodically advertise our continued determination to view the colored people only in a colored light. From one side came a storm of unconscionable abuse. The Negro is unpatriotic, cowardly, ungrateful, selfish, said the newspapers. He has forgotten the rock from whence he was hewn. He is not sensible of the obligation which rests upon one who has been emancipated to turn and lend a hand in the work of emancipation. He has no ear for the cry of even his own people in Cuba. He is utterly disappointing—and all that. From the opposite side a small battery managed to make quite as much noise in the Negro's defence. This side assumed that the colored people have determined not to fight, and commended them for it. "They are learning some sense," as one editor put it. They have awakened to the fact that this country is against them, and they don't propose to raise a finger in its defence. They realize that they have nothing to fight for but themselves. They are under no obligations to the Government that despises their rights—and more of that sort.

If the Negro was really a dog, no doubt he would be able to appreciate the motives of the sentimentalist who stoops to pat him on the head and assure him that he is learning some sense, and that if he is a wise dog he will save his teeth for his own use. But being only a man, and for the most part a very ordinary, dull man, he does not understand. It is true there are members of the race here and there of canine disposition who have shown a fondness for such treatment, but the ordinary, decent Negro is of the opinion that he would rather be soundly kicked on general principles than patted on the head and commended for a meanness which he has never contemplated. All that has been said in the newspapers to the con-

trary, the colored people of the South are not engaged in "learning some sense" concerning their relations to the Government under which they live. They have not resolved to have nothing to do with wars because the Government has failed to secure them their rights under the law. They have not concluded that they are under no obligations to the Government which gave them their freedom. They have not decided to stay at home because they are unwilling to fight under white officers. And they are not in a bad humor over the alleged discovery that they are a people without a country.

It is one of the misfortunes of the Negro people that they are advertised by a press which is not authorized to represent them. The Negro newspapers, with few notable exceptions, are in no sense representative of the colored people. They neither make nor reflect public opinion. The white people of the South never think of holding the black race responsible for the sentiments of its editors. It is clearly understood that these men are not as a rule leaders of their race; they are indeed jealous of the real leaders, and are constantly making trouble for them. The average Negro editor is a small politician, distinguished among his people chiefly for abundant leisure and bumptiousness. He started in life with the idea that the chief business before him was to make men respect him, and he has devoted himself so exclusively to this task that he has failed to do anything to make himself worthy of respect. He patronizes the ignorant masses beneath him, and reflects upon the cultured few above him. The real leader who, like Booker Washington, secures unusual applause from the whites, comes in for his deepest sneer. His motto is friction between the races. He is not held in esteem by his people—even by those whom he succeeds in controlling. Obviously, it is a gross injustice to these

people to regard the editorial utterances of such a man as reflecting their sentiments.

It is not denied that the masses of colored people were indifferent toward the late war, but there is no necessity of seeking a sensational reason for their indifference. If we can bring ourselves to think of them as ordinary people, there will be no lack of ordinary reasons. It was not noticed that the class of white people who are nearest the Negro's material level showed more interest in the war than the Negro; but no one, I believe, has suggested that the ignorant class of whites have a grudge against their country, or that they are in a bad humor over the discovery that they have no country to fight for. The notion that the colored people resolved to stay at home because they felt that the country was against them is only an editorial fiction. The great mass of colored people have no clear conception of "country." Their ideas are local. They think of individuals, not of nations. They have never learned to spread out their loves and hates over a large area. They do not generalize. They have no grudge against society. They lose no sleep over national wrongs. They do not worry themselves over their position as a race. Among the most intelligent class of Negroes there is a conviction that the colored man does not receive his dues, but they have come to the conclusion that it is not a matter to be remedied by keeping it before their people. The worthy leaders of the race are now striving to turn the thoughts of their people away from their real and supposed wrongs, and are assuring them that the best way to secure their rights is to lose sight of them in an all-absorbing effort to do right.

It must be admitted that the masses of colored people are not patriotic; but that is not more significant than the fact that

multitudes of white people are not patriotic either. This end of the century is not the patriotic end. We have electricity—and else. We do not depend wholly upon patriotism to make an army; we count on the war fever, the love of adventure, the witchery of epaulets, sneers for those who stay at home, the hard sense of duty, and the like. The Negro's lack of patriotism does not account for his staying at home. The colored people are lacking in cool courage; but they are more easily influenced than the whites, and it can hardly be doubted that if the same amount of influence that had been used by designing men to keep them at home had been used to induce them to go, they would have responded quite as freely as our own people.

The intelligent class of Southerners before whom the colored people have come in and gone out for a quarter of a millennium have yet to discover any signs of the alleged change which they have undergone in their feelings toward the Government that gave them their freedom. The colored editor's reiteration that the Negro has at last come into a mood not to be trifled with, and that if this country does not redeem its pledges to him "something is going to drop," is pure campaign matter. The Negro's crimes are against persons and property, not against governments. The race is loaded down with individual criminals, but not with men who keep their brains fevered with dangerous isms. The Negro problem is serious enough; let us not add to it an imaginary problem. It has long been a comforting thought with those who know the Negro best that, whatever may be his future, he will never thrust upon America the problem of a degenerate, anarchistic, foreign horde.

The subject of Negro crime has excited more interest than

any other problem since the present tide of indifference toward the colored race set in. Yet, when one comes to think of it, our interest has centered in statistics rather than in conditions. We have been content to count the criminals as they pass on the way to the gallows or the penitentiary instead of going to find where they came from. We know something of their antecedent conditions—we know that the Negro was once a savage, then a slave, then a child cut suddenly loose from his mother's apronstrings, and thrust out into the very maelstrom of temptation; and we know that these things are sufficient to account for almost any criminal showing the race may make. But of present conditions we have learned little—partly, perhaps, because the recollection of these antecedent conditions have put us out of heart. We are satisfied as to what prepared the way for the present, and we have preferred not to pursue or to press the matter further. I want to show what, as it seems to me, needs so much to be shown just now—that the present conditions are not so discouraging as is popularly supposed. Negro crime is a formidable fact, but it is not a disheartening fact, and this, I think, may be made clear here by a glance at that part of the black mass where the criminal conditions are at the worst.

I should be glad if I could fortify, or at least dignify what I am about to set down by assembling here on the threshold an array of statistics which would indicate the comparative criminality of the Negro. But no such statistics are to be had. We have a mass of figures from court and prison records, but that is quite another matter. There are several reasons why statistics of this sort cannot be relied upon for definite conclusions as to crime in general; there are several additional reasons why they cannot speak definitely as to Negro crime in par-

ticular. Prison records are not necessarily criminal records. There are hundreds of Negroes in our State prisons who are not criminals. A few are there, doubtless, because they happened to be Negroes. More are there because they happened to be poor—a fact usually overlooked by sentimentalists who are given to insisting that most of the Negro's misfortunes are due to his color. It has happened to the penniless Negro as it has happened to the penniless white man since time began. In this world an innocent man, white or black, is likely to get justice—if he first gets a capable lawyer. Many others are in prison for crimes actually committed who, nevertheless, are not distinctly criminal. These are confined for petty theft—a species of lawlessness which in the ex-slave seems to be little more than an inherited weakness. Many a Negro who has a mania for laying cunning hands on things which do not belong to him could not be persuaded to lay violent hands on anything whatever. He yields to the temptation to steal a pig much as a poor white devil yields to the temptation to quench an inherited thirst for strong drink—confessing that he is wrong, but assuring himself that he cannot help it, and that he really means no harm to anybody. But if all the Negroes that are confined in State prisons were actual criminals the prison figures would not tell the whole truth. There are many colored criminals at large who owe their liberty to the disposition of the low mass of the race to screen its lawless element from justice. The number is of course unknown, but every police official knows that when a fugitive from justice succeeds in putting himself under the protection of a female friend in the black quarter of a Southern city, he is about as far out of the reach of the law as a criminal ever succeeds in getting in this life. Negro men will not undertake to protect or rescue one of

their number from the law except when under the influence of mob excitement, but there is scarcely a woman in the undeveloped mass who will not risk her all to shield from arrest any relative or friend who may solicit her protection.

It is useless to attempt to get an intelligent notion of Negro criminality until one has first rid his mind utterly of the remarkable theory, now much exploited, that the Negro is criminal as a race. It ought to count for something that this notion did not originate among the people who have had personal relations with the race for the last quarter of a millennium. Southern people are in the habit of regarding the undeveloped mass of Negroes as a horde of petty thieves, and, in consequence, monumental liars; but it is safe to say that the only Southerners who are disposed to favor the notion that the Negro race is a criminal race never had any but unsympathetic relations with the colored people. The theory that the race was always criminal, and that during the drowsy days of slavery this criminality was latent, betrays the fine hand of a foreign student who has never known the Negro save as a subject for scientific investigation. Whatever conclusions may be drawn from the statistics, there is not a particle of evidence from experience to support this idea of latent criminality. The race came to its freedom with overheated blood, but its blood was not overheated by inherited malevolence. There is possibly a good deal of latent badness in us all, but there is no more to prove that the blacks are criminal as a race than there is to prove that the whites are criminal as a race. The Negro has a great deal to overcome, but he has not yet been cast into the sea with a millstone of degeneracy about his neck. The greater part of the mass is bestial and lawless, but it is not distinctly criminal. The criminal element in the race is larger than ours,

and owing to the prevalence of petty lawlessness and the free mixing habits of the mass it is not always easily distinguished, but it is none the less a distinct element.

In the best class of colored people—the cultured handful at the top of the race—the temptations to crime are probably as small as in the highest class of whites. They have more heat in the blood than the whites, but they live in a much narrower sphere, and therefore have fewer opportunities for wrong-doing. This class is made up chiefly of the house-servants (and their descendants) of the best white families of slavery days—which means that they have had superior moral training; and they are further protected by a social barrier which they have erected between themselves and the degraded mass of the race. Beneath this cultured handful is another class—a double handful of worthy, striving people of practically the same origin, but of inferior ability and fortune. This class is as yet poorly protected by social barriers, yet it rarely furnishes criminals—partly because it has had sufficient contact with the superior civilization to catch the true meaning of life and character, and partly because it is consumed by an ambition to be worthy. This striving class is surrounded by a much larger element that is striving just as hard, but with a very different motive. The larger element is recruited from the great mass of "plantation darkies"—Negroes who were raised in the "quarters" at a distance from the "great house," in sight of, but never in contact with the white civilization. They are the Negroes who move to town full of ambition, not to be men—they have not so much as heard the meaning of manhood—but to wear good clothes, and live like quality folk. Dominated by the single aim of making clean the outside of the platter, they naturally do not imitate the sort that go to the gallows, but the struggle

for fine clothes sometimes overreaches the mark, and ends in a suit of stripes. It is from the great mass that is left—the non-striving, drowsy mass that has never looked up at the stars—either real or imitation stars— that the criminal element of the race is chiefly supplied.

If I should be asked by an observer in a Southern city what is the best starting-point for one who wishes to get a glimpse of our largest criminal factory, I should say the kitchen. May I be forgiven if I should seem to reflect upon our common benefactor, the cook: I only mean to suggest that if the observer will secure her address, and spend an afternoon in the neighborhood of the nondescript which she calls home, he will probably find what he is looking for sooner than by any other method. The nondescript itself he is likely to find deserted, though it is sometimes in the nominal care of a helpless old woman who vegetates all day in the darkest corner of the room, with a tin-cup of water and a crust on a stool by her bedside. There are three chances in four that the cook's husband is down town, where he has been since early breakfast killing time; and all the chances in any given number that the piccaninnies belonging to the establishment are prowling about the neighboring streets and alleys getting into mischief, and occasionally fishing bits of bread and meat out of garbage barrels, or making cunningly devised raids on the Italian's apple-stand on the corner. Or if they are not in the neighborhood, they have wandered off to some strange quarter, where they have been picked up by the police and sent to the station to remain until the mother goes at night to claim her property. If the observer should come upon one of these little ones in the act of daring an electric car to run over him, he will probably find himself wondering why a merciful Provi-

dence does not make use of the wheels of the streets to save these budding criminals from troubles to come; but Providence evidently has other plans, for he has endowed them with an instinct which enables them to dance with utter abandon on the very verge of death. He is going to let half of them die, anyway, before they are much older, though it is a gruesome thought that they will die simply because they came into the world unprovided with the vitality necessary to stay in it.

The observer is likely to return from the scene of investigation wondering whether it is an extraordinary case calling for special sympathy, or whether after all it is only the common fate of cooks. If he should choose to pursue the matter further, he will find that considerably more than one-half (in some cases two-thirds) of the colored families of Southern cities are supported wholly or in part by females, the majority of whom are employed away from home. It has been contended that this is due to the fact that it is more difficult for men to find employment than women; but anyone who is familiar with the relative position of woman in a low civilization will suspect that this is an excuse, not a reason. If the observer will go to the country during the crop season, where the farmers are making desperate efforts to get laborers, he will find men of this class on every creek-bank fishing. If the meal-barrel is empty and the fish refuse to bite, they will go to the field; but they never forget their first love. It is often said that the great cotton crop of the South speaks volumes for the industry of the colored man, but every planter knows that the credit belongs mainly to the colored woman. If the women —with their children—should withdraw from the field, the crop would be cut down more than one-half. The real explanation of the idleness of the men of this class is that they be-

long to that grade of society in which woman is a beast of burden. They move to the city to get employment, not for themselves, but for their wives. Thousands of them are only guests in their families. Many a tired washerwoman trudges a mile on Saturday night with her basket of clothes because she cannot afford to pay her husband to carry it, or because she cannot trust him to collect the money for her work. The devotion of these women to their families is the one bright spot in this hideous mass. The mother carries the entire family on her shoulders as a matter of course. If the father chooses to work he works; when he draws his pay it is his own; if he chooses to spend it on her family he may; he is free; the family is his wife's encumbrance. The wife does not ask to be supported; she only asks that her husband will not beat her, or steal her wages, or forsake her for another. And when he has sinned against her in all these things seven times, and until seventy times seven, she forgives him still—partly because her heart is boundless, and partly, perhaps, because she has infirmities of her own.

It would be strange if the fever germs of crime did not multiply at a fearful rate in such an atmosphere. The mother herself in the struggle to provide for her children makes a virtue of the necessity which knows no law. Her wages are not sufficient to support her own family, and often she feels called upon to support two. So strong are her sympathies, and so feeble is her moral sense, that none of her family connections can suffer so long as she has access to her employer's pantry. The pilfering of the cook is as much a part of Southern home life as the cook herself. It has long been accepted as the inevitable, and in the majority of homes it is understood that what is stolen (provided it is of the nature of food or fuel)

shall be allowed as a perquisite of the cook's office. But a steadily increasing family makes the mother's sources of income more and more precarious, and sooner or later she encounters the temptation to put an end to the increase. Often to a feeble conscience is thus added an enfeebled constitution. If she happens to be personally attractive, another avenue of sin opens up before her—one in which she is apt to walk ill-concealed from her daughters who are growing up around her.

This perpetual struggle to raise a family in a cesspool leads to results which cover too wide a range to be taken in at a glance, and in consequence many of them have been generally overlooked. After the children have spent their most susceptible years in the school of the streets, the State takes them in hand and puts them through an intellectual training which further equips them for the downward road on which they have already started. That is to say, when sufficient time has been allowed for the devil to get possession of their wits we proceed to sharpen the said wits for his service. An impulsive reader will pause here to say that if this is true the public schools for colored children had better be closed. This is what thousands of Southerners have been saying for years, but the South is doing more for the education of the Negro to-day than ever before. The fact is the fallacy is too near the surface for the argument to convince even those who make use of it. It is like saying the left wing is not coming up; therefore the right should retire. If the left is not going to come up, the right may be compelled to retire; but the immediate business is to bring up the left. If the various moral agencies which are at work among the Negroes continue to lag behind in their work of improving the moral condition of the race, the State may be compelled to fall back; but the immediate business is

to bring up the moral wing. These great agencies have not been idle, but they have been doing more of the State's work than their own. Their watchword has been mentality rather than morality. In every Southern city thousands of colored children are running wild in the streets, breathing a pestilential atmosphere, loading their blood with the fever germs of crime, and yet this vast swarm of criminals in the bud can have no attention because our great benevolent agencies are occupied with the intellectual development of criminals in the blossom. The loudest crying need in every Negro quarter in the South is a day nursery for the benefit of the multitudes of mothers who are compelled to go out to service. Every year the little handful of cultured colored women of the South get together and write preambles and resolutions and appeals with the hope of directing attention to this need; but thus far the agencies that furnish the money for the work among Negroes have not been impressed with the womanish notion of rescuing criminals in babyhood.

We have complained a good deal of late because, after all our efforts in behalf of the colored people, the masses have shown little if any moral improvement. But these same masses might more justly complain that we have done little if anything for their moral improvement. The work of throwing moral restraints around the unfortunate classes of which I am speaking has not yet begun. Not only are the babies going wild in the streets, but our efforts in behalf of the older children are confined almost entirely to their intellectual development. The youth who seeks an opportunity to spend his evenings out of reach of the vile atmosphere of his home finds himself between the devil and the deep sea. Here and there in the South is a poorly furnished room or two set apart as a Young Men's

Christian Association, and here and there a church undertakes to keep its doors open several nights in the week. (The colored churches generally have not yet grasped the idea that they are expected to provide moral advantages for their people.) Other decent resorts there are none. Of indecent resorts there are a multitude—low saloons and low dance-halls where every man, and nearly every woman, carries a razor, and where one soon becomes accustomed to the sight of human blood, human lust and the terrific bursts of passion for which the Negroes of this class are noted.

Not only have we neglected to provide moral restraints for the young people of the undeveloped mass (the colored youths who have the privilege of breathing the pure atmosphere of the boarding schools are rarely of this class), but in many instances we have unwittingly helped to smooth the downward path for them. It used to be said that it would be difficult to find an unhappy Negro, but to-day one may find a specimen of this type in almost every Southern community. It is the girl who has been educated for a sphere above that in which she was raised, and who has knocked at its door in vain. She expected to be a teacher (practically the only respectable calling open to her sex among her people), but when she graduated no vacancies were to be found, and she was left in mid-air, with the alternative of struggling to stay there until a place could be provided for her, or of descending, either to her former life of drudgery, or to that living death in which she could for a time keep up the appearance of a refined woman. There is nothing in the history of this people more pitiful than the reproachful cry of the disappointed girl whose mind and tastes have been developed until she can but look back with horror upon the sphere from which she came,

and who has been left like Noah's dove, with no place for the sole of her foot; who turns with repugnance from her old associates to find that there are none of her own sort within reach, and who is everywhere—both North and South—denied fit employment that would enable her to improve the condition of her own family and make her surroundings fit to live in. It is not easy to exaggerate this evil. It has been noticed that the girl who has spent two or more years in the pure atmosphere of a college usually returns home with sufficient character to meet the perils of her changed situation, even when she finds nothing but disappointment. But the average day pupil is developed downward in morals at home as rapidly as she is developed upward in mind at school, and if there is no helping hand held out to her, heaven pity her! And rarely is the helping hand held out. Every year multitudes of colored girls go forth from the colored normal schools of Southern cities fitted for life to find no way open before them but the way to death.

The policy of encouraging the most promising young men of the race to choose secular callings instead of the pulpit—always the place of leadership among the colored people—has done still more to smooth the downward path for the class of which I am speaking. The incompetency of the colored ministry has long been recognized by the honored leaders of the race as one of the most serious aspects of the Negro problem; but it is only in recent years that it has been brought to the attention of the outside world. The Rev. Dr. Edward C. Mitchell, President of Leland University, New Orleans, who stands foremost among Northern educators in the South, in a recent address at Asbury Park, called attention to the fact that the phenomenal improvement of the rising

generation of Negroes "has not been met by a corresponding improvement in the ministry." No one living outside of the South can realize how far the worthy preachers who lead the race are removed, intellectually and morally, from the great mass of preachers under their care. The world thinks of these honored men as specimens of their vocation; in reality, they stand in about the same relation to many of the men under them as St. Paul stood to the Corinthians. Indeed, who that has ever heard a Negro bishop urging his preachers to purity of life has not been reminded of the apostle's arraignment of the imperfectly taught Christians at Corinth, who pushed gospel freedom to license, claiming exemption from the moral law, and indulged in licentiousness until even heathen morality was scandalized.

Nor can anyone who has never lived in the South realize what an incompetent ministry among Negroes means. The world has heard much of the boss in politics; it has heard little of that far more interesting character, the boss in black. The Czar of all the Russias is not more absolute in his realm than is the Negro preacher among his people. The pulpit is the oracle of the race. It is often said that a Negro's religion does not affect his moral character; it would be nearer the truth to say that the sort of religion which the Negro cultivates does not affect his moral character for the better. The Negro who comes under the influence of a pure type of religion develops as pure a type of character as the white man. There are no finer specimens of developed character in the world than are to be found among those "house darkies" who grew up under the white man's preaching and the white woman's home training. The difficulty about the religion inculcated by the average Negro preacher is not that it has too little to do

with the moral character, but that it has too much to do with it. The Negro preacher not only sways his audience as no white preacher can sway his, but he dominates his people everywhere. His will, whether for good or evil ends, is law. So great is this influence that an immoral preacher has nothing to fear so long as his people come within sound of his voice. If he is accused of immoral conduct he does not trouble himself to deny it; he simply interprets the Bible down to a level with his life. The ten commandments, he tells his people, were not intended for Christians; the Christian is a son of liberty. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." And what orator would want a better argument for an audience of freedmen?

The rest of the chapter does not need to be told. Like priest, like people. Nor is it necessary, for our present purpose, to point out the remaining phases of the problem which crowd into view as I write. The chief cause of the excessive criminality among the colored people is the condition of the homes of the undeveloped masses—rather the practical homelessness of the masses; or, to put it yet differently, the lack of available mothers in the masses. This is the blackest spot; and, as I have tried in these observations to indicate, it is not indelible. Or to change the figure, the pit, though horribly dark, is not unfathomable. One can hear a stone strike bottom. This is more than can be said of the slum pit of the great cities. There we listen for the stone to strike bottom until our hearts sink within us. The answer to every question is a mocking echo. In the low Negro quarter one does not stumble at every step upon the obstacles which one encounters among degenerate whites. The mother in the slums is a withered

vegetable; the mother in the black quarter is feeble of conscience, but she has blood and muscle and a loudly throbbing heart, and shoulders that do not shrink from heavy burdens. There is something to start with. The slum mother cares neither for herself nor for her children; her black sister does not care for herself, but she is not likely to oppose any effort that may be made for her children's welfare. Moreover, the problem of getting a revolutionizing idea into the heads of the people is not so serious in the black quarter as it is in the slums. The white degenerate can seldom be persuaded to go where ideas are to be had, and when he does go his head is too full of the dehumanizing isms of his class to make room for a new thought. The Negro, on the other hand, is a persistent church-goer, and having no isms to cherish he goes with an empty, if a sleepy, head. We send men into the slums to impart life-giving ideas, but few are ready to receive them; in the black quarter the multitude are ready to learn, but the teachers are wanting. The pulpits are as empty of ideas as they are full of sound.

In a word, the problem of Negro criminality is not the hopeless problem of degeneracy. In the slums our heads ache while we ask, What can we do? In the black quarter our hearts ache while we ask, Why are we not doing?

XXIII.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEREVER one finds a decline of interest in the Negro and his problems somebody is standing by to explain that it is because of the Negro's failure to meet expectations. Nowhere does one find a disposition to inquire who is responsible for the expectations. "We made our calculations on the harvest," our ready apologist hurries on to say; "we put down our money, and sent laborers into the vineyard, and we looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes;" and he lays the whole responsibility for the failure on the vineyard, notwithstanding, as he may be presently induced to confess, he has never been at the trouble to find out anything about the size or possibilities of the vine, the needs of the soil, the character of the work done, or even the time of harvest. History does not record, I believe, an instance of a slaveholder demanding of a slave a harvest regardless of the sowing. That last crime was left for the Negro's present taskmasters.

I have said that this reaction was inevitable. Slavery had been destroyed by fire—the fire that kindles and rages in the bosoms of men. It was the only way: no great evil is destroyed but by great heat. But the fire that burns a den of iniquity to the ground is not the means with which to build a temple on its ruins; and this is what many of the early friends of the Negro undertook to do. By fire the slaves had been set

free; by fire they should be set up. The idea prevailed that if the North was to be kept interested in the freedman it would have to be kept in a blaze; and many a shrewd manipulator of collections undertook to stir up enthusiasm by fanning anew the flames that had done their legitimate work and should have been allowed to die. During this period of passion the wildest reports of the achievements and possibilities of the Negro coming from the South circulated as freely in the North as the money which was poured red hot from the North circulated in the South. It was impossible for this spasm of enthusiasm to last, and when it subsided nothing was more natural than that the northern philanthropist should whip out his note-book and pencil and begin to figure on the unbusiness-like business. And it was inevitable that, having nothing but figures before him, he should rise from the calculation with a murmur on his lips.

The murmur broke forth in a loud protest when somebody, having run up the columns under the head of "higher education," figured out that every educated Negro in America had cost a fortune. There were the figures, and it was useless for people living some hundreds of miles from the field to attempt to go behind the returns. According to these figures the Negroes equipped with the higher education were but a handful, while the sums given for higher education aggregated several millions. According to these figures higher education for the Negro was a failure. The figures might be only figurative, but there were the books. The sums put down for higher education might have been devoted necessarily or unnecessarily to other purposes, but there were the books.

It has been several years since this cooling discovery was made, and it is still a common remark that the effort to give

the Negro people the higher education has proved a failure. I am not going to burden these pages with the usual tables of statistics which, after all, impress us as significant or worthless according to our preconceived opinions; but I may be pardoned if I here set down two or three general statements of facts. That the amount that has been given for higher education is very large cannot be questioned. For nearly a generation the North has been annually scoured for funds for this purpose, and with a liberality only less amazing than its patience it has continued to respond to these appeals until nearly two hundred institutions popularly rated as universities and colleges have been opened to the Negroes of the South. Yet a very simple sum in arithmetic will show that if every dollar that has been given for higher education had been devoted exclusively to this object, the practical results would have been scarcely sufficient to supply the pressing needs of either of the two professions most widely open to the Negro people. As a matter of fact, but a small part of this sum has been devoted to collegiate work. In 1896, of 40,127 pupils reported in attendance at 178 colleges and universities (all but five in the South), only 1,455 were pursuing collegiate studies. Of these, 161 graduated at the end of the school year. I would not be understood as reflecting upon any of the institutions that attempt to do real college work, but it should be added that only a small proportion of these graduates received what would generally be regarded as a collegiate education. "We hear much of higher Negro education," says Dr. DuBois,* "and yet all candid people know there does not exist to-day in the centre of Negro population a single first-class, fully equipped institution devoted to

*The Study of the Negro Problems, by W. E. B. DuBois: Annals of the American Academy. January, 1898.

the higher education of Negroes: not more than three institutions in the South deserve the name of college at all." This discrimination may be severe, but even admitting to the rank of colleges all the institutions that are doing secondary work, a majority will still remain to be classed as primary schools. There was a time when these primary schools were a necessity; but since the establishment of the public school system in the South it has been hard to find an excuse for their existence. They are to the real colleges what tramps are to the unworthy poor. They not only reflect upon the institutions that are doing college work, but they deprive them of the money they deserve and need and that is really intended for them. If one-fourth of the money spent upon these so-called colleges since the establishment of the public school system in the South had been used to supplement the school fund in needy black districts, fully as much more would have been accomplished in the way of primary education as under the present system; and no one who is familiar with the educational work among the Negroes can doubt that if the remaining three-fourths had been given to the institutions that were giving, or were willing to give collegiate instruction, the results by this time would have effectually dispelled all doubts of the value of the higher education as a factor in the development of the Negro people.

The effort, then, to give the Negro people a collegiate education has not yet failed, for the simple reason that it has not yet been made. An effort has been made to teach the freedman to read and write, and that has succeeded to the extent of relieving the race in America of nearly half of its illiteracy. It has not yet been noticed that this effort, which has covered so wide a field, has led to the solution of a single Negro problem, local or general; but no one, I believe, has seriously pro-

posed to deny the Negro these rudiments of an education. On the other hand, it is not denied that the effort which has been made to give to a few promising Negroes a collegiate education has led to the solution of many perplexing problems in particular localities; and yet because an educational plant equipped to turn out less than two hundred graduates a year failed to rescue a submerged nation in a score of years, the plant has been pronounced a failure, and it has been even proposed to put out the fire and close the doors, that we may have means to experiment on another line.

There is no sadder commentary upon the chaotic state of mind which we are in concerning the Negro and his problems than the discussion that is still going on between the two educational factions into which the patrons of the Negro are divided. This side opposes industrial education because it fails to provide the race with the intellectual and moral leaders it needs. That side opposes the higher education because it cannot give the race the industrial lift that it needs. Each faction sees perfectly what is being done in its own shop, and what is not being done in the shop over the way; and each condemns the other, as the eye might condemn the hand because it cannot see a bird, and as the hand might condemn the eye because it cannot set a trap. This is the kernel of the matter: it is the eye saying to the hand, "I have no need of thee;" and the hand responding with a spiteful slap, "I have no need of thee." It is a quarrel about a conflict which does not exist, and which in the nature of things can never exist. We should no more attempt to substitute industrial training for collegiate instruction than we should attempt to substitute the hand for the eye: the question is not whether the Negro people need this or that kind of training; they need both. Nor is it whether this or that

policy is best in view of to-day's needs: the Negro has suffered too much already from his own hand-to-mouth policy to be saddled with one of ours. The question is, What can be done to-day with the means at hand that will result in the greatest good for the greatest number for all time? If a dozen men have fallen into a well, sentiment will be for getting them all out in a lump; but if we have our senses about us we will reach for the nearest man first. We cannot well help the men who are underneath until we have rescued those on top; and it may be that when we have got the top men out they will turn and rescue their fellows without our aid. The work of rescue is from the top downward, never from the bottom upward. Men do not rise out of degradation, but by a force from above. The submerged tenth will never emerge while we who stand on the bank stare vacantly at the place where we saw the last bubble. Nations do not rise by a force originating in the ignorant masses, but by a power that has come into the hands of a man here and there above the masses. If the Negro people are to be raised in accordance with the divine order, this power—the power of a revolutionizing idea—must be imparted to those who are at the top of the race—the unsmothered few who stand where they can see and breathe and stretch their limbs; and these must in turn reach down and impart that which they have received to those who are beneath them. Not by putting a new cunning into the hands of the common masses, but by putting a new idea into the heads of the uncommon few will this race be lifted to its place in the world.

The opponents of the higher education could hardly have chosen a more critical moment for this agitation. After years of painful struggle the work has just reached the point where one could catch a glimpse of the blue sky through the tangled

growth ahead. The way was opening up for a forward movement. To-day there is a demand in all parts of the South for the few institutions that are doing college work to enter the wider field which they were designed to occupy. Not only is there need for larger boarding accommodations, that those who are to receive a liberal education may have a chance to pursue their studies out of reach of the pestilence that walketh in the darkness of the average Negro home, but the time has come for these colleges to extend their work to take in the homes within their reach. The university settlement idea is destined to work out its greatest results among the Negroes of the South. If the various agencies for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and ignorant which have been found necessary in white communities are ever to be established among the colored people, the work will be inspired, if not set on foot, by the colleges. Certainly until these colleges shall have provided an educated ministry there is little hope that the Negro church will undertake any great reform, or inaugurate the hundred-and-one benevolences which are so much needed by the race. For, be it remembered that the Negro is still practically unguarded by any of the sheltering arms which we are accustomed to throw around our own people. It is still true that almost the only place in a southern city where a Negro youth can spend his evenings is a low groggery or a lower dance hall.

But, to make an end of this list of needs, if the Negro problems are ever to be seriously studied—and after a quarter of a millennium of confusion and contradiction one will hardly suggest a further postponement—the work must be undertaken by the Negro colleges of the South. This means money; so do all the needs I have named. But there is an opportunity

at any one of these colleges for a million dollars to do what ten millions cannot do at any white institution in the land.

The danger which threatens the prevailing system of education is hardly a more serious matter than the effect which the decline of interest in the Negro at the North may have upon the Negro himself. After all that has been said of the black man's lack of gratitude for what the North has done for him, it is worth while to remember that nothing has yet been discovered that will inspire a Negro like a white man's sympathy. I am not sure that the sympathy of the Northerner who regards the Negro simply as his protege, has inspired him to more good than evil; but I am sure that all the interest that the North has bestowed upon the Negro in the form of brotherly sympathy has done him only good, and that continually. The popular notion that the black man does not care whether anybody cares for him or not has no foundation in fact. The Negro is not a sensitive plant—he can stand a good deal of rough treatment; but he is a sympathetic animal—he cannot stand neglect. A favor will not win him; but show him your sympathy and you have grappled him with hooks of steel. When, under the provocations of the reconstruction period, the South practically dropped the Negro, the proffered friendship of the North was as a giant hand stretched out beneath him. That hand was not a help to the entire race: too many stretched themselves out at full length upon it; but those who were reaching upward found themselves a cubit higher when they stood upon it. The striving Negro does not look toward the North to-day with the yearning of those early days, but the white man's sympathy, wherever he can find it, is still his chief incentive. For this outstretched hand—the hand with the sympathy in it, not the hand with the money in it—to be with-

drawn just now, might not mean a great deal to the degraded mass at the bottom, or the cultured handful at the top; but heaven pity those who are struggling upward by its kindly aid, and who have yet found no certain place for their feet.

In the passing of the old "house darkey," time, that indefatigable maker of problems, has brought the South another hard nut to crack. For the going of these old servants means the sundering of the only tie that has been of real service in preserving harmony between the two races since their practical separation. To the observer from without this will perhaps be regarded as a proper subject for the exercise of a judicious skepticism; nevertheless, any Southerner of the better class who is old enough to recall the events of the last generation will find it difficult to resist the conviction that the degree of harmony which existed between the two races during this period was due largely to the existence of this one bond which the war did not break. One may call it a very small thread if he will, but it has proved to be a very durable one. In the days of slavery, as every one now knows, the "house darkies"—otherwise known as "great-house servants" and "quality Negroes"—were slaves only in name, or rather in law. It was by no means an unusual thing for the master of the house to stand in awe of his butler, and the "black mammy" who did not hold undisputed sway in her realm was an ignoble exception. These house servants were raised as members of the family *ex-officio;* and if they proved faithful, in the course of time the *ex-officio* appendage dropped off. When the war was over and the time of separation came, they went away with the understanding that they were still members of the family, and that they were not to forget the old home. They did not forget, nor were they forgotten. And through the trying years

that followed it was their coming and going more than anything else that restrained the two races in the day of passion. For when the lower element among the whites would lose all patience with the Negro, and needed only an encouraging glance from those who stood above them, the Southerner who wore in his heart the picture of an old "black mammy" found himself strangely patient. And who can tell how often these old servants restrained the rabble of their own race, not out of love for them, but out of love for "ole marster" and "ole missis."

But they are passing, and the end of the procession is in sight; and a strange thing is happening in the South: a generation is growing up in ignorance of the Negro. A Pharaoh who knows not Joseph is coming to the throne. The Southerners who are now of middle age grew up with black playfellows, but their children and the children of their playfellows stand facing each other to-day—strangers. One side snaps its fingers at the other, the other turns away with a sneer. Not a spark of the old feeling on either side has descended from father to son. The white youth does not look at a black but to look down upon him; the black youth does not look at a white but to watch him with suspicion. One does not need to be a prophet to read the rest of the chapter if something is not quickly done to change the situation. There is but one thing that can be done: to the North it is not the ideal thing; to the South it hardly seems a practicable thing; but it is the only thing. The older people of the South who understand the Negro must re-establish, in some degree, the cordial personal relations which existed between them and the black race before the war. It must be done by this generation, for it cannot be done by the next. And it is not a forlorn hope. Race preju-

dice as it exists in the South to-day is largely a *post-bellum* growth. The feeling that the Negro is inferior to the white man of course existed before the war; but the idea that one cannot afford to take a personal interest in a Negro's welfare is clearly a modern conception. The highest born woman of the old South never heard of it. Her hands were full of work for the amelioration of the condition of the colored people. She loved her servants. She looked after their heads and hearts as well as their bodies. She often taught them to read, in spite of the law. She was an angel of mercy to the plantation Negroes in the "quarters." And all legends to the contrary notwithstanding, she kept a ceaseless watch over the virtue of her housemaids. What there was of chastity in the race before the war stands on the recording angel's book as a memorial to the faithfulness of the Southern mistress.

It is sometimes said that the people of the South would gladly restore these cordial relations, but that the Negro would not consent to it. But the Negro has consented to it where he has been given a chance. There are families in the South to-day in which these old-time relations have never been broken. To visit their homes is to get a glimpse of slave days without slavery. The housewife is still concerned for the physical, intellectual and moral welfare of her servants. Her husband still inquires diligently after the families of his employees, and busies himself when occasion requires in their behalf. The Negroes employed about the home-place still assemble with the family at morning prayers. The young housemaid still receives instruction and counsel with regard to the pitfalls which surround her. In all respects, so far as can be observed, the bond of sympathy between the blacks and their employers in these homes remains as it was before the war; and I have not

been able to learn that either side would willingly have it otherwise. There are sentimental patrons of the Negro still living who are so zealous for the Negro's privileges that they are unwilling to see a renewal of personal relations between the two races except on such terms as the whites cannot be induced to accept; but no one seriously believes that they could successfully oppose any effort which the South might choose to make in this direction. The Southerner has not lost his power to influence the Negro, as he finds when he tries to exert it. If it be said that what is needed is a recognition by the Southern people, not of employees, but of the Negroes who have risen to independent positions, it may be answered that when Southerners have renewed the old-time personal interest in their employees a better recognition of the more worthy members of the race will follow as a matter of course. Before the abolition agitation, when a Negro of unusual talent arose, he was honored by Southern people very much after the fashion that the North honors a Negro of like talent to-day.

I have dwelt at such length upon the charges that have been brought against the Negro that little space is left to speak of his positive virtues. Perhaps the most characteristic virtue of the American Negro is his amiability. He is not always kind, but he is a lover of men. It cannot be said of him, as has been said of the Hawaiians, that he cannot hate, for he is capable of terrific outbursts of temper, but it may be said with little exaggeration that the sun does not go down on his wrath. He is very provoking to a good hater in being unable to "stay mad." He does not cherish enmity; he forgets it, and before you have had time to cool he is back again, all smiles and humility, and equally ready to ask a favor or to grant one. The Negro slave, whatever his failings, was never accused of

cold-heartedness. In him the sense of human brotherhood was largely developed, and so deep was his good-will towards men that it was not often seriously affected by ill treatment. He loved to be with his master; he loved to feel his master's eye upon him, and was always on the lookout for opportunities to do things which would bring him his master's approving smile. The old-time Negro rarely betrayed a trust. Many volumes could be filled with incidents illustrating his faithfulness. "When the war began," said Senator Vance, of North Carolina, "naturally you expected insurrections, incendiary burnings, murder and outrage, with all the terrible conditions of servile war. There were not wanting fanatical wretches who did their utmost to excite it. Did you find it so? Here is what you found. Within hearing of the guns that were roaring to set them free, with the land stripped of its male population, and none around them except the aged, the women and the children, they not only failed to embrace their opportunity of vengeance, but for the most part they failed to avail themselves of the chance of freedom itself. They remained quietly on our plantations, cultivated our fields, and cared for our mothers, wives and little ones, with a faithful love and a loyal kindness which, in the nature of things, could only be born of sincere good-will."

The Rev. Dr. R. F. Campbell, in his admirable paper on "Some Aspects of the Race Problem in the South," gives a pathetic incident illustrative of the faithfulness of the old-time Negro to his master. "About 1856," he writes, "a holder of a small tract of poor land, which was worked by a few slaves, died, leaving a widow and two children. The surrender left this little family with only the very poor and worn-out plantation. In 1876 the son died, and about the same time the

daughter married a worthless man and removed to another State. This left the widow alone with no means of support. One of the Negroes, formerly owned by the family, seeing the condition of his old mistress, came at once to her relief and began to supply her with food purchased with his own wages.

"In 1891 he moved to another part of the State, 225 miles from the old plantation home. But before leaving he told one of the leading merchants of the community to see that his old mistress did not suffer for anything, and to send the bills to him. At first bills for food came, but later he has paid for her clothes, too, and all this without the slightest expectation of getting anything in return. She is now over eighty years of age, and her last days are made bright by the gratitude and affection of her former slave." Dr. Campbell adds that the friend who gave him these facts said of this man: "He is quite reticent about it, and I learned of it only about a year ago."

It is often said that the new Negroes are not drawn to the white people as their fathers were; but while they stand aloof, there is nothing which an aspiring youth of the better type desires so much as the good opinion of white people. It is nothing to him to be honored by his own race if the superior race refuses to see any difference between him and the low mass from which he has risen. That is all he is complaining of—that we insist on counting him in the unclean mass. We do not encourage him to lead a virtuous life. He no longer asks for social equality—he no longer wants it; but what he does want, and what he has the right to ask, is a recognition of the lines which his own strivings and the strivings of others of his sort are making in the race. He wants to be distinguished from those who do not strive.

As I write these words I am reminded of three men whose names suggest more vividly to my mind the bright side of the Negro race than all the facts which I have been able to set in array in the Negro's behalf. The first two are "old-time darkies."

The venerable Bishop Asbury, while on a tour of visitation through South Carolina in 1788, came one day upon a Negro who was sitting on a creek bank fishing.

"What is your name, my friend?" asked the bishop.

"Punch, sah."

"Do you ever pray, Punch?"

"No, sah."

The bishop got down off his horse. The care of all the churches was upon him, but the churches would have to wait while he tried to save that lone black soul in the wilderness; and for an hour he sat by the poor man's side trying to push a few seeds down into his benighted mind. Then he prayed with him, bade him farewell, mounted his horse and rode on.

Twenty years afterward the bishop was again on a tour through the South. One day a travel-stained Negro came to the house where he was stopping and begged to see him. It was Punch. He had walked seventy miles to get a glimpse of the man who had brought light into his darkness. It transpired that the bishop had no sooner passed out of sight after that memorable interview on the creek bank than Punch shouldered his fishing-rod and made for the "quarters," his whole soul aflame with the wonderful truths he had heard. Henceforth he was a new man, and he soon developed talents which made him an irresistible force on the plantation. The slaves ceased to steal their master's rice, and Sunday carousals

were no longer known among them. The overseer tried to stop Punch from preaching, but he might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind. The next order the preacher received was from the overseer to come and pray for him. In a few months Punch found himself at the head of a large plantation church, which belonged to no particular denomination, and which recognized no authority save his own.

Twenty-eight years after Bishop Asbury's second visit, a Methodist missionary to the slaves passing through that section heard of this church in the wilderness, and went to find it. Meeting a Negro on the road, he inquired if there was a preacher on the plantation.

"Oh, yes, massa," said the man, "de bishup lib hyar."

Following the slave's directions, he came presently to the "bishup's" cabin and knocked. The door opened and Punch, now a hoary-headed patriarch, stood before him leaning on his staff. The old man regarded his visitor a moment in silence, and then, lifting his eyes to heaven, devoutly exclaimed:

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"I've many children in this place," he explained presently, "and I have been praying the Lord to send somebody to look after them when I'm gone; and now he has sent you, my child, and I am ready to go."

Standing by his bed a day or two afterward, the missionary heard him murmur:

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; let–let–le–" And immediately his prayer was answered.

A more remarkable Negro was Henry Evans, a freedman from Virginia who settled in Fayetteville, N. C., the latter part of the last century to ply his trade of shoemaking. The de-

graded condition of the slaves of the town weighed heavily upon the cobbler's heart, and he soon began to preach to him. In those days every town had its "lewd fellows of the baser sort," whose chief amusement was the persecution of preachers that had no parishioners to defend them, and the Negro preachers, being entirely without substantial backing, usually came in for an extra share of ill treatment. The mob soon drove Evans from the town, but, unwilling to give up his work, he made appointments among the sandhills of the surrounding country, and many slaves managed to slip out of town at night to hear him. Time and again the mob broke up his meetings, and often his life was imperiled. But by frequently changing the place of meeting he managed to continue his work. In a little while the town people began to suspect their servants of attending the meetings, so marked was the improvement in their morals, and thinking that one who had done the slaves so much good might be worth listening to, they called off the mob and Evans was invited to return. It was not long before the Negro had won, by his marvelous eloquence and holy life, the hearts of the people of the community, and the attendance of white hearers upon his preaching was so large that the chapel which they had built for him had to be enlarged to twice its size to accommodate the crowd. A change of fortune so sudden and so great would have turned the head of an ordinary man, but it only made Henry Evans more humble. "The whites are kind to me, and come to hear me preach," he would say to his people, "but I belong to my own sort;" and he acted accordingly. He never spoke to a white man but with his hat under his arm, and though the best people of the town held him in great esteem, he would never permit himself to be seated in any of their houses. "And yet," says Bishop Capers,

who knew him well, "Henry Evans was a Boanerges, and in his duty feared not the face of man."

On the Sunday before he died, while another was conducting the service, the door connecting the little shed-room, in which he lived, with the chancel opened, and the old man tottered into the church and leaned upon the chancel rail.

"I've come to say my last words to you," he whispered. "It is this: None but Christ! Three times have I had my life in jeopardy for preaching the gospel to you. Three times I have broken the ice on the edge of the water and swam across the river to preach the gospel to you. And now, in my last hour, if I could trust to that or to anything else but Christ crucified for my salvation, all would be lost and my soul perish forever."

By the side of these two ancient worthies I would place the foremost American Negro of our time. "My earliest recollection," writes Booker T. Washington, "is of a small one-room log hut on a slave plantation in Virginia. After the close of the war, while working in the coal mines of West Virginia for the support of my mother, I heard in some accidental way of the Hampton Institute. When I learned that it was an institution where a black boy could study, could have a chance to work for his board, and at the same time be taught how to work and to realize the dignity of labor, I resolved to go there. Bidding my mother good-by, I started out one morning to find my way to Hampton, although I was almost penniless and had no definite idea as to where Hampton was. By walking, begging rides, and paying for a portion of the journey on the steam-cars, I finally succeeded in reaching the city of Richmond, Virginia. I was without money or friends. I slept on a sidewalk; and by working on a vessel next day I

earned enough money to continue my way to the Institute, where I arrived with a capital of fifty cents. At Hampton I found the opportunity—in the way of buildings, teachers, and industries provided by the generous—to get training in the class-room and by practical touch with industrial life—to learn thrift, economy and push. I was surrounded by an atmosphere of business, Christian influence and a spirit of self-help that seemed to have awakened every faculty in me, and caused me for the first time to realize what it meant to be a man instead of a piece of property. While there I resolved, when I had finished the course of training, I would go into the far South, into the Black Belt of the South, and give my life to providing the same kind of opportunity for self-reliance, self-awakening that I had found provided for me at Hampton."

The story of Booker Washington's work at Tuskegee is too familiar to be told here. To-day this man occupies a higher place in public esteem than has been reached by any other member of his race. The question forces itself upon the mind: Can it be that a race which has produced a Booker Washington is in hopeless case?

WOMEN OF TIBET.

XXIV.

THE FRIENDLY TIBETANS.

TIBET has been so jealously guarded from "foreign devils" by its rulers, the Chinese, that very little is really known of its people—though many marvelous stories have been told about them. It is now generally admitted that most of the books of the earliest travelers through Tibet are little more than romances. Isabella Byrd Bishop, a noted traveler and author, who is perhaps our best authority on the Tibetans, says that while the people "look the wildest of savages" they are by no means what they seem. They are probably the ugliest people in the world, and much of their ill repute is due to this unfortunate circumstance. Mrs. Bishop describes them as having high cheek-bones, broad, flat noses without visible bridges, small, dark, oblique eyes with heavy lids, and imperceptible eyebrows, wide mouths, full lips, thick, big, projecting ears deformed by great hooks, straight black hair nearly as coarse as horsehair, and short, square, ungainly figures. Their grotesque appearance is heightened perhaps by their costume and ornaments. To all this must be added the painful fact that they are preeminently dirty. "They wash once a year, and, except for festivals, seldom change their clothes until they begin to drop off." Yet they are healthy and strong and attain to extreme old age.

Notwithstanding their unprepossessing exterior, recent travelers have found them almost invariably friendly, and Mrs.

Bishop thinks that they are among the "pleasantest of peoples." "I 'took' to them at once at Shergol," she says, "and terribly faulty though their morals are in some respects, I found no reason to change my good opinion of them in the succeeding four months." Everywhere the people treated her with every evidence of friendliness, often wearing their festival dresses and abandoning their most ordinary occupations in honor of her visit. They were exceedingly anxious to amuse her and to have the time of her sojourn among them pass as pleasantly as possible. Speaking of the Nubra people, she says it was impossible not to become attached to them, for on every hand she was met by evidences of their good-will. "Feasts were given in our honor, every *gonpo* was open to us, monkish blasts on colossal horns brayed out welcomes, and while nothing could exceed the helpfulness and alacrity of kindness shown by all, there was not a thought or suggestion of *backsheesh*. The men of the villages always sat by our camp-fires at night, friendly and jolly, but never obtrusive, telling stories, discussing local news and the oppressions exercised by the Kashmiri officials, the designs of Russia, the advance of the Central Asian Railway, and what they consider as the weakness of the Indian Government in not annexing the provinces of the northern frontier. Many of their ideas and feelings are akin to ours, and a mutual understanding is not only possible, but inevitable."

Mr. Redslob, a missionary in Tibet, testifies that when on different occasions he was smitten by heavy sorrows he felt no difference between the Tibetan feeling and expression of sympathy and that of Europeans. Mrs. Bishop says that "a stronger testimony to the effect produced by Mr. Redslob's twenty-five years of loving service among the people could

TIBETAN CHILDREN.

scarcely be given than our welcome in Nubra. During the dangerous illness that followed anxious faces thronged his humble doorway as early as break of day, and the stream of friendly inquiries never ceased till sunset, and when he died the people of Ladak and Nubra wept and made a great mourning for him as for their truest friend."

Although polyandry exists among the Tibetans, and family life is in some respects very dark, it is said that the children are brought up to be very obedient to their parents and that parental affection is very strong.

In their way the Tibetans are a wonderfully religious people. A form of Buddhism prevails, and one is seldom out of sight of monasteries. Mr. Andrew Wilson says that they are "the most preeminently praying people in the world. . . . They have praying stones, praying pyramids, praying flags flying over every house, praying wheels, praying mills, and the universal prayer—'*Om mani padmi haun*' (God the jewel in the Lotus)—is never out of their mouths." Mr. Wilson describes a praying mill at Jangi—an ingenious contrivance driven by water power, and calculated to present in a very short time several millions of petitions. But the one prayer of the Tibetans is the eternal "*Om mani padmi haun.*" "These six syllables," says Colonel Yule, "among all prayers on earth, form that which is most abundantly recited, written, printed, and even spun by machines for the good of the faithful. They are the only prayers known to the ordinary Tibetans and Mongols: the first words the child learns to stammer, the last gasping utterances of the dying. The wanderer murmurs them on his way, the herdsman beside his cattle, the matron at her household tasks, the monk in all the stages of contemplation. They form at once a cry of battle and a shout

of victory. They are to be read wherever the Lámá church has spread, upon banners, upon rocks, upon trees, upon walls, upon monuments of stone, upon household utensils, upon strips of paper, upon human skulls and skeletons. They form the utmost conception, the path of rescue and the gate of salvation." Colonel Montgomerie thus describes one of the prayer-wheels in common use:

"It was necessary that the Pundit should be able to take his compass bearings unobserved, and also that, when counting his paces, he should not be interrupted by having to answer questions. The Pundit found that the best way of effecting these objects was to march separately, with his servant either behind or in front of the rest of the camp. It was, of course, not always possible to effect this, nor could strangers be altogether avoided. Whenever people did come up to the Pundit, the sight of his prayer-wheel was generally sufficient to prevent them addressing him. When he saw any one approaching, he at once began to whirl his prayer-wheel round, and as all good Buddhists whilst doing that are supposed to be absorbed in religious contemplation, he was very seldom interrupted. The prayer-wheel consists of a hollow, cylindrical copper bag, which revolves round a spindle, one end of which forms the handle. The cylinder is turned by means of a piece of copper attached to a string. A slight twist of the hand makes the cylinder revolve, and each revolution represents one repetition of the prayer, which is written on a scroll kept under the cylinder. (The prayer is sometimes engraved on the exterior of the wheel.) The prayer-wheels are of all sizes, from that of a large barrel downwards; but those carried in the hand are generally four or six inches in height by about three inches in diameter, with a handle projecting about four inches below the

bottom of the cylinder. The one used by the Pundit was an ordinary hand one, but instead of carrying a paper scroll with the usual Buddhist prayer, '*Om mani padmi haun*,' the cylinder had inside it long slips of paper, for the purpose of recording the bearings and number of paces. The top of the cylinder was made large enough to allow the paper to be taken out when required. The rosary, which ought to have 108 beads, was made of 100 beads, every tenth bead being much larger than the others. The small beads were made of a red composition to imitate coral, the large ones of the dark corrugated seeds of the ridras. The rosary was carried in the left sleeve. At every hundredth pace a bead was dropped, and each large bead dropped consequently represented 1000 paces. With his prayer-wheel and rosary the Pundit always manages, one way or another, to take his bearings and to count his paces."

The power of the gospel has developed some noble characters among these savage people. Mrs. Bishop mentions the Tibetan British postmaster in Leh as a man of spotless reputation. Everyone places unlimited confidence, she says, in his integrity and truthfulness, and his religious sincerity has been attested by many sacrifices. "He is a Ladaki, and the family property was at Stok a few miles from Leh. He was baptized in Lahul at twenty-three, his father having been a Christian. He was for ten years mission schoolmaster in Kylang, but returned to Leh a few years ago as postmaster. His 'ancestral dwelling' at Stok was destroyed by order of the wazir, and his property confiscated, after many unsuccessful efforts had been made to win him back to Buddhism. Afterwards he was detained by the wazir, and compelled to serve as a sepoy, till Mr. Heyde went to the council and obtained his release. His house in Leh has been more than once burned by incendiaries.

But he pursues a quiet, even course, brings up his family after the best Christian traditions, refuses Buddhist suitors for his daughters, unobtrusively but capably helps the Moravian missionaries, supports his family by steady industry, although of noble birth, and asks nothing of anyone. His 'good-morning' and 'good-night,' as he daily passed my tent with clockwork regularity, were full of cheery friendliness; he gave much useful information about Tibetan customs, and his ready helpfulness greatly facilitated the difficult arrangements for my farther journey."

(356) CHINESE CHILDREN LEAVING SCHOOL.

XXV.

IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

After all that has been written about the Chinese little is known of their real character. This is due mainly to the fact that for some reason the Chinese are never spoken of except in superlatives. One never writes about them in a cool, disinterested way. There is something about their character that tempts one to take sides, and one finds himself either an extravagant admirer or an equally extravagant hater of the whole race. One writer extols them as excelling all the races of the world in the qualities which constitute greatness; another denounces them as being among the lowest specimens of humanity, hardly above the beasts of the field. We have been told on the one hand that "the Chinese have demonstrated that Christianity is not necessary to the highest civilization, for they have obtained the most advanced culture without any knowledge of our Scriptures or creeds." We have been told with equal vigor on the other hand that they are the lowest order of animal creation. One thing seems tolerably clear, and that is that Chinese character has been persistently misrepresented. As the Rev. H. P. Beech, a former missionary to China, has said: "The Chinese proverb to the effect that the summer insect will not speak of ice, nor a frog in a well discourse on the heavens, is forgotten by many writers who study the Chinese in our laundries, or in Chinese ports, where contact with the vices of a Western civilization let loose for a lustful

holiday has had a baneful effect on a much tempted and abused people. Merchants who live in the treaty ports, travelers along the coast with no knowledge of the language, and the average steamer captain with the vicious life of the port from which to gain his data concerning the Chinese and missionary effort, are not to be wholly trusted as witnesses concerning the natives and missions among them."

Archdeacon Graves, of Hong Kong, who is regarded as a standard writer on the Chinese, concludes a strong indictment of their institutions by acknowledging that, notwithstanding the conditions are so unfavorable to the development of social and civil virtues, the Chinese are on the whole a courteous, orderly, industrious, peace-loving, sober and patriotic people. Rev. Dr. Dennis, who has written the ablest review of missions that has been published, after dwelling upon the dark side of Chinese character, says that these people "could teach a considerable portion of the Occidental world profitable lessons in filial piety, respect for law, reverence for superiors, economy, industry, patience, perseverance, contentment, kindliness, politeness, skill in the use of opportunities, and energy in the conquering of an adverse environment. The merchants of China, in contradistinction to the officials and to small traders, are held in high esteem as men of probity and of business honor. The capabilities of the Chinese people under favorable auspices will surely secure to them an exceptionally high and honorable place in the world's future. There is a staying power in their national qualities, and a possibility of development under healthful conditions which deserve more recognition than the world seems at present to accord."

"A permanency of Chinese institutions," says Dr. Cunnyngham, "certainly speaks well for them. If they have not

solved the great problem of human government, they have succeeded in preserving intact, through thousands of years, far beyond that of any other nation, their form of government and their national institutions." Dr. Cunnyngham declares that the Chinese are an industrious, quiet, peace-loving people. They reverence age and give themselves to absolute obedience

TWO "YELLOW KIDS."

to parents. This habit of subordination, he says, and the constant control of their passions tends to render crimes of violence less frequent than in almost any other country. It is generally admitted that the long life of the Chinese government is due mainly to the fact that it is established on the basis of reverence to those who are in authority. "Filial piety," says Prof. Douglas, "is the leading principle in Chinese ethics, the point

upon which every teacher from Confucius downwards has most strongly insisted, and its almost universal practice affords the ground for the belief held by some that in the long continuance of the empire the Chinese are reaping the reward of the fifth commandment of the Mosaic decalogue. Reverence for parents among the Chinese includes reverence for all one's ancestors, and for the Emperor as the father of all." The Chinese text-books tell the story of Yu Shun, who is said to have lived twenty-two centuries before our era. Although his father was stupid and his mother depraved, he was so loving and dutiful a son that, so the story goes, God gave him elephants with which to plough his field and birds to weed it; and the Emperor sent nine of his sons to be his servants, and gave him two of his daughters to be his wives, and finally abdicated in his favor, saying that one who could be so dutiful a son could govern the empire.

No other people have so high a regard for the aged and the learned. It is said that if a man presents himself at the literary examinations year after year until he is eighty years of age, the Emperor, to show his respect for gray hairs, grants him an honorary degree and the costume of the rank for which he has been an unsuccessful competitor; and sometimes the same honor will be conferred on a very old man who has never competed at the literary examinations.

"Family festivals are held to celebrate each decade of their parents' life, and are sometimes held even after the parents' death. Among other gifts in these family festivals a handsome coffin is thought to be a peculiarly acceptable present to make to an aged parent." Chinese literature is full of stories of filial affection. It is told of an old man that he dressed and behaved

like a little child so that his aged parents, when looking at him, might not be reminded of their advanced years.

Their regard for learning is even greater than their veneration for age. They have a maxim which runs, that "in learning age and youth go for nothing; the best informed take the precedence." Dr. R. H. Graves, a distinguished American missionary in China, tells us that the name "teacher" is inscribed on a tablet in connection with "heaven" and "earth" and "prince" and "parents," as one of the five chief objects of veneration, and worshiped with solemn rites. The teacher is regarded as one whose duty it is to do more than simply impart mental knowledge. He is to be the instructor, guide and friend to his pupil, the model on which the pupil's morals and manners are to be formed. The personal character of the teacher is to be regarded as of first importance, and his ability to inspire the pupil with ardor in the pursuit of virtue is the gauge of his efficiency. "Of course many teachers fall far below this ideal. The Chinese classics are not lacking in lofty ideals, comparing favorably in their moral teachings with the Greek and Latin classics; but, as has been said, 'Confucian scholars seem to think that, by paying a sentimental reverence to the instruction of the sages, they have thus become in some way partakers of their virtues.' They need the power of the fear of God and of true love to men to enforce sentiments which they admire from a distance."

In no country in the world, says Dr. Robert Brown, has less court been paid to wealth, because all rank and distinction in China spring from learning; hence mere wealth must be always vulgar, and if undistinguished by other qualities the mere possession of riches must rank as inferior to the mandarin who by his knowledge can rise to the highest distinction in

the state, next to the Emperor himself, and in most cases to wealth also. The same writer says that it is only in the Anglo-Chinese, or foreign communities, that the unlearned rich man is held in respect among his countrymen. He is honored infinitely less than the poorest scholar who has taken a degree at the great competitive examinations.

Dr. Graves insists that, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the Chinese have within them the elements of a stalwart, reliable character. They are industrious, enterprising, persevering, and their business men have a practical common sense which has earned for them the name of "Yankees of the East." They have an instinct for organization, and societies and guilds abound even in their smallest communities. Theoretically, their moral standards are high, though many of their practical maxims are degraded. Even their vices are mixed with virtues. For example, while they have a proverb, "One leaf is not missed from a big tree," by which they mean that there is no harm in stealing a little from a rich man, they regard stealing from the poor as a great outrage. Dr. Graves in his "Forty Years in China" tells us that he has seen a little stall of fruits or sweetmeats by the side of the street with the prices marked on each pile of peanuts or sugar-cane. While no one was present to receive the money, no one would think of helping himself without paying for it. "A Chinese shopkeeper," says Dr. Graves, "would probably see no harm in overcharging a rich man who is able to stand it, that he might sell at a reduced rate to the poor man who needed the article for food. The provision of the Mosaic law with regard to gleaning is practiced by the Chinese in some of their crops. Indeed, the human spirit in the law of Moses is exemplified in their standard of what is right."

While opium is eating out the vitality of the Chinese people, Dr. Graves thinks that it is a matter about which the whiskey-loving white races can afford to be modest. "It was not an Oriental, but a British company that promoted the cultivation of the poppy in India, and encouraged the use of the drug in China, almost forcing it upon the people by the war of 1842. And while the habit affects all classes as does the drink habit with us, it is by no means universal, nor is the conscience of the nation dead to the evil. The Chinese government has always regarded the use of opium as a source of danger to the State and as an element of natural decay, absorbing as it does much land that might be used for producing food. The Emperor, Tao Kwang, when urged to legalize the traffic and tax the drug, exclaimed: 'I can never consent to derive an income from the vices of my subjects'—a sentiment that is none too common among those in high places in our own nation."

The Chinese are remarkable for their mild and gentle dispositions. They are lovers of peace and enemies to all the vices which spring from asperity of temper. "There is not," says Dr. Brown, "a more good-humored people on the face of the earth than the Chinese, nor a more peaceable one." They are also conservative in their disposition. "When the natural timidity of the people has so far burst the bounds of moderation as to compel them to rush into rebellion, the object of the revolution is never to destroy the form of government that is existing, but only to oppose the tyrant."

Speaking of the harrowing tales of the cruelty of the Chinese to their criminals, the noted traveler, Dr. H. M. Field, says: "We must not take the pictures of these terrible scenes as if they were things which stare in the eyes of all beholders,

or which give the fairest impression of Chinese law; as if this were a country where there is nothing but suffering and crime. On the contrary, it is preeminently a land of peace and order. The Chinese are a law-abiding people. Because a few of their bad men are found in a city of a million inhabitants, and punished with severity, we must not suppose that this is a lawless community. Those who would judge thus must at least be called on to point out a better governed city in Europe. Their fearful Draconian code can at least claim that it is successful in suppressing crime. The law is a terror to evil-doers, and the proof of this is that order is so well preserved. This great city of Canton is as quiet, and life and property are as safe as in London or New York; yet it is done with no display of force. There is no obtrusion of the police or the military, as in Paris or Vienna. The gates of the city are shut at night, and the Tartar soldiers make their rounds; but the armed hand is not always held up before the public eye.

The Chinese love the land of their birth and the community in which they were born, and always hope to go back there, or at least for their bones to lie beside those of their own people. "If he who attains to honors of wealth," says a popular proverb, "never returns to his native place, he is like a finely dressed person walking in the dark"—all is thrown away.

Infanticide is not so common as is usually supposed. Children may be often found floating in the river with large gourds attached to their backs; but these, it is said, are children who have fallen from the family boats which are to be seen in such numbers on the Canton river and elsewhere, and all of whom have these gourds fastened to them to prevent them from sinking in case they tumble overboard.

Whatever may be said of the abominable custom of ban-

daging the feet of the women, it is after all only a result of one of their ideas of beauty, just as tight lacing was at one time an almost equally abominable custom of our own. Chinese poets speak of these deformed feet as golden lilies, and the pitiful rocking of the women in attempting to walk as "the waving of the willows." The custom of binding the feet is not universal. It is not practiced among the very poor nor among the Tartar women, though many who have not this deformity will walk as if they had it; and it is not uncommon to see women hobbling along the street in a manner intended to deceive passersby into believing that they have fashionable feet also.

Travelers, whose acquaintance with the Chinese is confined chiefly to the lower classes, such as street loafers and frequenters of the inns, are apt to regard the Celestials as a very rude, coarse, unmannerly race. Captain Younghusband says that when one can see the Chinese gentleman at home one modifies his impressions considerably. "I saw much to admire and even to like in them. I liked their never-failing politeness to one another, which seemed to me to be too incessant and sustained to be mere veneer, and to indicate a real feeling of regard for one another. Chinamen have little regard for strangers, but I think they have for one another."

Cheerfulness is another noticeable trait of the Chinese. "The general impression among Europeans," says the writer whom I have just quoted, "is that Chinese are cold, hard creatures, who have not a laugh in them. As a matter of fact they have plenty of heartiness and joviality when they care to indulge in it. I should say, too, that their conversation is good; it is certainly bright, and it is natural and well sustained." Concluding his estimate of Chinese character, the

writer says: "A Chinese is perhaps rather too celestial, rather too much up in the clouds and above ordinary mortals, and certainly shows too little interest in the common everyday affairs of this world; but he is an interesting man to meet at home. And, mingled with the irritation which his superciliousness so often inspires, I often have a feeling of regard for a man who can aspire to such a lofty standpoint as the Chinee does, and in his case I felt that it was not all simple self-conceit, for he had in him the pride of belonging to an empire which has stood intact for thousands of years, and which was approaching civilization when we ourselves were steeped in barbarism.

It will be a revelation to many to learn that in the matter of integrity China stands ahead of all other nations, being rated five per cent. above Holland, ten per cent. above Great Britain, and fifteen per cent. above America. The Rev. Gilbert McIntosh, of the American Presbyterian Press, Shanghai, writes that during fourteen years' supervision of Mission Press work in China he has had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with and admiring the trustworthiness of Chinese business men in financial transactions. The most interesting case he has met with among Chinese Christians was that of Mr. Loo, for many years compradore (cashier) of the American Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai. He was a shrewd business man, and could easily have had a more lucrative position in a purely commercial enterprise; but he faithfully kept on at a comparatively small salary, in loyal service of the Mission Press. "Large sums of money passed through his hands, both in connection with Mission Treasury and Press work; yet, when he suddenly died, the closing of his books was a simple matter because perfect clearness and honesty had characterized

the discharge of his onerous duties. In all these years not a dollar had stuck to his palm."

Rev. W. W. Lawton, of Chinkiang, a representative of the American Bible Society, says that when a Chinaman comes to examine his Bibles he almost invariably tries to "jew" the colporteur down. If he says that he will take a Bible or a tract, "unless he has agreed to give the regulation price, you had better count your money over, for it is almost sure to be short; but if he once agrees to give what you charge, you can then take his handful of cash and put it in your pocket, confident that he has counted out the full amount."

The popular notion of Chinese character is that it is the quintessence of selfishness. Yet Chinese life is not without its stories of liberality and sacrifice. In a letter to the author, the Rev. C. W. Pruitt, of Hevanghsien, tells of a wealthy neighbor of his who recently celebrated his birthday. He invited to dinner a large number of friends and relatives; but so desirous was he to have as many as possible share the pleasures of the occasion that he almost literally fulfilled our Lord's injunction and had the word circulated in the highways that all would be welcome. Mr. Pruitt adds that perhaps some would say that this astute Chinee hoped to get a reputation for generosity for giving a dinner to so many of the poor, "but in my opinion he was influenced largely by a cordial desire to see many people happy on this glad day."

A missionary, whose name I have unfortunately misplaced, tells an interesting story of a Chinese widow, of threescore years, who is the center of Christian influence in her community. "She lives after the fashion of the plainer Chinese—a tiny yard, a small old brick house, a hard dirt floor, broken furniture, no window-glass, not even one of the kerosene lamps

now so common in China to replace the flickering oil-dip, none of the comforts of an American home nor the display of the rich Chinese. But the poorer Christians find a friend in her, and she contributes liberally to the work of the Lord. I have known her at one time to contribute over seventy dollars, sufficient to support a native preacher for a year. And again she bought and deeded to the church a piece of property worth a hundred and ten dollars. Bearing in mind that a hundred dollars would be a liberal estimate of all her expenditures on herself and her grandson for a year, we may appreciate the comparative worth of these gifts."

It may sound a bit extravagant, but the Chinese are really a humane people. The Rev. R. F. Edwards, of Lienchow, has furnished us with several illustrations of this virtue. "The great desire of a Chinese father or mother," says Mr. Edwards, "is that a son may be born to them. When a family is very poor and a daughter is born, or when several girls have previously been born into the family, it is often considered desirable to take the baby girl's life. Not far from our home is an institution designed to prevent this. This place has been secured by popular subscription, and a nurse is provided to care for the children. After caring for them for some time, perhaps only a few months, they are sold, with the understanding that they are to be wives in the families to which they go. It is true," adds Mr. Edwards, "that this often means a life of servitude, but, considering that this is a heathen people, it is highly commendable." Mr. Edwards also writes of the home for the aged at Canton, which, he says, is accomplishing much good. In Canton there are life-saving boats, and it is said that in a neighboring town men of means offer a reward for the rescue of drowning people.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN PREACHER AND FAMILY.

The Rev. T. C. Britton, of Soochow, sends the following extracts from an article on the benevolent institutions in Soochow written by a Chinaman:

"The benevolent halls of Soochow stand as a forest in abundance, their number not being easily estimated. The officials and people together contribute all that is expended in each institution. This work was originated for no other purpose than for the benefit of the people.

"Any family, residing within the city or without, that is too poor to rear their children, may bring them in infancy (both sons and daughters) to this institution. Wet nurses having been previously employed, the children are fed and clothed as well as if they were in homes."

[Mr. Britton says that he visited this institution and was kindly received. "The office shows signs of being a place where much business is transacted. Over the door is a large tub, in which the infants are placed by those that bring them. In this receptacle the babe remains till some one inside is awakened by its cries. They reported eight hundred children, all of whom are kept, not in the building, but in the homes of their nurses, except a few sick ones. One of these infants was brought into the office while I was there. It was warmly dressed and carefully carried by its nurse. This institution is said to have been established two hundred years ago."]

"The offenders and unscrupulous villains, whose charges are a degree lighter than that they should be imprisoned, are put in the reformatory, with the hope that they will reform—be thoroughly aroused to the consideration of their former wickedness—and do well. The expenses of this institution are met by the Provincial Governor."

The Rev. B. G. Partch, of Chinan, to whom I wrote ask-

ing for instances of the brighter side of Chinese life and character, replies that he read my request to the members of his class, who gave him the following bits of information:

"Food depots and clothing depots are opened for the poor in the provincial cities every winter. There are also asylums for women who are uncared for, asylums for orphans, asylums for the blind, free dispensaries, and free schools, most of which are supported by private subscription. In the regions visited by the Yellow River floods, where the population must shift about, land is purchased for free burial of strangers, a most gracious thing in a country where burial customs are so important.

"A man by the name of Chin in Chinanfu hit upon the following plan to relieve distress: To a poor man, whom he considered deserving, he would lend cash, perhaps as much as five thousand, on the understanding that he was to return a part every day. If he succeeded he might borrow more; if he failed the amount lost was charged to charity.

"Last year there were two men going to Manchuria. The weather was cold and their clothing insufficient. Matters had come to a difficult pass when the first said to the second: 'Why should two of us die? You take my clothes and save yourself.' The second said: 'Wait awhile.' They had gone but a little further when the first was surprised to see that his companion had entirely divested himself of clothing, lain down in the snow, and was urging him to put them on. In the country of Yu-Cheng a rich man took pity on his poor neighbor farmers, who could not afford animals, and placed a cow and a horse at their disposal for plowing purposes, to be used in rotation."

Dr. Cunnyngham says that he once saw in China an asylum for homeless and friendless cats, founded by a devout

Buddhist woman. Chinese have foundling asylums, and in some of the larger cities free medical dispensaries are provided for the poor. In seasons of famine and distress the wealthy classes often give liberally for the relief of the suffering. Dr. Cunnyngham adds that there is ground for the belief, however, that benevolence in China is the fruit of early Christian teaching, perhaps that of the Roman Catholic missionaries centuries ago.

In many parts of China there is a consideration shown for strangers that is remarkable. At the time of the Ku-cheng riots, an old man who was not a Christian ran fourteen miles to warn the missionaries of danger, and stood by until he felt that the foreigners were safe. The rioters had never seen the foreigners but were afraid they were there for evil purposes. A missionary lady writes that once when she was traveling she was belated and compelled to stop at a place where foreigners were unknown. She feared that she could not get a room at the inn, but a laboring man who had already engaged his room insisted upon her taking it. This lady adds: "During my furlough in America I was once obliged to stay over night at a little village, the train having to stop for repairs. The conductor told us there was only one hotel in the place, and every man ran for that hotel. Several ladies sat up all night. I could not help contrasting my Chinese heathen friends with these co-called Christian people."

The same writer adds that the Chinese women are virtuous, and that a man will protect the virtue of his wife or of others with his own life.

In spite of all that has been said of Chinese deceit and insincerity, the instances of fidelity among them are innumerable. Miss J. E. Martha Lebun, of Sing-in, relates a story of

a woman attending her training school who was left in charge of the institution for three weeks during Miss Lebun's absence in Shanghai. "When I came back," Miss Lebun writes, "I found a letter in my desk saying that her mother had died, and asked if I would not tell her. I dreaded it for fear she would get sick, for she was attached to her mother, and perhaps would leave me. But how amazed I was when, after a very careful conversation with her, in which I finally told her the worst, she quietly but sadly answered: 'I knew it; she died two weeks ago.' 'Why then did you not go home,' was my reply. 'No,' she answered, 'you trusted your house and the school to me, and I promised to be responsible for it. How could I leave? If all my family had died I would not dare to go.'" Miss Lebun adds that during her absence nothing was locked up except her trunk. "Everything was open, and the natives had free access to all my rooms, closets and everything, and nothing was missing."

The Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, of Mokanham, relates a story of a coolie who was in the employ of an English broker in Shanghai. The Englishman lost his health, and having no income was presently reduced to great straits. This coolie hired himself on the street and used his scant wages to buy comforts for his sick master. A lady friend told Mr. Farnham how her husband had lent a Chinese servant a sum of money to help him take up a mortgage. Years afterwards this lady was left a widow and in need of money. She had forgotten about the loan when one day the old servant came to her with the entire sum his former master had lent him.

Miss L. Moon, of Tungchow, relates how a good many years ago a missionary took up a poor boy and taught him a little English, sufficient for business purposes. "This enabled

him to secure successive positions with foreigners in Chinese ports. In the course of time he accumulated considerable property. In the meantime the lady who had taught him English returned to America. She had various reverses of fortune, and her only son was removed by death. The Chinaman never forgot the debt of gratitude he owed her. He placed funds in the hands of missionaries on two occasions to be forwarded to her, and offered to make constant provision for her wants. This, however, she declined. After the death of her son he invited her to return to China, offering to support her. He died less than a year ago, and one of his chief anxieties on his death-bed was to make adequate provision for his 'mother,' as he called this lady. A China Inland missionary who saw him frequently during his last illness said that he was the noblest Chinaman he had ever known. He wished to unite with the Baptist church in Tungchow, but had it on his conscience that he had made money in dishonest ways. The pastor inquired about how much had been thus obtained. He said he thought about four thousand taels (a tael is an ounce of silver). The pastor advised him in a quiet way to give away this sum before applying for baptism. About a year later he was accepted for baptism. He was a very generous giver. He gave one thousand taels to endow an Anglo-Chinese school, and he and his wife each supported an evangelist. He also gave money to obtain a native helper for his pastor, who was in poor health."

Christianity has produced many noble characters among the Chinese. Dr. Graves says that when these people are renewed by the Spirit of God they often make stalwart Christians, and many of them are an honor to the Christian name. "I have seen opium smokers, gamblers, idolaters and

dishonest men transformed by the grace of God into honest Christian characters and earnest preachers of the truth."

One of the most remarkable converts in China is Deacon Wong, of Shanghai. The Rev. R. T. Bryan, writing of this man, says: "God has greatly blessed him with worldly goods. This year one of his trusted agents swindled him out of nearly forty thousand dollars. His friends urged him to prosecute the man, but he would not do it. The Chinese of our church have a beautiful custom of meeting at the church on the first day of their New Year to worship God and to congratulate each other. Last Wednesday, the first day of their year, they had such a meeting. The old man led the meeting. His face was wreathed with smiles as he told of his great loss. He said that he was very happy about it; his heart was not in his wealth.

"He is now over eighty years old. He came up to me to-day and said: 'I am so glad to hear that you are going to begin a Bible school. Can I come and join the class?' I consider it one of my greatest privileges to teach this dear ripe old Christian. I expect to learn from him, too. He alone is worth far more than all the efforts that have been put forth in Shanghai to save the Chinese."

Dr. Graves tells of a young man who was converted to the Christian religion in Canton, and who practically sold himself as a slave that he might be able to work for Christ among the coolies of a sugar plantation. Another convert, Ch'am Kum Sing, Dr. Graves declares to have been one of the most devout, self-denying, earnest and consistent Christians he had ever known in any land.

"Twenty-five years ago," writes the Rev. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, "a man named Lier, living in Wun Tung, died a

victim of the opium habit. A widow and an only son aged ten were left in destitution. The mother brought her son to Cheefoo to seek among strangers some means of earning a living. She went from door to door pleading for work. A soldier who heard her story said: 'Why do you not take your son to the missionary school on Temple Hill? You will find kindness there if you can find it any place.'

"She came with her son, who was received as a pupil. Later a place was found for the mother in the home of an English merchant living here. She proved so faithful and efficient that she became invaluable, and received good wages for a person in that position. A few years later a fire broke out in a house where one of the daughters of the merchant's family and her husband had gone to spend their honeymoon. Mrs. Lier at the risk of her own life succeeded in rescuing the couple, who without this timely help would certainly have perished. For this act of bravery and devotion she received a gold medal. She remained in the family for some years and then returned to England. The son proved a faithful student. He graduated from the Presbyterian College at Tengchow, and studied theology for nearly two years, expecting to enter the University, but his health failed, so that he was obliged to leave school. Later he recovered so as to be able to teach school, and in this work he continued for nearly ten years. He commanded the respect of all his pupils and of all who knew him. In 1893 he came to my study one morning, saying he had come to tell me that God had blessed him and answered his prayers. He said that it had long been the desire of his mother's heart as well as his own that he might by close economy earn enough to pay back to the mission all that had been spent on his education. He handed me a check for

$337.00, the entire cost. Since then he has supported a nephew in the academy and an aged widow, a distant relative of the family. He has also fitted up a room for a dispensary under the direction of a missionary lady, and furnished a building for a free mission school. A few days ago he sent me $20.00 for famine relief, and is ready to help in every good work. He is an elder in our church, and he and his family are a bright light in this dark land.

"Last week I was requested by a Christian Chinese lady of Tien Tsin to forward for her a draft for $700.00 to a retired missionary widow now living in America. When I arrived in China in 1863 this widow, whose husband had been killed by the rebels in China in 1862, was teaching two little boys English. One of them in later years became connected with an English steamship company, and made himself so valuable that he commanded a fine salary. When he heard that the lady who had taught him and shown him kindness had lost her only son and was in feeble health, he entreated her to come to China, promising to support her to the end of life and be to her a son. As she was unable to return, he invested property which yielded $700.00 yearly, to be sent to his mother, as he called her, in America. Nearly two years ago this man died a triumphant Christian death. His last words to his wife and adopted son were: 'Do not forget my mother in America—I owe everything to her kindness and teaching. Send her the money yearly as I have arranged.'"

SYRIANS.

A BETHLEHEM GROUP.

XXVI.

HOPE FOR SYRIA.

A MODERN SAMARITAN.

In his "Land of the Saracens" Bayard Taylor gives a charming account of a visit which he made to a community of Christian Syrians in the region of Lebanon. "Eden," he writes, "merits its name. It is a mountain paradise inhabited by people so kind and simple-hearted that 'assuredly no vengeful angel would ever drive them out with his flaming sword.' The inhabitants are Maronites, and they are the most thrifty, industrious, honest and happy people in Syria. Their villages are not concrete masses of picturesque filth as are those of the Moslems, but are usually scattered among orchards of mulberry and poplar trees, washed by rills, and have the air of comparative neatness and comfort. The houses are of hewn stone and grouped in clusters under the shade of large walnut trees. In walking among them we received kind greetings everywhere, and everyone who was seated rose and remained standing as we passed. The women are beautiful, with spiritual, intelligent faces. . . . The children are charming creatures, and some of the girls of ten or twelve were lovely as angels. They came timidly to our tent (which the men had pitched as

before, under two superb trees beside a fountain), and offered us roses and branches of white jessamine."

All Syria is not like this picture, we may be sure, but there is much that is pleasant to look upon in Syrian life. The Rev. Frederick G. Coan, who has spent most of his life in the East, says that the kindness which Syrians show to strangers and the mercy that they manifest toward the poor are very remarkable. "Seldom is a stranger refused entertainment in their humble homes, and the very poorest will share the last crust with the hungry." Mr. Coan says that when a few years ago thousands of refugees left Turkey for Syria and Persia, it was not so much American and English money as Syrian help that saved their lives. "They are affectionate, warm-hearted and impulsive, rather than keen, hard and grasping. They are also very devoted and attached to those in whose service they have been, and make most excellent servants." They lack stability, but the gospel has worked wonders among many of them, and some marvelous transformations of character have been reported.

WOMAN OF BAGDAD.

Mr. Coan thinks that the Syrian Christians will compare very favorably with those of other nations who have had far superior advantages. "Take the attendance on services, church work, the effort to reach others, and the matter of self-suppo[illegible],

TENDING SHEEP.

and we have reason to be encouraged. Take the growth from year to year, and it is better than in America with all its advantages. Take the work itself, and it is far more economical than that at home, and for every dollar spent ten times as much is accomplished. Our average contribution is now eighty cents a member. Considering the purchasing value of money here, and the price of labor, that is about as much as $6.00 per member at home. This is done too by a people who are very poor, terribly oppressed, and with very limited ways of earning money."

WOMAN OF BAGDAD.

Mr. Coan gives several remarkable instances of the power of the gospel in transforming the Syrian heart. A notable convert was Shamiasha Kahoobiyor. One day he was attacked by robbers, who told him they were going to kill him. He replied that he was not afraid, but that he was sorry for them, and would like to pray for them. When he had ended his prayer they had changed their minds and humbly apologized for their conduct. Another man who had stolen some wheat from his master was converted to Christ, and he went to tell his master what he had done. It was a dangerous undertaking, for it might have resulted in his being put to death, and he stood trembling like a leaf.

"Absalom," asked his master, "are you sick that you tremble so?" "Yes," he replied, "sin-sick. I have committed a great wrong against you and against God. I have

stolen wheat from your threshing floor, and I have come to confess it. Do anything you will with me—kill me—anything is better than the suffering which my guilt has caused me." His master looked at him a moment in astonishment and said:

"Well, no man sent you here, and it must have been God

A STREET GROUP IN SMYRNA.

himself. If you had stolen a hundred loads I would forgive you. Go in peace."

Mr. Coan also tells of a young girl who attended his mission school for some years, and whose parents finally took her away and forced her to marry a wicked man. Her husband took her to his mountain home, and for years she was lost sight of. One day one of the evangelists connected with the mission, while on a tour, visited a certain village, where to his sur-

A SYRIAN FRUIT SELLER.

prise he found her. In spite of the cruelty of her husband she had continued steadfast in her faith, and had borne his treatment in such a sweet, patient spirit that his heart was finally touched and he became a Christian. With no books

A WOMAN OF SYRIA.

except the New Testament she taught the village children as well her husband to read, and her sowing was already beginning to bear fruit.

Missionaries who are familiar with the prevailing condi-

tions in Syria are full of hope, and not a few believe with Mr. Coan "that the Syrian nation is again going to be a great missionary agency for the spread of the gospel all through Persia and the regions beyond." Certainly their hope is not without reason. The Syrians are natural students, learn quickly, have wonderful memories, and they are born orators. Intellectually they are above the average. "They have never inclined much toward mercantile pursuits, but seem to be more of the Levitical order, a people who are natural preachers and evangelists." Mr. Coan says that some of the young men of his church in Syria have filled pulpits acceptably in America; others have studied medicine and are making successful physicians, while still others are doing well as contractors in Russia and elsewhere.

DRESS OF A BETHLEHEM MATRON.

XXVII.

THE REAL JEW.

The Jew has had a place in the world's consciousness since Abraham's day, but only within the memory of men now living has he begun to find a place in the world's conscience. I say *begun*, for while justice to the Jew has grown in our day from a timid whisper to an audible cry, it is not yet such a cry as may be heard in the streets. "Think," says Esther, in Zangwill's "Grandchildren of the Ghetto,"—"think of the part which the Jew has played—Moses giving the world its morality; Jesus, its religion; Isaiah, its millennial visions; Spinoza, its cosmic philosophy; Ricardo, its political economy; Karl Marx and La Salle, its socialism; Heine, its loveliest poetry; Mendelsonne, its most restful music; Rachael, its supreme acting—and then think of the stock Jew of the American comic papers. There lies the real comedy, too deep for laughter." Yet the Jews themselves have caught a glimpse of the coming dawn. "Wait!" says the Jew in the "Rebel Queen," "this is but a beginning. Wait some fifty years. Then the reign of the Jews will begin. First in western Europe, then in America. . . . For as we have been brought so low in a day of humiliation, we shall be exalted so high in the hour of triumph."

The hate which the world has always cherished against the Jew—for that hate does not date at the cross, as is popularly supposed—is only less remarkable than the race itself. "The

Jew," says Senator Vance, in his address on "The Scattered Nation," "is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world—past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men, there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him we have derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven. If, as DeQuincey says, the Roman emperors, as the great accountants for the happiness of more men and men more cultivated than ever before were intrusted to the motions of a single will, had a special, singular and mysterious relation to the secret councils of heaven, thrice truly may it be said of the Jew. Palestine, his home, was the central chamber of God's administration. He was at once the grand usher to these glorious courts, the repository of the councils of the Almighty, and the envoy of the divine mandates to the consciences of men. He was the priest and faith-giver to mankind, and as such, in spite of the jibe and jeer, he must ever be considered as occupying a peculiar and sacred relation to all other peoples of this world. Even now, though the Jews have long since ceased to exist as a consolidated nation inhabiting a common country, and for eighteen hundred years have been scattered far and near over the wide earth, their strange customs, their distinct features, personal peculiarities and their scattered unity make them still a wonder and an astonishment."

The Jew is not without his faults, but it is a little remark-

able that very few specific charges have ever been brought against him. Nobody has accused him of being a disturber of the peace; nobody ever called him a loafer or a sot or a quarrelsome fellow; nobody ever wrote him down in the criminal class; nobody has accused him of a lack of benevolence. We have been content to hate him for what he is, perhaps, rather than for anything that he has done. But no, this sentence will not pass. There is one thing for which we hate him, and that is his inordinate love of money. Yet when we come to examine our hearts on this matter we are not sure whether it is his love of money that is so exasperating, or the fact that he is constantly getting in the way of our love of money. I am not sure but that this after all is the secret of the world's age-long prejudice against the Jew. From Jacob's day, wherever the Israelite has gone, he has made money faster than his neighbors, and for this he has never been forgiven. As for the modern Jew's love of money, it is a most natural failing. As a famous Anglo-Jewish physician once said: "It should not be forgotten that all other means of distinction have been denied the Jew. He must rise by wealth or not rise at all, and if, as he well knows, to insure wealth be to insure rank, respect, and attention in society, does the blame rest with him who endeavors to acquire wealth for the distinction which it will purchase, or with that society which so readily bows down at the shrine of Mammon?" As this writer says, it is not pretended that the Jew is a miser and that he desires to acquire wealth merely for the loathsome gratification of hoarding it. "The Jewish merchant is generally profuse in his expenditure; he has labored to gain riches on account of the respect which they will procure for him, and he is proud of expending them with the same view."

Moreover, the Jew is liberal. Indeed, as Mr. Clemens has said, his race is entitled to be called the most benevolent of all races of men. "The Jewish beggar is not impossible, perhaps; such a thing may exist, but there are few men that can say they have seen that spectacle. The Jew has been staged in many uncomplimentary forms, but so far as I know no dramatist has done him the injustice to stage him as a beggar. Whenever a Jew has real need to beg, his people save him from the necessity of doing it. The charitable institutions of the Jews are supported by Jewish money, and amply. The Jews make no noise about it; it is done quietly; they do not nag and pester and harass us for contributions; they give us peace, and set us an example—an example which we have not found ourselves able to follow."

It is said that the Jews of New York contribute more than seven hundred thousand dollars a year to their own charitable institutions in that city. "In charity," says the Rev. Madison C. Peters in his "Justice to the Jew," "not only do the names of Sir Moses Montefiore, Baron and Baroness de Hirsch, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff and Mrs. Esther Hermann shine conspicuously, but our Jewish fellow-citizens successfully conduct charities covering every conceivable case of need and suffering." The Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society of the United States, which was established in 1882 to aid needy Russian immigrants of the Jewish faith, expended about two millions of dollars in receiving, sheltering and distributing throughout this country the Russian Jewish refugees. "Many were the animated and picturesque, yet pitiful scenes," says Dr. Bernheimer, "afforded by the arrival of the downtrodden and persecuted Jews, being cared for by thousands of their co-religionists in America."

Early in the nineties the persecution of the Jews in Russia

was renewed and new movements for their relief were organized. "Between 1889 and 1891," says Dr. Bernheimer, "a plan was under consideration, between Baron de Hirsch and those who were to become the trustees of his fund, with reference to the proposition of the former, to devote ten thousand dollars per month for the amelioration of the Russian and Eastern European immigrants. In 1891 a deed of trust was executed by which the sum of two million four hundred thousand dollars was placed as capital in the hands of the trustees of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, the interest of which was to be used for the education and training of immigrants from Russia and Eastern Europe. Among the provisions was authority to disburse two hundred and forty thousand dollars of the capital for acquiring and improving land, allotting farm holdings, and erecting buildings for manual and agricultural training and general education. The income of the fund, $100,000 per annum, is used in sustaining an agricultural colony founded in 1893 at Woodbine, New Jersey, and the schools established there; a trade school and English classes established in New York City, an employment, transportation and relief bureau in connection with the United Hebrew Charities of New York City, and public baths."

The Baroness de Hirsch has since supplemented the noble work of her husband by a gift of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and has promised to spend one million dollars towards the work of ameliorating the condition of the congested Russian and Eastern European population. "But the munificence of the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch," says Dr. Bernheimer, "while a magnificent part of the present Jewish charity and philanthropic work of the United States, must not overshadow the splendid results achieved independently by

individuals and committees. When one considers that about half a million Russian and Eastern European Jewish immigrants have arrived in this country since the Russian persecutions of 1881, and that the number of Jews in this country just before that time was estimated to be about a quarter of a million, the enormous task which those resident in the United States have had set for them may be conceived."

With all his love for "the earth" no people are capable of higher or nobler aspirations than the Jews. "May we not dream nobler dreams then than political independence?" asks Strelitski in "The Grandchildren of the Ghetto." "For all political independence is only a means to an end, not an end in itself, as it might easily become, and as it appears to other nations. . . . The restoration of Palestine or the acquisition of a national centre may be a political solution, but it is not the spiritual idea. . . Our dispersal has saved Judaism and it may yet save the world; for I prefer the dream that we are divinely dispersed to bless it, wind-sown seeds to fertilize its waste places; to be a nation without a fatherland yet with a mother-tongue, Hebrew—there is the spiritual originality, the miracle of history. Such has been the real kingdom of Israel in the past—we have been 'sons of the law' as other men have been sons of France, of Italy, of Germany. Such may our fatherland continue with a 'higher life' substituted for 'the law'—a kingdom, not of space nor measured by the vulgar meteyard of an Alexander, but a great spiritual republic as devoid of material form as Israel's God, and congruous with his conception of the divine. And the conquest of this kingdom needs no violent movement—if Jews only practiced what they preach it would be achieved to-morrow; for all expressions of Judaism, even to the lowest, have become sublimities.

And this kingdom—as it has no space, so it has no limit; it must grow till all mankind are its subjects. The brotherhood of Israel will be the nucleus of the brotherhood of man."

One of the most serious charges that has been brought against the Jew is that he is not patriotic. It has been claimed that it is impossible for him in the nature of things to be a patriot. In reply to this charge Mr. Peters says:* "You can hardly expect a race to love countries where they were thus oppressed, robbed and murdered. In the Middle Ages the Jews had no refuge but the grave. And yet in those benighted ages the Jews were not wanting in patriotism in those countries where the governments occasionally treated them as human beings. In the Spanish battles they fought as bravest knights. Forty thousand were arrayed against Alphonso VI., while he had as many Jews fighting on his side. They also fought valiantly for Alphonso VIII. Alphonso X., of Castile, rewarded them *en masse* for their assistance against Seville, and gave them, when the enemy's land was divided, a village which was called Aldea de los Judeos. They fought heroically for Don Pedro, even after the Black Prince had forsaken him, defending Burgos to the last man, saying 'that God would never have it that they should deny obedience to their natural lord, Don Pedro, or to his rightful successor'—a constancy that the prudent king, Don Enrico, very much esteemed, saying: 'Such vassals as those were, by kings and great men, worthy of much account, seeing that they held greater respect to the fidelity they owed to their king, although conquered and dead, than to the present fortune of the conqueror;' and awhile

*"Justice to the Jew," by Madison C. Peters. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

after, receiving very honorable conditions, they gave themselves over and Don Enrico recognized publicly their patriotism."

Writing of the Jew in later times, Mr. Peters says that until very recently, during the present century, the Jews were rarely ever permitted the opportunity of fighting for their country, but whenever they have been allowed to enter the lists they have proved that the contumely heaped upon them had not quenched their manhood. It is well known that during the Revolution a large proportion of the sinews of war were provided by patriotic Jews. Hayne Salomon, of Philadelphia, gave six hundred thousand dollars for this purpose, not one penny of which has ever been repaid to his heirs. Benjamin Levy, of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Jacobs, of New York, were among the signers of the Bills of Credit for the Continental Congress in 1776, while Samuel Lyon, of New York, another patriotic Jew, signed similar bills in 1779. Isaac Moses and Herman Levy, of Philadelphia, contributed large sums for the support of the army in the field. A South Carolina Jew, Manuel Mordecai Noah, served as an officer on Washington's staff and gave one hundred thousand dollars for the support of the army. In an unpublished letter of Jared Sparks a story is told that at the outbreak of the Revolution Mr. Gomez, a Jew of New York city, proposed to organize a company of soldiers for service. A member of the Continental Congress, to whom he unfolded his plan, remonstrated with him on account of his age, he being then sixty-eight; but the old man coolly replied that he could stop a bullet as well as a younger man, and went his way. As Mr. Peters says, the part which the Jews took in the late war between the States was so conspicuous that it would be difficult to pick out the most prom-

inent men in the conflict, either on the Federal or the Confederate side.

In his everyday life the Jew is remarkable for his law-abiding spirit. He is never a disturber against the existing order of the land. The prison hardly knows of his existence. Governor Vance, of North Carolina, when pardoning the only Hebrew in the North Carolina penitentiary, who was serving a ten years' sentence for manslaughter, indorsed on the document these words: "I take pleasure in saying that I sign the pardon in part as recognition of the good and law-abiding character of our Jewish citizens, this being the first serious case brought to my notice on the part of that people."

Judge Briggs, of Philadelphia, in sentencing a Jew to prison for burglary, said: "You are the first Israelite I have ever seen convicted of crime." No Jew was convicted of murder in the United States during the first century of the nation's existence.

In a speech delivered at a Hebrew fair in Boston, General Butler said: "For forty years, save one, I have been conversant with the criminal courts of Massachusetts and many other States, and I have never yet had a Hebrew client as a criminal. But, you may say, that was because the Hebrews did not choose you for their lawyer. But this is not the true answer; for I never yet saw a veritable Israelite in the prisoner's box for crime in my life. And thinking of this matter as I was coming here, I met a learned judge in one of the highest courts of the commonwealth, of more than forty years' experience at the bar and bench, and I put the same question to him, and he bore witness with me to the same effect. He neither at the bar nor on the bench had ever seen any Hebrew arraigned for crime."

When Mordecai M. Noah, on his accession to the office of

sheriff of New York, was taunted with the remark: "Pity Christians have to be hung by a Jew!" he promptly replied: "Pity Christians require hanging at all." "In the statistics of crime," says Mr. Clemens, "his presence is conspicuously rare—in all countries. With murder and other crimes of violence he has little to do; he is a stranger to the hangman. In the police court's daily long roll of 'assaults' and 'drunken disorderlies' his name seldom appears." And all this, Mr. Clemens might have added, in spite of the rough handling which the Jew has received at the hands of the world. Shylock represented his race when he said: "He hath disgraced me and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies—and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapon, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as the Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"

The beautiful home life of the Jew is at last being generally recognized. "Jews as a rule," says the *Congregationalist*, "are model husbands, fathers, sons and daughters, and their homes are almost invariably happy. The race is held together and held from deterioration by home love and systematic home training, which result naturally in the warm devotion of all the members of the family circle to each other's interests and hopes. In the Jewish home the Old Testament teaching finds its witness, and proves to be not severe, but genial and full of

A JEW OF HUNGARY.

help. An interesting instance of this mutual love and care is found in a letter of Captain Dreyfus, written during his imprisonment, to his little boys: 'Be good children and pet your mother when she is sad. Be kind to your grandfather and grandmother, and play no tricks upon your aunts.' It is the common American fashion for mothers to pet their children —the petting of mothers is something which the children of America sadly need to learn."

Nowhere is the Jew a cumberer of the ground. He is in every calling and in every calling he excels. "Poet, lawyer, painter, actor, statesman, physician, musician—there is not," says Walter Besant, "a branch of learning, art, or science in which the Jew is not in the front rank. Two thousand years of oppression have left no mark upon his mighty spirit. He steps from the lowest depths, where all the world flings mud upon him, straight to the front, and he stands there. "Behold!" he says, "thus and thus have I done. Give me, too—me a place among the immortals!"

The indestructibility of the Jew is an indestructible argument in behalf of the worth of his race. In spite of all things he lives. Tyranny and dispersion have failed to exterminate him. The Pharaohs of Egypt made his life a burden, but he lived. The crusaders covered him with calamities, but he lived. The inquisition crushed him, but he lives. And he lives everywhere. In many unexpected corners of the world representatives of this indestructible race have been discovered. They are found in the dress of the natives, submitting to the laws of the land where they live, but always a separate people with a separate faith. "Jerusalem," says Mr. D. L. Woolmer, "will see an amazing sight if it calls upon all the remotest holes and corners to deliver up its children. Jews

white, black, and brown from India, dusky from Abyssinia, arrayed in the costume and sporting the pigtail of China, as well as Jews rich and poor, high and humble, from Europe and America—all will bring with them the divers ways, tongues and customs of their adopted countries, and assemble as one nation."

Mr. Woolmer has given us in a recent number of *The Quiver* an interesting glimpse of this scattered nation. "Amongst the most remote colonies," he says, "are the Jews of China who have aroused interesting inquiry and been the theme of many French writers. Early in the seventeenth century, and shortly after the Italian missionaries had come to Pekin, one of them, Matthew Ricci, received a morning call. His visitor wore the gorgeous Chinese dress, including the queue; but the figure and face were not Mongolian, and the smiling countenance was not in keeping with the dignified solemnity of a Chinaman. This gentleman's name was Ngai, and he had heard of the arrival of some foreigners who worshiped one Lord of heaven and earth, and who yet were not Mohammedans; he belonged to the same religion, he explained, and had called to make their acquaintance.

"Now Master Ngai made it clear that he was an Israelite, a native of Kaefung-foo, the capital of Honan. He had come to Pekin to pass an examination for a mandarin degree, and had been led by curiosity and brotherly feeling to call at the mission-house. In his native city, he said, there were ten or twelve families of Israelites, and a synagogue which they had recently restored at the expense of 10,000 crowns, and they had a roll of the law four or five hundred years old. The missionary's letters described this synagogue. It occupied a space of between three and four hundred feet in length by

about a hundred and fifty in breadth, and was divided into four courts. It had borrowed some decorative splendor from China. The inscription in Hebrew: 'Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord, blessed be the name of the glory of His Kingdom for ever and ever,' and the Ten Commandments were emblazoned in gold. Silken curtains inclosed the 'Bethel' which enshrined the sacred books, and which only the Rabbi might enter during the time of prayer.

"Every detail of this place, with its incense, its furniture, and all its types of good things yet to come, is interesting. There in the last century the children of Israel at Kae-fung-foo worshiped the God of their fathers with the rites that pointed to the Messiah, of whose advent, as far as it can be ascertained, they never heard until the arrival of the Italian missionaries. Learned men have entered into discussions as to whether these people were Jews or Israelites, whether they came to China from the Assyrian captivity or the Roman dispersion. They themselves say that their forefathers came from the West; and it is probable that the settlers arrived by way of Khorassan and Samerkand. They must have been numerous in the ninth century, for two Mohammedan travelers of that period describe a rebel, named Bae-choo, taking Canton by storm in A. D. 877 and slaughtering 120,000 Jews, Mohammedans, Christians, and Parsees. More than one Jew of Kae-fung-foo is known to have gained the right to wear the little round button on the top of his cap so dear to the ambition of a Chinaman. The Tai-ping Rebellion dispersed the settlement, and the remnant who remain faithful to the memory of old traditions are chiefly poor and distressed. The Chinamen distinguish them by the name of 'Tiao chiao' (the sect which pulls out the sinew), for these 'children of Israel eat not of

the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day.' They are said to often repeat the words of the dying Jacob, 'I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.' This is to them like the cry of an infant in the night. They have waited so long that it is little wonder if the words have lost their triumphant ring and their ancient accompaniment of faith in future blessings.

"The Persian Jews, from whom the colony in China sprang, are interspersed over the Shah's country. The missionaries of the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews make long tours to seek them out and shepherd them. A convert from amongst them, the Rev. M. Norollah, found in 1890 that of his own people in Ishfahan, numbering 5,000, not more than ten could read or write the language of the country. He started a school for the children in the very heart of this Mohammedan city. This school and others besides have flourished, and been the means of making friends with the parents."

Mr. Woolmer says that of all the colonies in Asia, none seems to have preserved its traditions more carefully and lived up to them more worthily than the Jews in India. According to the last census they number 17,180. "Privileged travelers in the southwest have been shown a charter much older than the great English pledge of liberty. The first glance is not imposing. It is a copper plate, scratched with letters of such out-of-date character that they bear little resemblance to any that are now in use. But this is a priceless treasure to the Jews of Malabar. Some authorities believe it was granted about the year A. D. 500; others say that the renowned Ceram Perumal was the donor, and this prince appears to have been

in the zenith of his power in A. D. 750. All agree that the charter is at least a thousand years old.

"According to the native annals of Malabar and the Jews' own traditions, 10,000 emigrants arrived on the coast about A. D. 70, shortly after the destruction of the Second Temple and the final desolation of Jerusalem. It is supposed that of these 7,000 at once settled on a spot then called Mahodranpatna, but now known as Cranganore.

AN EGYPTIAN JEW.

"Unhappily, this flourishing community fell out amongst themselves. After Jewish emigrants from Spain and other countries joined them a dispute arose, and they called an Indian king to settle it. The fable of the quarrel for an oyster was illustrated. The mediator took possession of the place; that fat oyster became his, and death and captivity represented the shells which he divided amongst the disputants. Some fugitives obtained an asylum from the Rajah of Cochin, and built a little town on a piece of ground which he granted to them close to his palace.

"In this lovely native state live their descendants—two classes of Jews, one known as the Jerusalem or White Jews, the other as the Black Jews. The White trace their descent from the first settlers; throughout the centuries they have preserved the fair skin, fine features, and broad, high foreheads that usually belong to Europe, whilst amongst the men blonde or reddish curly beards prevail. The Black Jews are too intensely black to be akin to the Hindoos; they are said to have sprung from Jewish proselytes from amongst the aboriginal races of the district. The Black and White Jews inhabit the same quarter of the town of Cochin; they follow the same customs, join in the same forms of prayer, but never intermarry."

It is said that the Jews of Cochin excel all others scattered over India in strict religious observances, but they are apparently quite distinct from the Jews or the Beni Israel of the North and West. "Some ladies of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society," says Mr. Woolmer, "were welcomed into the houses of Jewesses in Calcutta. They recognized the noticeably Jewish features, in spite of the clear brunette complexion which belonged to neither the White nor Black Jews of the South. This community availed themselves of day schools and Sunday schools started for the children, which have now become part of the organization of the Old Church Hebrew Mission, and responded to friendly overtures. One Jewish lady spoke to her visitors of the return of her people to Jerusalem, and she said: 'We will go in your arms.' 'You will probably go in our railway trains,' answered the English woman, and this idea satisfied both.

"The Beni Israel, or Sons of Israel, of the North and West say that their first ancestors in India were persecuted

refugees from Persia, seven men and seven women who escaped from a shipwreck near Chaul, about thirty miles south-east of Bombay, and managed to save a Hebrew copy of the Pentateuch. Some assert that this happened eight hundred, others one thousand six hundred years ago. Their number is now reckoned as upwards of 5,000. They are said to resemble the Arabian Jews in features. They keep strictly the Mosaic fasts and feasts, yet in many houses visited by the ladies of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission the New as well as the Old Testament is studied.

"For nearly half a century a principal man of the community has been in the service of the Free Church of Scotland at Alibag, about twenty-four miles to the south of the city of Bombay. For in this place, at one time famous as the centre of a small pirate kingdom, handsome, intelligent children, with marked Semitic features, and names familiar in the Book of Genesis, delight in attending school.

"In Karachi the Beni Israel are also numerous. One of the missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, who work amongst them, was invited to a wedding in the synagogue. She noticed that, as a part of the ceremony, the bride received a cup, and after raising it to her lips threw it down and broke it. This, some of the guests explained, was a sign that even in their mirth they remembered Jerusalem with sorrow.

"To many such words and symbols are very real. During the present year a rich Jew of Karachi has left his adopted home to build a synagogue in Jerusalem, where the Sultan has shown the Jews great toleration." Mr. Woolmer adds, however, that while the Turkish empire has been a refuge for them, none can exceed the Mohammedans in cruelty and intolerance

toward the Jew when they are roused to fanatical zeal for their prophet. "This has been specially manifest in Africa. Abyssinia, perhaps, has the oldest colony of Jews. They go by the name of Falashas, which means exiles or emigrants, and claim an ambitious origin. King Solomon, they believe, added the Queen of Sheba to his many wives, and their son Menelek was educated in Jerusalem. On his growing to manhood the Jewish nobles foresaw political disturbances, and begged the king to send him to his mother. King Solomon consented on condition that each Jew should send his first-born son with Menelek to Abyssinia. There he became king of Abyssinia, and his Israelite companions married native women, so a new nation sprang into existence."

George William Curtis somewhere reminds us that the story of the Wandering Jew has a pathos beyond the usual interpretation. Everyone is familiar with the legend of the Jew who refused to comfort Christ as he toiled under the weight of the cross, and who was condemned to tarry until he came, and so wanders around the world until his second coming. It is the symbol, says Mr. Curtis, of the restlessness of the race roaming through Christendom homeless and rejected. Many a Christian regards it as the curse of the people that crucified the Redeemer. "This," says Mr. Curtis, "is the common theory of the origin of the traditional antipathy to the Jews, and undoubtedly this is with many persons a vague justification of the feeling with which the Jew is regarded. But should it be nothing to such persons that when, as they believe, the Creator would incarnate himself, he became a Jew? Or, again, do they reflect that if it was in the eternal decrees that the sins of men were to be atoned and condoned by the innocent sacrifice, those who accomplished the sacrifice were but

the agents of the divine will? Are all such ingenious speculations other than devices to explain and justify a mere prejudice of race, such as some African tribes cherish against people of white skins? Those who find in such prejudice a profound significance will continue to plead the feeling as its own sufficient reason. But honorable men will be careful how they carelessly use the name of a race to which the religion, the literature, the art, the civilized progress of humanity, are so greatly indebted, as a term of utter derision and scorn."

WHIRLING DERVISHES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

XXVIII.

THERE ARE TURKS AND TURKS.

After all that has been set down to the discredit of the unspeakable Turk, it cannot be maintained that he is altogether devoid of worthy traits. As has been said, there is a substratum of generosity and nobility in his character, whatever may appear on the surface. Dr. Francis E. Clark thinks that much of the good in the Turkish character is to be accounted for very largely by the good features of his religion; "for, mixed with superstition and imposture as the faith of Mohammed is, there is something in it of strength and virility." It demands unquestioning obedience and outspoken allegiance from all who profess to be governed by it. No Mohammedan, says Dr. Clark, is ashamed of his faith. "Our soldier guard, who always accompanies us, when the hour of prayer comes will dismount from his horse and prostrate himself towards Mecca, by the roadside or even at the top of the house, to pray when we are resting at noon, no matter how many pairs of curious eyes are upon him. Many and many a time have I seen a camel driver, poor, untutored man that he is, but confident of his faith in God and the great prophet, kneeling in the grass by the wayside while his tethered camels browse near by, offering his prayer to the great God with no fear of ridicule to restrain him from his oft-repeated devotion. As we lie down to rest in the guest chamber of the elder of Baila we hear the musical voice of the muezzin floating from the humble min-

aret near by calling out to all the faithful that 'God is great! God is great! There is only God and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer! Come to prayer!' As these sounds strike our drowsy ears we learn the secret of the vitality of the Turkish nation and the Mohammedan religion. There is truth enough in it to keep it sweet and from going to utter decay. There is truth enough within it to maintain within the nation the germs of a resolute and uncompromising manhood."

"Judging from appearances only," says Edmondo de Amicis, "the Turkish inhabitants of Constantinople are the most civilized and polite people of Europe. In the most solitary of the streets of Stamboul a stranger may walk unmolested; he may visit the mosques in prayer time with much more security of meeting with respect than a Turk would have in our churches; in the crowd one encounters no insolent look or word nor even one of curiosity; laughter is rare, and noise and disturbance among the people very rare; there is no public indecency of any kind; the market is but a shade less dignified than the mosque; everywhere a great sobriety of words and gestures; no songs, no clamorous voices, nothing to disturb the quiet passenger; faces, hands and feet quite clean; ragged and dirty garments are extremely rare; a universal and reciprocal manifestation of respect among all classes." M. de Amicis insists, however, that this is only on the surface, and that there is unspeakable corruption in the concealed life of the people.

Speaking of the politeness of the Turks, Mr. Leech says: "The right hand is the hand *pure*, with which alone they can eat and perform all the most solemn, sacred, public and private acts; therefore when two equals meet they touch each other's right hand, and quickly afterward lightly touch their mouths,

carrying their hands to their foreheads. If the equality is not the same, the lower inclines the head and body, and in saluting the inferior class one is bound to place the right hand on the heart; but in the presence of a high dignitary it is always etiquette to make the same gesture with the two hands and bend the body low. Sometimes, in gallantries and compliments between men, the cheeks are kissed, which is the highest mark of love and friend-

MOHAMMEDANS AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

ship. They rarely demand of one another the news of the family, and never ask about the women; the laws forbid the men to salute the women."

Perhaps the most virtuous, certainly the most harmless, people of the Turkish stock are the Yakuts of Siberia. They are exceedingly hospitable, and, unlike the hospitality of most Asiatic peoples, it is not limited to any particular time. If the

traveler stays a month he is just as well treated as if he staid only a day. They have great reverence for aged people and follow their advice. The children marry according to the choice of their parents, whom they continue to obey when they are no longer under their roof. The Yakuts have the grace of forgiveness, and revenge is scarcely known among them. They are quick to make friends the moment an offender shows any sign of wishing to be forgiven. Some of the women are quite pretty, though, like many other Asiatics, strangers to the virtues of soap and water, and are always virtuous. "These quiet, gentle, upright and extremely patient people," says M. Niemojowski, "never give way to their feelings." Cunning, deceit and hypocrisy, according to this writer, are unknown among them. Their word can always be relied upon; their promise once given is faithfully kept; and it is said that in the annals of their quiet life there has never been one instance of cheating, still less of serious crime. They are, on the whole, a lamb-like and passive people.

The Turkomans, who belong to the Turkish stock, are scarcely less remarkable for their hospitality than the Arabs. Vambery tells us that once in his travels he came with his party upon an out-of-the-way encampment of these people, and was made welcome in the tent of one Allah Nazr. "This old Turkoman," says Vambery, "was beside himself from joy that heaven had sent him guests. The recollection of that scene will never pass from my mind. In spite of our protestations to the contrary, he killed a goat, the only one he possessed, to contribute to our entertainment. At his second meal, which we partook with him the next day, he found means to procure bread also, an article that had not been seen for weeks in his dwelling. While we attacked the dish of meat he seated him-

self opposite us and wept, in the exactest sense of the expression, tears of joy. Allah Nazr," continues Vambery, "would not retain any part of the goat he had killed in honor of us. The horns and hoofs of the goat were burned to ashes, and were to be employed for the galled places on the camels."

The Turk is not without his friends among those who know him best. That he has very bad traits is not to be gainsaid, but not a few foreigners living in Turkey have insisted that where the Turk is found free from government influence he is, as a rule, a very clever fellow—manly, honest and straightforward.

BAKHTYANS (PERŞIA).

XXIX.

THE POLITE PERSIAN.

THERE are no darker pages in literature than those which describe, or profess to describe, the traits of the Persian people. Yet it should be remembered that nearly all travelers who have written about the Persians have had in mind the corrupt life of the court, or the unspeakable abominations of the harem, and that the plain middle classes among whom are always to be found the most solid elements of character have been almost entirely overlooked. With all their vices the Persians have at least one or two traits which we can afford to imitate. For instance, they never destroy a scrap of bread or a blossom on a tree, because the bit of bread or the fruit which may come from the blossom will sustain life. The Rev. S. G. Wilson, a missionary in Persia, who has given us in his "Persian Life and Customs" a rather gloomy view of the character of the people among whom he labors, declares that nevertheless they are not without good traits of character, and admits that they are charitable, hospitable, contented, industrious, temperate, not bloodthirsty nor quarrelsome. Their gentleness, affability and courteous manner, though at times insincere, cannot be denied. They are eminently a sociable people, vivacious, entertaining and polite. They have elaborate rules of etiquette and many compliments suitable for every occasion. They never neglect a visit of congratulation or condolence, and they have a custom of honoring the physician

with an hour's social chat before troubling him about the symptoms of the sick person for whom he is called in.

While the women are not looked upon as the equals of the men, their sharp wit often enables them to gain the ascendency over their more lethargic husbands, and they are sometimes able to sway the affairs of the home at their own sweet will. It is not to be denied, however, that the seraglio is a gilded cage of which nothing good can be said. The women are often very handsome, though their natural charms are often destroyed by painting and smoking. Mr. Wilson says that there has of late been some advance in the education of Persian women. The wives of some enlightened officials are now able to read, and not a few are learning music and other accomplishments.

The hospitality of the people is extended to foreigners almost as freely as to the people of their own religion. Even a nobleman, it is said, would not think it anything remarkable to ask a traveling peasant or peddler who had called at his palace with goods for sale to sit down and partake of a meal with him.

"In their several relations," says Dr. Brown, "they are more lively than their co-religionists, the apathetic Turks. A visitor is received with the Mohammedan salutation of 'Peace be with you,' to which the reply is, 'With thee be peace,' while dear friends or relatives are embraced and kissed thrice on the cheek, and after the pious exclamation of '*Bismillah*' (in the name of God), the pipes of the kind known as calleeoons, in which the smoke is mellowed by being drawn through water, are produced and all ceremony is at an end."

The Persian group embraces, in addition to the Persians proper, the Kurds, the Baluchi, the Afghans, the Paropamisans.

All of these races have more of a Caucasian than a Mongolian cast of countenance. The modern Persians are not descended from the race who defeated Xenophon. The ancient Persians were celebrated for their handsome persons, tall stature, and the beauty of their women. The modern race have a fair share of good looks; their features are regular, their countenance oval, hair glossy and luxuriant, and their eyes dark and soft. The Kurds are a strong, hardy people. In their devotion to their chiefs they have been compared to the old Scotch Highlanders. "One young man takes charge of his chief's firelock, another of his cloak, a third of his pipe, and a fourth stands by his horse's head as he mounts." The Baluchi, though robbers, are not ungenerous, but are true to their word, hospitable, and treat their women with respect. The Afghans are lovers of home and are very hospitable. "No man will injure his worst enemies so long as they are under his roof."

Some of the most inspiring examples of heroism in the history of missions are among the Persian converts to Christianity. Probably no greater Christian hero has lived than Mirza Ibrahim, a Persian convert from Mohammedanism. When he accepted Christ his wife, children and property were all taken from him, and though sick and very feeble he was obliged to flee. At Oroomiah he found refuge with the missionaries, but he insisted upon preaching Christ and he was soon arrested, brought before the governor, beaten, tormented, and cast into prison. From the prison in Oroomiah he was removed to Tabriz, where he was placed in an underground dungeon with an iron collar about his neck. Even there he persisted in speaking of Christ. He won the heart of his jailer, who gave him liberty to see his friends, read his Bible and speak to his

fellow-prisoners. Ten of the eleven criminals in jail he won over to Christ.

Miss G. F. Holliday, a missionary in Taboiz, Persia, says that with regard to their natural traits the Persians are about like other people, and as an evidence that they are not wholly bad relates the following touching incident:

"Twenty years ago this province suffered terribly from famine, and many well-to-do persons were obliged to part with all their possessions to sustain life, breadstuffs rising to five and six times their nominal price. The father of a family in Taboiz was reduced to utter want, and knew of no quarter to ask help except from a wealthy friend in a village, so he set out to try to borrow from him. Arriving in the evening he found his friend occupied with a party of guests, so there was no opportunity to present his request. Bed-time came, and he lay down to rest on the floor with a heavy heart unable to forget his hungry wife and children, and fearful as to the success of his application. In the darkness he perceived a soft movement at the head of his bed, but thought it was the house cat wandering among the sleeping guests. As he tossed to and fro and sleep came not, he put his hand under his pillow and felt something hard. It was a purse containing a sum of money which his host, divining his errand and willing to spare him the humiliation of asking, had delicately placed there."

Miss Holliday relates how she met an eminent soldier to whom she told the story of the atonement. Fixing his eyes earnestly on her, he said: "Did Jesus die to save your race only, or did he offer himself for us also?" "Please," adds Miss Holliday, "pass the question on to Christian America."

Although it is very doubtful whether the Armenians are of the Persian stock, they bear a close resemblance to the Per-

sians, and may be conveniently noticed here. The recent persecutions of these people by the Turks has brought them into wider notice than any other people of the East with the exception of the Chinese, but as yet little is really known about their true character, so conflicting are the reports which travelers have brought concerning them. They are Christians in name, but whether they are Christians in reality is still a mooted question. It is claimed by many that the ancient faith has been quite overwhelmed by heathenish superstitions. Their church is more like the Greek than the Roman, but their system of monasteries is much like that of the Buddhists of Tibet. The Armenians of Armenia are farmers; in Persia they are merchants, while in India "they divide with the Jews and Parsees the almost entire monopoly of money-lending." While many travelers regard them as a weaker race than the Turks, they are said to be "more amenable to European manners and ways than most Orientals." They are described as serious, laborious, intelligent and hospitable.

XXX.

THE KOREANS.

While sharing many of the characteristics of the other peoples of the East, the Koreans are in many respects a type by themselves. In personal appearance they are strikingly dissimilar to their nearest neighbors, both the Chinese and the Japanese, though the oblique Mongolian eyes are always present. Among the Chinese the physiognomy is so uniform that one is continually puzzled to identify an individual. Among the Koreans the variety of features is very remarkable. Their noses may be straight or aquiline or broad or snub; their hair runs all the way from a black to a russet-brown; here and there is a full mustache, while on many faces a few carefully tended hairs do duty for that feature as among the Chinese; the mouth may be a wide, gaping cavity or small and refined; the eyes vary from dark brown to hazel; the brow, so far as can be seen, is often lofty, while the general physiognomy indicates quick intelligence, though little strength of will. As a race they are very handsome, though Mrs. Bishop describes the figures of the women as figureless, squat and broad. It should be said, however, that the ugliness of their figures is exaggerated by the execrable costumes which they wear. The average height of the men is five feet four and a half inches, and they are of excellent physique.

Missionaries in Korea bear testimony to the mental adroitness of the people. They are quick of perception and have a

remarkable talent for learning foreign languages, which they speak with excellent accent.

Everywhere—in government, in war, in education, in social relations, and in morals—Chinese influence predominates, and, as Mrs. Bishop has said, in all these respects Korea is but a feeble reflection of her powerful neighbor; "and though since the war the Koreans have ceased to look to China for assistance, their sympathies are with her, and they turn to her for noble ideas, cherished traditions, and moral teachings. Their literature, superstitions, system of education, ancestral worship, culture, and modes of thinking are Chinese. Society is organized on Confucian models, and the rights of parents over children, and of elder over younger brothers, are as fully recognized as in China.

It must be admitted that these archaic people have many vices. They are appalling liars, pastmasters in the art of cheating, and it is said have every vice possible to a mild-mannered heathen nation with the one exception of the use of opium. Yet all travelers agree that they are by nature a kindly people, hospitable, exceedingly polite, and in many ways so charming that one quickly learns to love them in spite of their glaring faults. Their politeness has a certain manly tone about it that is peculiarly attractive. An observing writer, who has lived among them, says one cannot help feeling that they have in them the capacity for a high development, when once the truths of the gospel have permeated the mass of the people, and when they can live in security of life and property under wise laws righteously administered.

Much of the apparent laziness for which they are noted is simply apathy produced by the insecurity of their property and rights. They lack the motive for work. With the excep-

tion of a few rich merchants and owners of large estates, the people are very poor and live from hand to mouth, in a way which we of the West can scarcely conceive as possible.

The Koreans are noted for their love of nature. They live out of doors a large part of the year and are particularly fond of country excursions. A band of scholars "will go to some pictueresque spot and there compose spring poetry in Chinese." Another party will devote the day to archery, at which the Koreans are very skilful. Lovers of quiet nature, as they are, it is not strange that they should be willing to endure anything for the sake of peace. They know how to quarrel, and they can pitch their voices fearfully high, gesticulate with great violence and fairly rage at each other, but in a few moments it is all over, and the enemies who were dangerously near to annihilating each other may be seen sitting together peacefully smoking their pipes. The Korean gentleman has a positive distaste for saying unpleasant things, and it is said that if there is a disagreeable duty of this sort to perform he will invariably hire a third party to do it for him.

Perhaps the most striking trait of these people is their love for their children. They have an unusual share of parental affection and devote a great deal of time to amusing their little ones. Children may often be seen riding astride the backs of father or mother. It cannot be said that they are as carefully trained to obedience as they should be, though they always show respect for their parents and other elderly people.

XXXI.

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

Siam is the children's paradise. Probably nowhere else in the world does one meet with so many manifestations of parental fondness. The Siamese have more than an ordinary share of natural affection, and Bowring tells us that everywhere he went in Siam he saw fathers carrying their offspring in their arms, and "mothers engaged in adorning them." "The king was never seen in public by us without some of his younger children accompanying him, and we had no intercourse with the nobles where numbers of little ones were not on the carpets grouped around their elders and frequently receiving attention from them."

A Roman Catholic missionary testifies to the wonderful docility and sweetness of Siamese children and the care of the parents to make themselves beloved and respected by them. The Siamese parent answers to the prince for the conduct of his children. He shares in their chastisements, and delivers them up when they have offended. "If the son takes flight he never fails to surrender himself when the prince apprehends his father or his mother or his other collateral relations older than himself to whom he owes respect." The large sums frequently expended in the decoration of little children with anklets, bracelets, necklaces and chains of gold of great value testify to the prevailing parental fondness. The great beauty of the children has attracted the notice of nearly all travelers,

and they are said to be as amiable as they are beautiful, seldom being spoiled by the affection which is lavished upon them.

The Siamese have other noble traits scarcely less noticeable. The modesty of the people, in spite of the scanty dress of both sexes, is everywhere noticeable. Chastity is a natural characteristic, and any approach to indecency would be visited by the immediate and severe disapprobation of the whole community. This implies, of course, that the condition of woman is better in Siam than in most Oriental countries. While they have little education, many of them are good musicians and excellent managers of domestic affairs, and they are allowed large freedom in choosing a sphere for making a living. They are often to be seen in charge of boats, and in the country they are busied with agricultural pursuits.

While the Siamese have, as a matter of course, the defects and vices which are to be expected in a half savage people governed through many generations by the capricious tyranny of an Oriental despotism, "there can be no question as to the general soundness of their moral character, allowances being made for the natural conditions of the country which are not suited to the development of the hardier virtues." They are a gentle and amiable people, cheerful, inoffensive almost to timidity, liberal in their charities, and strict in enforcing decorum between the sexes. They are very acute and often witty in conversation, and resemble the Chinese in their aptitude for imitation. They are not addicted to drinking, and lying, an almost universal Oriental infirmity, is rare among them. They are sincere, affectionate, kind and happy in their home life, and their ideas of justice, if peculiar, are not ineffective. Murder is punished with death, and if a murder or suicide be committed all the inhabitants of the houses within a few yards

of the spot on which the crime has been perpetrated are held responsible for the crime and heavily fined. This, of course, makes the people anxious to prevent quarrels and very careful of life.

WOMEN OF URUGUAY.

XXXII.

IN SPANISH AMERICA.

While the peoples of all Spanish-American countries are more or less related, the degrees of relationship are so numerous that no two communities are alike. It is manifestly impossible, therefore, in a volume like this to attempt anything like a comprehensive treatment of the traits of all the Central and South American races. I have already spoken of the people of Brazil, the Portuguese part of South America. The traits of the Brazilian are not unlike those of the Spanish-American wherever found. Of the latter Dr. Robert Brown says: "He is as polite as any gentleman of Castile and hospitable far beyond his inhospitable ancestors of old Spain;" and he adds a pretty picture of their hospitable ways: "In passing by an open door in a Spanish-American village you have only to peep in at the snug family party swinging in a hammock. You bow and say *bonos dios*, or *nuchos*, as the case may be, and without a thought of your having infringed any rule of etiquette you can walk in, exchange cigarettes, and soon be on terms, the intimacy of which would require at least a year, and in some places a good many years, to cultivate to the same extent in Europe. The olive, black-eyed senoritas at first modestly look down, but soon they lose their reserve and laugh merrily at the broken Spanish of *senores los estrangeros Ingleses.*

Most likely they will present you with a flower at parting—a gift valueless in itself, but as a courteous expression of kindly good will exceedingly appropriate."

The Indians of Central America have never received the notice which their character deserves. The Rev. E. H. Haymaker, a missionary in Guatemala, in a letter to the author says: "We have here to-day in the Quiche and Maya tribes the same people with the same capabilities as those who a few centuries ago built palaces and temples of hewn stone and adorned them with a cement second to none in Europe; who had advanced in their systems of land tenure beyond what we have reached, though in the direction in which we are tending; who had abolished the human sacrifice and religious cannibalism of their ancestors as barbarous, and who prevented vice by fomenting industry. A number of the very best musicians (and we have some good ones), several of the most erudite historians, the majority of the broadest minded men belong to the old Indian people. Rufino Barrios, far and away the most original and resourceful political and military genius that Guatemala has ever had, had only pure Indian blood coursing through his veins, and he had a post not quite so large, but no less difficult to fill than that which was so nobly filled by our Washington, and he did it just as well."

Mr. Haymaker says that not a single aboriginal son of Guatemala to-day has had half as good a chance to make something of himself as falls to the lot of the average child in the United States, and adds: "Let them have half a chance, and they will show what is in them. But so long as they are systematically brutalized with liquor for the revenue, robbed without or with pretext, deceived by priest, judges, foreigners, etc., it is simply outrageous to expect them to give a fruitage

of virtue. Wherever they have had good opportunity there have been remarkable results."

Among the Indian tribes of South America none is more interesting than the Peruvians, with whose early history every child is familiar. While they have to-day many vices which have been engendered by centuries of oppression and bad foreign example, they still impress the traveler as a people of substantial character. They are very suspicious, but Mr. Clements Markham testifies that this feeling soon disappears when the occasion for it is found not to exist. On the other hand, Mr. Markham says that they are intelligent, patient, obedient, loving amongst each other, and particularly kind to animals. "Crimes of any magnitude are hardly ever heard of amongst them, and I am sure there is no safer region in the world for the traveler than the plateaux of the Peruvian cordillera." Speaking of the courage of the Peruvians, he says: "That the Indians are not cowardly or mean-spirited when once aroused was proved in the battles which they fought under the banner of the Tupac Amaru in 1871, and a people who could produce men capable of such heroic constancy as was displayed by the mutilated heroes of Asillo should not be accused of want of courage. When well led they make excellent soldiers."

PERUVIAN INDIAN.

The Chaco Indians, or Great Desert Indians, are of

fairer complexion than most of the American tribes, and have no fondness for the hideous nose or ear ornaments so prominent among their neighbors. In war they wear a defensive mail, and all prisoners taken by them are kindly treated and adopted into the tribe. "At home the Chaco builds a matted tent by planting two upright poles with another for a ridge, covering these with mats, and for a bed he uses a hammock swung between two poles, or it may be between two convenient palms. His tent, however, is solely for protection against the rain, for in dry weather he prefers to lie in the lap of mother earth, and use for his canopy the blue vault of heaven, though for his wife he provides a parasol of ostrich feathers, partly to minister to her vanity and partly to protect her more sensitive organization." As has been said, the work of chivalric regard for the comfort and pleasure of his wife is one of the redeeming traits of the Chaco's character. "It shows him to be neither wholly a savage nor utterly bad, for true manliness, as well as true civilization, is always associated with respect and tender regard for all that is weak or helpless, and particularly for the more delicate sex of our race, regardless of the color of the complexion or the particular state of civilization."

The Guianian Indian is very hospitable, and the visitor to his house is sure of getting the best to be had. Theft is unusual among themselves, though each tribe accuses the other of being addicted to it. They are fond of liberty, and slavery has never been brooked by them. They are very sociable and fond of paying visits, often spending a full fourth of the year in going to see their neighbors. "Time to him," says Dr. Robert Brown, "is nothing. Such a commodity was 'made for slaves,' or white men; like Falstaff, to the Indian it is 'super-

fluous to demand the time of the day.' Yet, though punctuality is with him a virtue so minute as scarcely to be taken count of, when he goes off on a journey, and requires to be at home on a certain date, he will leave a kind of calendar with his friends, consisting of a knotted string, each knot representing a day. A knot is untied on the morning he is absent, and if he is well he will arrive on the day the last knot is untied."

CIVILIZED ARAUCANIANS.

The Araucanians who inhabit Southern Chili are remarkable for their politeness and the value which they place upon etiquette. They are skilful mechanicians and manufacture all of their accouterments in a workmanlike manner. They despise all "make-believe," and have no use for Yankee electro-plated spurs, bit or saddle accouterments. They even despise gold for industrial purposes, and will have only solid iron or silver. They excel in oratory, of which they are very fond.

The Rev. H. L. Weiss, a missionary in Chili, relates that on passing through the southern part of the country he stopped at the house of an Indian to ask for oats for his horse. The Indian had nothing but some green corn, which he had intended for his own family to eat, but he insisted on pulling it and giving it to the missionary's horse, while

the women of the family busied themselves in preparing the best dinner they could serve for the missionary and his wife.

"Last Sunday," says Mr. Weiss in a letter to the author, "I went into the country to hold services in the house of a Chileno, who had been recently converted to Christianity. This man had taken special pains to have everything in readiness for us, and when I arrived he led me to a neat room, saying that it was reserved especially for pilgrims and the brethren. On the shelf were Spanish papers, books and tracts, and everything was in order. His wife took special care in entertaining us, and served us at the table with napkins and a white tablecloth. We were delighted with our host, and felt that greater kindness could not have been shown us even in the homeland. The Chileno invited all his neighbors to the services, and we had a delightful time. Men of forty, sixty and seventy years were there learning to read their Bible and to sing hymns." Mr. Weiss adds that some of his converts would put many a Christian in the homeland to shame with their newly acquired knowledge of the Bible.

Mr. Weiss says that the Chilenos are a very clever and an intelligent people, and though they are addicted to strong drink the gospel has a wonderful effect upon their lives. "Men are turning from folly, sin and vice to worship at the feet of Him who died to save them."

The Patagonians have been described as a gigantic race of men. As a matter of fact, though they are taller than the surrounding races, their average height is not over five feet ten inches, though several travelers have mentioned individuals who measured upward of six feet. They have good features, and their long, straight, black hair is uncontaminated by oil or

GROUP OF FUEGIANS.

paint. Paint is worn on the face and body, however, as a protection against wind and sun.

Unlike their neighbors, the Fuegans, they do not go undressed. "The beautiful skin of the guanaco," says Mr. Buel, "covers from neck to ankle the towering form of the Patagonian, who completes his costume by soleless boots of the same material. The philosophy of his wearing boots when they cannot serve to protect his feet lies in the fact that they have their office as he forces his way through the thorns in which his country so much abounds." Mr. Buel says that to have one-half of his face and body covered black, and the other half white, seems to be a necessity of the Patagonian's life. "The white side, moreover, must sustain a black moon, while the black side must have a white sun; one eye too must be surrounded by a white ring, while the other is encircled by red or black." In spite of these drawbacks the Patagonians are cleanly in their person. They bathe every morning, men and women apart, the men's hair being afterwards carefully brushed by their wives, daughters, or sweethearts, "great care being taken to burn any which may be combed out, in case evil-disposed persons might work spells on the original proprietor of the hair."

Although the Patagonians are hunters by occupation, they never stray from home even so far as to cross the channel which separates their country from that of the Fuegan. They are fond of music, and several musical instruments are used among them. At one time the men were in the habit of singing the traditions of the tribe, but this custom has fallen into disuse. The charge of gluttony made against them by some travelers is denied by Captain Musters. The women are virtuous and industrious. Captain Musters insists that the Patagonians are

not ferocious brigands, or savages of wild type, as they are usually described by unobservant travelers, but that they are kindly, good-tempered, impulsive, full of likes and dislikes, good friends and bad enemies. They are suspicious of strangers, especially of the Spanish—as they have reason to be—and although they will steal when visiting white settlements, they are honest among themselves. While they often deal recklessly with the truth, it is claimed that their falsehoods are seldom manufactured with malicious intent, but only "for fun." They are quite intelligent, and generally moral in their conduct when not under the influence of rum. From Magellan's time they have been regarded as brave, honorable, generous, magnanimous and amiable.

The inhabitants of Terra del Fuego have been uniformly set down as among the lowest of the human race, and I have found no good word spoken of them. Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, who visited the island in 1833, wrote: "The Fuegans are in a more miserable state of barbarism than I ever expected to see any human being." He describes the expression of their faces as inconceivably wild, and their tones and gesticulations far less intelligent than those of domestic animals. But in 1869, after the gospel had been preached to them, Mr. Darwin wrote: "I certainly could not have imagined that all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done." They were not altogether bad, or they would not have been made better.

XXXIII.

THE PORTUGUESE.

I HAVE separated the Spanish and the Portuguese in this volume because they are so widely separated in reality. Although ethnologically the same people, they have lived apart so long that did we not know their history we would regard them as entirely separate races. "Spain and Portugal," says an old Portuguese writer, "though in such close contact, can never naturally coalesce; they are like two men who are sitting back to back to each other and never turn their heads." As a matter of fact the Portuguese differ from the Spaniards as widely as the Swedes from the Danes. There is no congeniality between them, and with the exception of their ancestry they have little in common save an antipathy for each other, which along the border amounts to fervent hatred.

While the Spaniards are prone to look down on their neighbors as degenerate relatives, their opinion is not shared by the rest of the world. "Even those who are inclined to assess the Spaniards at a figure sufficiently high—to take him at his own valuation is out of the question—prefer to have dealings with the Portuguese." The Portuguese are better workmen than the Spaniards, more faithful and more industrious, and it is claimed that even in manners they have the advantage; though on this point there is room for difference of opinion.

While the Portuguese are hearty haters of their neighbors

across the border, they are not lacking in charity. No other people are more humane, though their tenderness of heart often amounts to softness and renders them unfit to execute justice. Capital punishment is unknown among them, and in prison the criminal enjoys so much freedom that it is difficult to see wherein his punishment consists. The people love to show their sympathy for prisoners, and one never passes a prison that a hand is not stretched out of the window for alms, or, if the window is too high from the ground, a basket is let down by a cord; and there is always bread or meat or coin ready to fill either the hand or the basket.

The women of Portugal are more independent than those of Spain, and in some respects more interesting. They are cheerful, genial, sympathetic, full of repartee and ready wit, and withal hard workers. At home they know how to assert their rights, "and expect both lover and husband to hold a humble place in their respective stations." The peasant women are, as a rule, affectionate, self-denying, blind to the faults of others, and more moral in their lives than most of the humbler classes in other European countries. It is true that they are rather coarse in expression and sometimes untruthful, but the former is due in part to their lack of education, while the latter is generally due to an inordinate desire to be agreeable and polite.

By N. Sichel.

A GIRL OF THEBES.

XXXIV.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The characteristic virtue of the modern Egyptian is reverence for parents. It is said that an undutiful child is rarely heard of in Egypt. Among the middle and higher classes it is the custom for a child to greet his father in the morning by kissing his hand, and then to remain standing before him in an humble attitude waiting to know his wish or to receive

CHILDREN ON THE ROAD TO TUNIS.

his permission to depart. Nearly the same respect is shown toward the mother. A son is not expected to sit, or eat, or smoke in the presence of his father unless bidden to do so. And this deference is shown toward his father as long as he lives. It is not uncommon for a grown man to be seen waiting upon his father and the family guests at meals and on other occasions.

Although the mother is second in authority in the home, she receives honor as having authority from God. In early times, however, the authority of the wife was equal to that of the husband, and Dr. Trumbull says that there are communities in Egypt to-day where the mother-in-law reigns supreme in the household; at least so long as she has strength to maintain her hold.

TYPE OF MOORISH WOMAN.

Morality among women is probably as high as it is in most Oriental countries. Much has been said of the voluptuous dances of the women; but it should be remembered that in Egypt a woman never dances with a man, and in most cases she does not think of dancing except in the privacy of the harem with her companions, and never before her husband. With regard to the harem also it should be borne in mind that nearly all that has been written about it is little more than romance. No one, except the master of the house and the nearest relations, is allowed to enter the harem. "If a physician is called," says Mr. Frederick Ober, "the curtains are drawn across the sick-bed. If the pulse of a Moorish lady is to be felt a eunuch covers her arms and hands, leaving only the wrist free. If the tongue is to be shown, the eunuch covers her face with his hands, and the poor lady has to stretch out her tongue between

EGYPTIAN GIRL. (453)

his fingers. If she suffers from smallpox the eunuch counts the marks, and reports to the physician. As a rule a man is allowed to see unveiled only his own wives and female slaves, and those whom he is prohibited by law from marrying, on account of their being within certain degrees of consanguinity or family connections."

A MOORISH BEAUTY.

Those who have visited the harems of Cairo have never gone beyond the reception room. There they have been permitted to converse through an interpreter with a group of veiled mysterious figures with whom they have exchanged views as to their costumes and jewelry, and then they have been shown to the door by the jealous and watchful eunuch who ushered them in. When rigid custom dictates that even the husband of the hostess shall never see her lady callers, and that, should the visit be prolonged till dark—as it frequently is—on no account shall he show himself, it could not be expected of a foreigner to really know anything of the inner life of an Oriental woman in the bosom of her family.

It may or may not be significant that the women of the harem always express themselves as perfectly satisfied with their mode of life. It is claimed that they are by no means to be regarded as prisoners, usually having the liberty to go out

and visit their friends as often as they please. Mr. Eugene Duerr says that he has often seen the mother of the khedive of Egypt on the street. She wore an Oriental veil, which was so thin that it did not conceal the features; while the eye and

A YOUTH OF HIPPO.

the eyebrows were entirely exposed. She is both beautiful and accomplished and speaks several languages fluently.

The term Moor is usually used to designate all Mohammedan inhabitants of Morocco, though, as Dr. Robert Brown has said, it should be limited to the inhabitants of the towns and to the nomadic tribes on the southwest of the desert.

AN EGYPTIAN BEAUTY.

By N. Sichel.

While the Moors have no longer the power to win victories, they still possess much of the good taste for architecture which

CARTHAGINIANS OF TO-DAY.

characterized them when they dwelt in Spain, and also something of the courage of those palmy days.

The Berbers, who form the population of the great desert, are found along the Egyptian frontier, in Fezzan, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. They are a robust, active, athletic people,

with strongly marked features, and a marvelous talent for patience. The most attractive people among the Berbers are the Kabyles, who are of a light olive complexion. The children of this tribe are noted for their beauty.

A BOY OF CONSTANTINE.

"When the Arabs overran the country, many of the aboriginal inhabitants were driven out, and found refuge even so far as the banks of the Niger; but the Kabyles, who had intermarried with the Romans, and who had been Christianized, remained and embraced Mohammedanism, though traces

IN UPPER EGYPT.

of their ancient condition still cling to them in names and customs."

The Kabyles live in rude houses and cultivate their fields, manufacture pottery, and are generally industrious, in striking contrast with the Nomads, who regard labor as a disgrace. They are exceedingly hospitable, though it is said that they make a distinction between those who pay for their lodging and those who do not. If a traveler offers money it is taken, and in such a case it is purely a business transaction, and they do not feel under any obligation except to provide what he pays for. On the other hand, if they receive a traveler without reward they regard his entertainment as a religious duty and receive him as a friend. It is said that in some parts of the country it is necessary to go without a penny and depend entirely upon free hospitality in order to be sure of safe guidance.

The Kabyles are noted for their honesty in dealing with one another. Mr. Richardson, a noted traveler, says that he has found quantities of dates packed up in the sand without a guard, and their place indicated by a piece of wood. Among these rude children of Sahara it is a point of honor not to touch anything confided to the desert.

STARTING ACROSS THE DESERT.

XXXV.

THE MARKET FOR FAIR WOMEN.

The people of Caucassus are among the most beautiful in the world. Everywhere one sees men of tall and vigorous frames, and women of slender, elegant figures, regular features, and large, finely cut eyes, though it has been said one must look in vain for that nobler type of beauty which is found only among nations of advanced civilization, "where the eyes are the unerring reflectors of the exalted sensations of mind and heart." For ages Caucassus has been the market from which Oriental princes have replenished their harems; but even so acute an observer as Mr. Barkley, the noted traveler, insists that he could see nothing in the women to admire except their small hands and feet. He admits, however, that the men are magnificent, and declares that they are to the rest of the human race what Arab horses are to the humbler steeds. While a pretty Circassian woman, according to western ideas, may be rare, a plain Circassian man is seldom seen. It is said that no people in the world have more beautifully shaped heads, more perfectly chiseled features, or more intelligent countenances. They are quick and graceful in their movements and always restless. Mr. Barkley grows enthusiastic over the shapely hands and feet of the Circassian women, and insists that he never saw one that an English girl of sixteen might not envy for shape and size. He adds that this fact may be readily attested by examining the smallness of the handles of the nu-

merous knives which may be found in any collection of Oriental curios.

The people of Caucassus differ from the Turks in that they are always in a hurry and are never silent for a moment. The Turk is always silent and never in a hurry, but unless a Circassian is on his dying bed he is never quiet. He does not know how to loll, and rarely walks, but must be ever on the run, and he moves so rapidly "that he may be known a mile off by his quick steps." While the Circassians are not fond of work, they are prodigious talkers, and when in company speak as eagerly and as rapidly as if their lives depended on what they wanted to say.

With regard to the proverbial beauty of the Circassian and Georgian women it should be said that only the finest specimens find their way into Europe, "as a system of selection is always going on in the wife markets of the Osmanli Turks, the occupants of whose harems are mostly of these two nationalities."

The Georgians are the most polished people of Caucassus. They are very hospitable and pardonably fond, it is said, of their gala day with its morning of horsemanship and its evening of the dance and courting under the walnut trees. Their lips are always opening with song; their hours are always happy, and they carry their cares very lightly, if, indeed, they may be said to carry them at all.

Although marriage by force is in vogue, it is claimed that Georgian husbands are reasonably exemplary and usually treat their wives well. Polygamy is rarely practiced, though permitted among them. Respect for the aged is perhaps their most remarkable virtue. Even the younger brothers of the family rise when the oldest enters the room where they are sitting.

XXXVI.

THE MAGYARS.

On entering Hungary the traveler is at once struck with the remarkable beauty of its inhabitants. The high-class Magyar ladies are said to resemble the Circassians, while even the country women, exposed as they are to the hot sun of the plains, deserve their traditional reputation for good looks. Tissot grows enthusiastic over the freshness, delicacy, and purity of the complexion of the Magyar women, whether blondes or brunettes. Their wavy hair is superb, and in their large Oriental eyes, tipped with long lashes, "there mingles reverie with passion." While their features are not always regular the type is refined. "Ruby lips, pearly teeth, supple figures, and tiny arched feet complete a form which may even at a distance be recognized as that of a Magyar." The men are tall, manly and stately in form, but as a rule the women are finer looking than their lords, which a writer says is "the very reverse of that which prevails in Northern Europe, where for one fine looking woman there are ten men with faces and figures that deserve remark."

The Magyar is always polite and courteous, though some writers have hinted that their behavior is not altogether free from a certain element of interested calculation. The peasants are very particular to give every one his proper title, or rather as is usual a title higher than that which one has earned.

Ordinarily they address each other as "Thy Grace," varying the inflection according to the social grade of the person to whom they are speaking. The Magyars are exceedingly hospitable and their generosity is proverbial. It has been said that a German soldier has such a high opinion of the Hungarian's goodness of heart, that he prefers being quartered in a village of Hungary to having his tent pitched among people of his own nationality.

The Magyars are remarkable for their patriotism and courage, though, as one writer says, love of country is apt in some instances to degenerate into mere blatant invectiveness against every other nationality, empty boastfulness regarding the greatness of the Magyar, and an utter failing in capacity to see the infirmities and errors of their own country.

But there is no question about their bravery. Nowhere will one find more stirring stories of heroism than in the annals of Hungary. Dr. Brown says that during their long struggle against the Turks it was the invariable agreement among the citizens when the latter besieged a town to refuse capitulation, and to forbid even the mention of the word on pain of death. The women followed their husbands to the trenches and in sorties, and at other times occupied themselves in repairing the broken walls. When the signal was given for a final assault the women ran to mingle in the ranks of the besieged, and were only to be distinguished from the men by their blind and impetuous courage. "Some," says Boldenji, "fought hand-in-hand, others from the tops of the walls rolled down upon their assailants huge stones or poured quantities of boiling oil upon them."

During the insurrection of 1848 the women exhibited a courage which perhaps has not been equaled in modern times,

many of them fighting in the uniform of a private soldier. A wealthy young girl is reported to have performed prodigies of valor, while another girl of high social standing was promoted for heroism, no one suspecting that she was a woman.

The Magyar regards his wife as his inferior, and usually speaks of her as his "escort," while she refers to him as her "lord." If you meet a Magyar peasant couple on the road you will pass the husband first and later on the wife, who follows at a respectful distance. Yet the Magyar is regarded as generally kind to his wife. "Does your husband love you?" asked one of a newly married woman. "I don't know," she said, "for he has not beaten me yet."

While this is probably true to life among the higher classes, it is not true of the peasant, who is noted for his gentleness to his wife. The language of courtship continues long after the honeymoon is over, and she is always his "rose," his "star," or his "pearl."

The Magyars are a people of many different creeds; yet the best of feeling prevails, and every man worships God according to the dictates of his own conscience. In some places where the people are too poor to build more than one house of worship the Protestants hold their services in the Catholic church, after taking the precaution to hang a curtain before the altar.

A CUBAN BEAUTY.

XXXVII.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.

The story is told that when the flag of Castile and Aragon came down for the last time from the walls of Havana, the commander turned to the American officer who had come to take possession and said:

"I cannot congratulate your country on its victory. You have come to rule over the basest, most despicable people on earth."

At that very moment there were some thousands of Americans whose hearts were melting toward the Cubans as a noble race of martyrs. Somewhere between these two extremes doubtless lies the truth about these much misunderstood folk.

The corner-stone of Cuban character, as Mr. Francis H. Nichols has said, is the Spaniard of Columbus' time plus the Negro slave, the conquered Carib and the tropical sun. If he has inherited many of the vices of his ancestors, and few of their stronger virtues, he is certainly not without many of their gentler traits. Perhaps most of the vices of the Cubans to-day can be traced to the mistrust which for centuries was so faithfully cultivated by Spanish misrule. Cubans mistrust everybody, including the man who has had their best interest at heart and has done the most for them. Mr. Nichols says that no power on earth could ever make a Cuban patriot believe that Sagasta was actually led by disinterested motives when he proposed home rule for Cuba. The same writer thinks that

mistrust is at the bottom of all the strange contradictions and inconsistencies of the Cuban character. It is one reason why it is so difficult to get rich Cubans to contribute to the support of the starving. They are afraid that the funds will be misapplied, or stolen by the men who have the distributing of them. This universal want of confidence has naturally smothered the religious faith of the people and developed a nation of agnostics. A man is not likely to have faith in God if he has none in his fellowman.

The two great sins with which Cubans have been always charged are lying and laziness. Certainly a superficial acquaintance with the people tends to confirm the accusation, but the writer whom I have just quoted insists that a more intimate intercourse with the Cuban in the country where he is at his best will disprove it. "It is undoubtedly a fact that the truth is not told in all the beauty of exactness in Havana as it is in Anglo-Saxon communities; but the men who do the falsifying think that they are telling the absolute truth, and themselves believe every word of the wild statements they make. That is the strange part of it. Their mental vision is so distorted and their range so circumscribed that they see things as they would like to have them, not as they are. They jump at insane conclusions. Their imaginations and prejudices fill in gaps between trifles that make mountains and volcanoes out of molehills and deserts. As every man knows who has ever tried to gather facts from among them, there is hardly a Cuban living who can distinguish the line where rumor ends and fact begins. The result is, so far as the story is concerned, perhaps about the same as willful lying would be, but the motive behind it is very different."

At any rate, it cannot be charged that the Cuban lies from

a selfish motive, for everyone admits that he is generous to a fault. It is the most natural thing in the world for him to share his last piece of bread with any man who needs it, whoever he may be. "He does it as a matter of course, because he has yet to find one of his countrymen who would not do as much for him." It is the uniform testimony of travelers that one never sees a Cuban in the country, of any class, who would not offer a stranger something to eat, and who would not feel highly insulted if money was offered him in return.

Domestic life among the Cubans is said to be exceptionally happy. A Havana lawyer recently declared that no divorce laws were needed in Cuba, "for the men get along too well with their wives to ever make any legislation of that kind a necessity."

Spanish cruelty is one of the vices which the Cubans have not inherited. "It is the Gallejo teamsters from Spain," says Mr. Nichols, "who beat their little mules to death in the streets of Havana, not Cubans. A few years ago a Humane Society was started in Havana to stop the awful cruelty to dumb beasts. It failed because the Spaniards said that, inasmuch as its members were all Cubans, it must be some kind of conspiracy against the government."

The Cubans are also practically free from the sin of drunkenness.

Cuban women are popularly regarded as timid, undeveloped creatures, incapable of spirit or independence. Mary C. Frances, than whom perhaps there is no writer more familiar with Cuban life and character, declares that the women of Cuba are as heroic as the men, and that there are some names of women as widely known throughout the island to-day for their record of courage as is that of any military leader living or

dead. Francisco Sanchez Betancourt was one of the heroes of the ten years' war. When this war began Mrs. Sanchez Betancourt came to New York with her family of small children. "There were but few Cuban families here at that time," says Miss Frances in *True Stories of Heroic Lives*,* "and there was no Junta to provide funds for the support of the families of men fighting in Cuba as there was in the late war, so Mrs. Sanchez was obliged to depend upon her own resources. She placed the children in a charity school, and worked with her needle to support them, toiling far into the night in order that she might be able to pay for their modest maintenance rather than depend upon assistance, no matter how friendly.

"The home of the Sanchez has for generations been in Puerto Principe. Mrs. Sanchez and her family were living there in peace when the late war broke out, her husband having died in 1894, honored throughout Cuba. Her sons, educated in the United States, were among the first to go into the field, for the men of that family were always fighting for Cuba when there was any fighting to be done. In 1895 an American on his way to join General Gomez had commented on the patriotism of her family. Drawing herself up to her full height, she replied: 'I have five sons, whom God knows I love as much as a mother can. Four of them are now insurrectos, fighting for the independence of Cuba; the other is here with me, an invalid and a cripple, as you can see; but if Cuba needs him she may have him also.'

"Cuba did need him, and he became well and joined his brothers. All five fought through the entire war, and survived.

"In the spring of 1897 Mrs. Sanchez was arrested.

* New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Mrs. Sanchez had known that she was regarded with suspicion for the crime of being the mother of five insurrectos, and she was prepared. She immediately accompanied the officers without question. She was first confined for several weeks in the common jail of Puerto Principe, and was then ordered to be deported to Havana.

"This beautiful and aristocratic woman, accustomed to the refinements of wealth and the regard of adoring friends, was marched bareheaded and manacled and under a heavy guard through the streets of the city of Puerto Principe to the railroad station, where she was sent to Nuevitas, and thence by boat to Havana. Being a woman of wealth and social position, it was thought well to make an example of her, and she was treated with marked disrespect.

"At Havana, as in Puerto Principe, there was no charge, no trial, no hearing, no legal proceedings of any kind. She was hurried to the Recojidas, that infamous bastile for dissolute women, and thrown in with one hundred and twenty of the lowest and most degraded of her sex, nearly all of them being negresses. Here she met Evangelina Cisneros, who had then been a prisoner for over a year. They instantly assumed the relation of mother and daughter, and each strove to lighten the trials of the other. . . .

"I might relate many incidents illustrating the humiliations to which they were subjected. A few days after Mrs. Sanchez had been imprisoned she was talking in a low tone with Evangelina Cisneros, when a repulsive negress came up with a threatening air, and, holding out a strong, coarse cigar, shoved it almost in Miss Cisnero's mouth, saying: 'Smoke this, and stop putting on airs. You're no better than the rest of us. Smoke it, quick!'

"There was no alternative. Miss Cisneros smoked it. Had she not done so, other and worse indignities were in the power of the depraved creatures with whom they were thrown in contact. A thousand and one cruelties for women of a refined nature were thrust upon them, nor was it prudent to do otherwise than conciliate them, for an appeal to the prison guards brought only a laugh and a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders."

Miss Frances says that amid surroundings and under conditions like these Mrs. Sanchez remained in the Recojidas until the pressure brought to bear by Consul-General Lee secured her release, with the proviso that she leave the island at once.

"Arrived in New York, she immediately set about to aid the cause of independence for Cuba. Taking a valuable diamond necklace, an heirloom that had been in the Agramonte family for many years, she went to Mr. Benjamin Guerra, treasurer of the Cuban delegation, and said:

"'Mr. Guerra, at one time I intended this for my daughter's wedding gift when she should marry; but for a long while I have thought that some time it would have to be used as a ransom either for myself or some member of my family. Now I am safe in the United States, I wish you to take this necklace and turn it into money to use for the cause.'

"Mr. Guerra took the jewels she laid in his hand, then handing them back to her, he said: 'No, Mrs. Sanchez. You have given five sons to the cause of Cuba's independence, and that is quite enough. It may happen that none of them may be left to you by the time this war is over; and if so, these jewels would always stand between you and want. I will not accept them.'"

With such examples before them it is no wonder that the children grow up to be heroes beyond their years. One might fill a volume with the incidents of heroism in Cuban child-life which have come to light within the past decade.

"It was in June, 1895," says the writer whom I have just quoted, "when one day a boy rode into the camp of President Cisneros, and without delay asked to be conducted to the chief executive. The marquis, always accessible to anyone, had the lad sent to him immediately. As he entered and saluted it could be seen that he was a bright-eyed, manly little fellow, and in response to the request of the marquis to know what he could do for him he said:

"'Senor Marquis, the Spaniards have killed my father and all my family. There is no one left but me to fight. If you will give me a gun I will help to free Cuba.'

"The marquis looked at him carefully.

"'How old are you?'

"'Twelve, Senor Marquis.

"'Twelve years old, and talk of fighting the Spaniards! You do not know what you are saying. You are only a boy. Go home.'

"'I have no home, Senor Marquis. You might as well let me fight.'

"And he did. The spirit of the boy captured the heart of the marquis, and he ordered a light rifle from the United States especially for him, and permitted him to accompany the escort, with orders to his men to carefully protect him. The boy was a fine young fellow, and the marquis not long after sent him to New York to be educated."

Miss Frances also tells a thrilling story of a girl of twelve who rode twelve miles through rain and storm to take to Col.

Braulio Pena the word from General Gomez that he was needed at once to assist in the battle of Saratoga. "It was in 1896, and Castellanos, with some twenty-five hundred men, was on his way to Cascorro. General Gomez with a small escort was en route to meet General Garcia in Eastern Cuba, and he wished to get enough men together to stop Castellanos. A young lieutenant was ordered to ride at once to Col. Pena, about seventy miles away, and tell him to come without delay, bringing the four hundred men under his command, and join Gomez, the old general believing that with one thousand men he could stop the Spaniards. The lad—for he was only a boy in his teens—rode all day as hard and as fast as his horse would carry him, and just at dusk it was his misfortune to run into a company of Spaniards putting their horses out to grass. They fired on him and wounded him severely, but he managed to escape and rode nine miles to his house.

"Arrived there, although faint from fatigue and covered with blood, he insisted that he would stop for but a few moments for some refreshment, and while his mother and elder sister bound up his wounds and stanched the flow of blood, he ordered another horse to be saddled, saying:

"'I must go at once. General Gomez needs Col. Pena. Get my horse, quick!'

"'You must not go,' said the distracted mother.

"'I will,' replied the boy. 'There is no one else to go. Hurry; there is no time to be lost.'

"A half-witted Negro boy, a servant, ran out for the horse, and returned in a moment, saying: 'The horse is gone.'

"'My God, what shall I do?' cried the boy.

"At that very instant the sound of a horse's hoofs carefully stepping over the low fence-rails was heard, and as he

cleared the last one he suddenly flashed by them like a shot and away into the gloom of the Cuban twilight. As horse and rider vanished in the gathering darkness they recognized Conchita, the younger sister. The child had hovered around her brother from the moment he had entered the house, and had gathered the import of the message, and then, without saying a word to any one, she had quietly slipped out and saddled the horse and started for Col. Pena's camp, twelve miles distant. A storm was rising, and the mother and sister called frantically to her to stop, but the girl gave no reply. She dashed out and was off before any one even dreamed of her intention. It was impossible to send any one to bring her back, and the mother said: 'It is for Cuba,' and turned her attention again to her wounded son.

"On like the wind sped the child through the darkness. She knew the road, and the animal was fresh. She put the spurs to him and rode as riding for life or death. In a few moments the tropical storm that had been gathering broke, and in the terrific downpour she was drenched, beaten down in her saddle by the rain and gusts of wind, blinded by the sheets of water that dashed into her face. Her hair hung in soaked masses about her shoulders, rivulets of water trickled from every point; but not for one instant did she falter or think of turning back. Fortunately the horse she rode was a fine animal, and he covered the distance in record-breaking time. She reached the camp; and just as Pena was about to turn in for the night a slender little figure, soaked, drenched, panting, slipped from her horse almost into his hammock, and said: 'Please, Colonel Pena, General Gomez wants you and your men at Saratoga.'

"After the startled colonel had assured himself that this apparition was a real live girl and not a wraith born of the

storm, he ordered out his men. Unfortunately, all but an escort of thirty men had been sent into the Holguin district; but Pena took this small number and started immediately for the scene of action. The courage of this young heroine had won his heart, and, taking the half-drowned little figure in his arms, he gathered up his blanket out of his hammock, wrapped her closely in it, and setting her before him on his own saddle, carried her thus all the way back to her home.

"The storm had ended and the stars were shining brightly in an unclouded sky when the colonel rode up about midnight to the humble palm hut, tenderly supporting the child in his strong arms. With simple and unconscious eloquence she had told her unvarnished tale, and then, warm and dry and safe, she had fallen asleep, and was deep in the land of dreams before the clatter of hoofs on the midnight air aroused the family. The gallant colonel's eyes were wet as he lifted her down.

"'Senora,' he said, 'both your son and your daughter are worthy of Cuba.' Then, saluting, he rode away to battle, although he had but thirty men instead of four hundred; and it was at the ensuing battle of Saratoga that he won from Gomez the title of 'The Fighting Colonel of Camaguey.'

"This tale I heard under the velvety stars of a tropic night in Cuba told by one who was himself in the battle." *

*True Stories of Heroic Lives. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

XXXVIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS SWISS.

THERE are really no such people as the Swiss in a strict ethnological sense, Switzerland being, like Austria, only a political expression. Indeed, until about five hundred years ago not a germ of modern Switzerland had appeared on the map of Europe, nor did the confederacy become an independent power until the seventeenth century. Though the word "Swiss" has been for ages in common use, the idea that there has always been a country of Switzerland as there has always been a country of Italy or Germany is only a popular delusion. As Mr. Freeman has pointed out, it is no less erroneous to imagine "that the Swiss of the original cantons are the lineal descendants of the Helvetii." The inhabitants of Switzerland are really the overflow population of all the nations around, though they have dwelt apart from the rest of the world long enough to develop some distinctive traits.

The Swiss are noted for their neatness. "Crossing from the French side into Canton Vaud," says a writer whose name has escaped me, "is like stepping from a disorderly kitchen into a dainty parlor. The first habitation on the Swiss side of the border is a neat cottage with shutters painted in the Vaudois colors—green and white—and as you may see through the open doors and transparent windows, is as clean inside as it is irreproachable outside." The writer says that he pointed out the difference to his companion, an intelligent native.

"Yes," he said, "the French are nasty." It is not so much because they are poor, the Swiss thought, for all the people on both sides of the border are industrious farmers or pill-box makers or both, and fairly well-to-do; "but it is because the Vaudois are so much better instructed than the French." Perhaps this explanation is the true one. One never finds a Vaudois who cannot sign his name, and one seldom finds a French peasant who can.

The Swiss are all hard workers, and their houses are veritable bee-hives. Nearly all the manufacturing in Switzerland is done at home. The Swiss laborer stands high, and holds himself quite as high as he stands. He insists on being treated with deference by the master whom he serves, and will not tolerate in him an air of affected superiority or of haughty scorn. The people generally are religious, honest, faithful to their word, moral in daily conduct, good-humored, and have withal a very delicate sense of humor. In many parts of the country there is practically no poverty. When one grows too old to work he is maintained at public expense, and he is not looked down upon on that account. On the contrary, he is regarded as a member of a benefit society with accumulated funds, and not as a pauper for the support of whom his more fortunate neighbors have to pay an unwilling tax. When the poor fund is insufficient the deficiency is made good out of the ordinary revenue of the commune. At all events, the unfortunate are adequately provided for, and the orphans are educated and taught a trade.

The watchmakers, who have made Switzerland famous, are perhaps the best workers in the world. They are remarkably skillful, and perhaps no other people are so well equipped by nature for the most delicate work. The peasant farmers are

generally better off than their French neighbors. As I have already intimated, they have something of an education, and there is a degree of refinement among them.

MUSHROOM GATHERERS. (489)

HEYDEY OF SUMMER.

From the painting by W. Riefsthal.

A WEDDING PROCESSION IN THE BAVARIAN TYROL.

XXXIX.

THE SOUTHERN SLAVS.

The Slavs, who form eighty millions of the population of Europe, constitute that great body of the Aryan stock which found its way at an early period from Asia to Eastern Europe and intermarried with the aborigines of the country, and at a subsequent date was blended with the various Tartans and other Asiatic tribes who followed in their wake. The present position of the Southern Slavs is due to the emperor Heraclius, in his eagerness for their alliance and assistance giving them Dalmatia in which to settle. The modern Slavs are described as of a rather swarthy complexion, with small, deep-set eyes, and a nose inclined to "snub," dark hair and heavy beard. They are not of a high grade intellectually, but as a rule they are industrious, and they are endowed with a capacity for obeying, which, as has been said, has made them among the best soldiers of Austria and Russia.

The Serbs of Servia are among the most interesting of the Slavonic people who have been recovered from Turkish domination. Many of the customs of these people are identical with those of the Russians. An inferior kisses the hand of his superior, though of late the custom of hand-shaking has been introduced, and it is said that if you visit a Serb cottager the host will shake hands with you while the eldest daughter will wash your feet. A Serb treats his servant as he would his

own children, and when he starts on a journey he blesses them, while they kiss his hand and wish him a happy return.

The ambition for an education is widespread among the youth of the race. Poor students are glad to perform any kind of menial service while attending the higher schools.

The peasants of Servia are emphatically pious, and their domestic life is pure. Indeed, morality among them is much higher than in the neighboring countries. No sacrifice is too great for them in the performance of their religious duties, and all the stated fasts of their church are faithfully observed. Every family has its patron saint. "These saints, as treated in Servia, are in reality a direct survival from pagan times. The early Christian missionaries, finding it impossible to win their converts from their ancient gods, persuaded them to exchange them for saints, who were duly installed after the fashion of the idols which they displaced."

The Servians are a very conservative people, and therefore, although given to hospitality, they require a stranger to be well introduced before receiving him with open arms.

The Slavs of Bulgaria are known in history mainly for their fighting propensities. In modern times, however, they have lost much of their warlike spirit, having grown weak under misfortune and the iron rule of the Turk, though they have not yet entirely lost their ancient valor and ambition. They have always shown themselves capable of great things as a race, and under the free institutions which they at present enjoy they are advancing at an encouraging rate. Education is becoming more general, and the people are being gradually emancipated from the slavish ideas which for ages have governed the nation.

In character the Bulgarian "steers a middle course be-

tween the fiery excitement of the Greek and the uproariousness of the Armenian." He is quiet, but always determined, and generally sticks to a point until he gains his purpose. The everyday life of the Bulgarian does not differ widely from that of the Greek, except in the greater ascendency which Bulgarian women have over Greek women. The Bulgarian wife works as hard as her husband, and contributes quite as much to the family funds, and keeps herself as well as her home attractive. Her husband, though intemperate on feast days, is for the remainder of the year, as a rule, sober and well behaved. The charge of intemperance that has been brought against Bulgarian women is said to be wholly without foundation.

While the Bulgarians are by no means an intellectual race, they nevertheless insist on doing their own thinking as far as they are able. They practice the happy art of settling their own differences quietly among themselves without calling in the aid of the authorities. In brief, they are a peace-loving, hard-working people, "possessing many domestic virtues which, if properly developed under a good government, might make the strength of an honest and promising state."

The Montenegrins are the most picturesque and probably the best specimens of peasantry that can be seen anywhere in Europe. After a long and fierce struggle with the Turks, they have now attained independence and are beginning life anew with little culture and no wealth. Altogether they number about 250,000, most of whom are scattered widely over their little territory, and are engaged for the most part in pastoral and agricultural pursuits. Years of ceaseless fighting have made the Montenegrin a brave "though a somewhat turbulent individual," and though, as some one has said, the skulls of the Turks which once upon a time were the picturesque

decorations of the capital, have been removed, the Montenegrin is quite capable, if occasion should offer, to replace these national monuments. Every Montenegrin is a soldier ready at an hour's notice to take the field and always ready for war as a pastime. He enters a fight with zest and pursues it to the bitter end. The story is told that during their latest difficulty with the Turks an old man of eighty years drew a pistol and killed himself because the prince refused to allow him to march with the troops.

Everything is primitive among these picturesque people. The position of woman is not high, though it cannot be said that she is maltreated. Like the women of Bulgaria, they are always equal to great occasions, and rise to marvelous courage when danger threatens. They are capable of a patriotic zeal that amounts to ferocity, and often excel their husbands in the spirit which they display in time of war. Fond as he is of a fight, the Montenegrin is not, as has been claimed, a savage in his customs. On the contrary, he is remarkable for his humanity, and is particularly merciful to the lower animals. It is true that he was until lately in the habit of mutilating his prisoners, but this was only the remains of an ancient custom, which, horrible as it seems to Europeans, was quite natural in the country from which he came.

Mr. E. A. Steiner, in an account of a recent visit made to the court of the Prince of Montenegro, says that with all the admirable qualities of the Montenegrin he is a very tyrannical husband. Yet, strange to say, he is not without the spirit of chivalry. The prince told Mr. Steiner that a Montenegrin woman can always ask any man she meets to be her protector, and that in no case does she have any reason to regret her choice. They have some very ungallant proverbs, such as:

"He who does not beat his wife is no man," and "Twice in his life is a man happy: once when he marries and once when he buries his wife," but, like some of our own, they belong more to the realm of humor than to reality.

"As far as our homes are concerned," said the prince, "they have one thing in which they are superior to those of the Anglo-Saxon people: hospitality is a law with us. We protect our enemies as soon as they enter our doors, and not even my power could compel one of my subjects to surrender his guest to me. Our proverb says: 'As long as he is in my home he is like myself.' You know we were once homeless in these mountains, and no stranger, whomsoever he be, would be turned from the door of my poorest subject. It has happened not seldom that wounded Turks were harbored in some of the homes of my people, and were assisted to escape as soon as they were able to walk."

Mr. Steiner describes the prince as a tall, well-built man, with a face indicating robust health and telling a story of hardships in the battlefield. "His eyes are penetrating and their light magnetic. He draws one to homage—I should say even to love. His subjects adore him, kiss the hem of his garment, and I can say it is no empty form with them. He knows the affairs of every tribe. He is chief justice, the head of the church and the head of the army. On occasions like these he passes among the crowds, greeting the veterans, listening to their complaints, and cheering his subjects, who at this time were particularly downcast, for there had been no war for years, and the drouth had played havoc with their crops."

The same writer says that he was permitted to enter the large garden where the different tribes were gathered to be reviewed by their ruler, where he witnessed a very touching

scene. The people stood about the prince in a semicircle "like giant trees of the forest untainted by vice or disease, untouched by culture." Although 30,000 of them passed in review before him, including many an old comrade of the battlefield, for each of them he had a friendly look. He walked among them both as a king and brother, and they kissed the border of his garment as he passed. "No doubt each of them," said Mr. Steiner, "would have been ready to give his life for his prince." While one of the tribes was in review, and he was passing from one man to another, receiving the usual salutations, he came to an old warrior, who stood meekly in his place waiting for an opportunity to greet him in the usual way. But the prince raised him up and kissed him on the cheek, saying, "Bratje, it is for me to salute thee, for thou hast saved my life," and the old man thus honored wept for joy.

AT THE GATE OF THE CORFU (IONIAN ISLANDS).

XL.

THE GREEK AT HIS BEST.

The Greeks have long been peculiarly unfortunate in the class of people who have done the advertising for the nation. It is well known that the riff-raff of the Levant are Greeks, and the average Hellene who wanders away from his native land is apt to be more intent on making enough money to go back than on carrying back with him a character which would be a credit to himself and his country. There is a cleverness too about the Greeks which often gains for them a not very flattering reputation, as cleverness often does when allowed to run loose. The Greeks the world over bear the reputation of being much too sharp at a bargain, and are credited with a cunning which falls little short of duplicity. In France an unscrupulous rogue is usually known as "un Grec."

There is something to be said, however, for the Greeks abroad. That they are often too cunning cannot be denied; but for ages they have been compelled to fight a hard battle with fortune; and an age-long battle of this sort almost invariably results in duplicity. For centuries they have been so far in the minority to the people with whom they have had to treat that it has required all of their superior acuteness to hold their own and escape the oppression of the conqueror. It was only natural that their acuteness should degenerate to chicanery. Moreover, they were always trying their wit, not against Europeans, but against Orientals, who regard cunning

as a mark of superior ability, and who never hesitate to cheat the man who may be governed by the higher motives which rule among people of the West. "A slave, the Greek had for centuries only the consolation of making money, or of gaining a place by which he could make more. Hence he became what he is so unfortunately well known often to be, and the *finesse* of which he is so proud has become a sort of hereditary trickery, which compels people not quite so keen to exercise extreme caution before trying mercantile conclusions with this singularly wideawake people."

It should also be remembered that this trait is not peculiar to the Greeks, and that a certain amount of astuteness and tact are regarded as necessary to one's very existence anywhere in the Turkish empire.

The best and purest specimens of the race are to be found in the Greek islands, where the higher class are certainly not more cunning than any other order of Mediterranean trading people. In their native land the Greeks are active and energetic, and in many respects resemble their ancestors. "A Greek of our day is as fond of disputation as the Greek of the period of Plato, and the subjects of King George, in their eager search after some new thing, might fittingly stand for the portraits of those whom Paul of Tarsus reproved for their fickleness." Notwithstanding their remarkable mental activity, however, they are not apt to run into extremes. "The tact which in so many of the Greeks degenerates into low cunning in its better form lends courteousness to their manners, so that life to the good-natured stranger is more agreeable in Greece than in almost any other country of the Mediterranean shores." They are of a cheerful disposition, and rarely fall into melancholy. Hence suicide is almost unknown among them. In

their daily life they are moral above many of their neighbors, being particularly moderate in eating and drinking.

One may spend months and even years in Athens without seeing an intoxicated man. Indeed, Athenians say that a drunken man is never seen among them. We are reminded of the customs of the ancient Greeks, who taught their sons to avoid excess in the use of wine by pointing out to them their drunken slaves that they might see what brutes wine made of men.

The Greek is remarkable for his desire to learn. Education with him is a passion. There is no sacrifice which a Greek boy will not gladly make in order to acquire knowledge. This has gone so far that the land is filled with professional men, while there are too few farmers to till the soil. During the revolution of 1863 students, liable to serve as soldiers, could always be found attending lectures at the universities, many of them gun in hand, ready the moment their studies ended to resume their places in the ranks. Often chambermaids and other servants of the household spend their leisure hours in self-instruction. "It chances if a physician engages a Greek lad to brush his boots he will seize every opportunity to peruse his master's medical books, or to con his Latin grammar, in order when the time comes to be able to advance a step in that upward direction toward which his eyes are ever wandering." This ambition to rise is always accompanied by a degree of self-confidence, which makes the young Greek fluent and clear-headed, and always able to tell his story; though, as one writer intimates, it may be trusted that the version will be adapted to the cause in which he has a part.

That he is patriotic is shown by the zeal which he has displayed in fighting for his independence, and the readiness with which he has often taken up arms in defense of what he believed to be the best interest of his country.

The Albanians, who are closely related to the modern Greeks, are supposed by many to be of a purer race than the Greeks proper. They have lofty, broad brows, and small, delicately moulded features, with a classic cast of countenance. The women are regarded as the most beautiful in Southeastern Europe, and the children are almost invariably charming, with large, solemn eyes and "splendid mouths, slightly turned down at the sides, which gives them a singularly sweet and thoughtful expression." The manners of the Albanians are remarkably polite, and they have a tact and a delicacy of perception not to be found among other half-savage mountaineers. It is said that although they are cruel enemies and have little regard for human life, they are staunch friends, truthful, virtuous, hospitable and companionable. Very few Albanian women have any education, but they are strict observers of etiquette and are very proud of their ancestry.

Mrs. Blunt, who lived some years among the Albanians, says that they have the rough vices, and often the unthinking virtues of semi-savage races. If cruel, at least civilization has not yet taught them its general lesson, "that honor and chivalry are impractical relics of Middle Age superstition quite unworthy of the businesslike man of to-day whose eyes are fixed on the main chance."

The Albanian, too, can plunder, but he does it "gun in hand, and openly on the highway; not behind a desk or on 'Change. His faults are the faults of an untrained violent nature: they are never mean. His virtues are those of forgotten days, and are not intended to pay. He is more often abused than praised, but it is mostly for want of knowledge; for his vices are on the surface, while his sterling good qualities are seen only by those who know him well and know how to treat him."

XLI.

THE HOME-LOVING GERMAN.

Tacitus describes the Germans of his day as a fair-haired people who slept under the stars, and were so numerous that they could bear up the sky on their spear points. The description, so far as it relates to numbers, holds good of the Germans to-day; but they no longer sleep under the stars, nor are they, since the inflow of Celtic and Slavonic blood, altogether a fair-haired people.

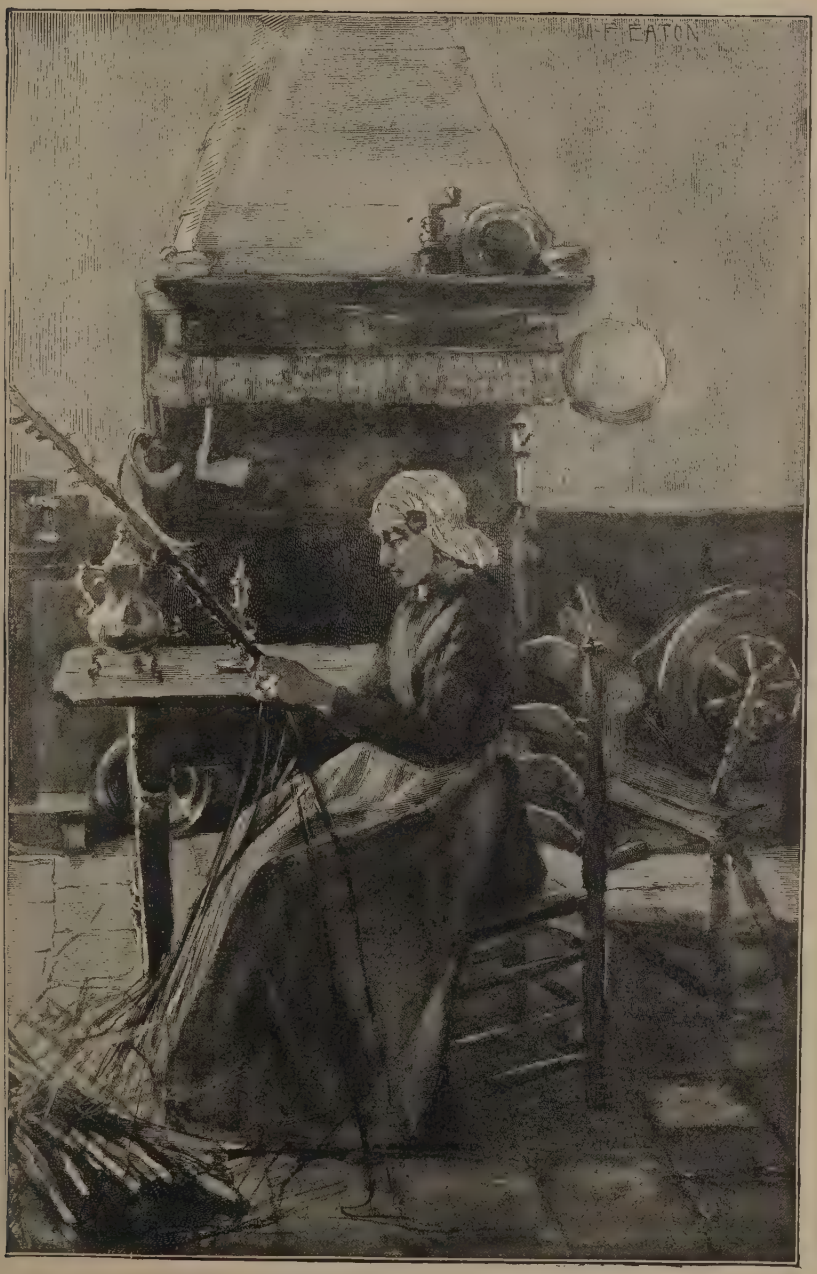
The popular idea of the German is that he is a phlegmatic, lumpish, unexcitable sort of individual, with prodigious staying powers, and little momentum. As a matter of fact, if the German is somewhat lumpish he is not altogether unexcitable, and while he has great staying powers he has also shown himself to possess a ponderous energy.

It is often said that the German is vain and loves to have incense burned before him. This little infirmity, which, by the way, has been greatly exaggerated, serves to hide many noble qualities from the eyes of the world, which is never disposed to look very deep when vanity lies on the surface. Unquestionably the proneness of the German student to hold in contempt every man whose acquirements in any particular subject do not equal his own has been seriously in the way of a just estimate of German character. Then, too, one cannot learn the German at a distance. As Dr. Field has said, one may travel from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and see all the palaces

and museums and picture galleries, and yet be wholly ignorant of the people. "But if he has the good fortune to know a single German family of the better class into which he may be received, not as a stranger, but as a guest and a friend—where he can see the interior of the German home, and mark the strong affection of parents and children, of brothers and sisters —he will get a better idea of the real character of the people than by months of living in hotels."

With this last sentence fresh in the mind, one is prepared for the statement that the characteristic virtue of the German people is family affection. Not army discipline but domestic love is the bulwark of the German nation. The German in the bosom of his family has long been a recognized symbol of earthly happiness. Certainly no other people are more beautiful in their home life. The German women are said to be the best of housewives, though it is claimed that they are regarded too much in this light. They are, as a rule, well educated, but they do not have the privileges which are claimed by the "new woman" of America, nor are they disturbed on the subject of the "rights" which are withheld from them. It has been charged that the wife of the middle class is a household drudge; but, as has been said, it would be difficult to marry and live without drudgery on such incomes as are common. Among the middle class of the Germans the position of the housewife is easily mistaken by the foreigner. When a German woman pays attentions to the guest, such as are usually left in America to one's servant, it does not mean that she is a slave. It is, on the contrary, only a bit of high-bred courtesy. Few families in Germany are rich, and in the majority of homes such attentions must be given by the housewife or not given at all.

A CIVIL MARRIAGE (ALSACE).



A FRISIAN MAT PLAITER.

The rudeness of manners for which the Germans have been so severely criticised, and which has been greatly exaggerated, may be easily accounted for by the separation of the sexes in social life. Young men in Germany associate very little with young women, and they have few amusements or interests in common. It is this, and not moral looseness, which accounts for the unrefined expressions which it is claimed are too commonly used by both sexes in the fatherland. Indeed, it is said that the morals of the German people are now rather better than in most parts of Europe. Everywhere the marriage tie is sacred. If betrothal is not always followed by wedlock it is because the German is accustomed to being controlled in almost every action of life, and is not always allowed to exercise his own free will, even in this respect. A military officer, for instance, before taking a wife must satisfy the authorities that in case he dies his widow will have sufficient means to live as becomes a lady of her position.

The Germans are noted for warmth of heart. As some one has said, their marvelous digestive powers have their result in great kindliness and good nature. They are a good-humored people, and, all reports of their rudeness of manners to the contrary notwithstanding, they are essentially polite. "Across three thousand miles of sea, and I know not how many miles of land," writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "I touch my hat at this moment to the landlord of the snuffy little hostelry at Wittenburg, who waked me at midnight to excuse himself for not having waited on us in person when we arrived by the ten o'clock train. He had had a card-party—The Herr Prof. Something-splatz and a few friends—in the coffee room, and really, etc., etc. He couldn't sleep and didn't let me sleep until he had made his excuse, which was down-

right charming in you, my host of the Golden Adler. I thank you for it, and I'd thank you not to do it again."

An attractive feature in the German character is a deep love of nature. "The German people need the forest," says Riehl, "as a man needs wine." They love the country, and during the summer most of the day is spent out of doors. All families in comfortable circumstances have a garden a little out of town, and there ensconced in a bower erected under trees on an artificial mound, perhaps high enough to enable them to overlook the road, the ladies of the family will sit the livelong day working at their feminine occupations, or else harmlessly indulging in that gossip which flows so freely when a number of German women meet in a "coffee party."

Next to their private resorts the public garden is the place where the German appears in least disguise and in his natural character. Here he reveals his love for music, which amounts to a passion. Luther spoke the mind of the whole German people when he declared that a man was a fool, a dull, heavy dolt, whose blood was not stirred by martial airs or softer melodies.

The conservatism of the national character is remarkably strong. Whatever else the German may be, wherever he goes he is always a German. He never leaves behind his national traits. Everywhere he shows his ponderous energy; everywhere his home is a pattern for his neighbors; everywhere he is thorough in all things, and always frugal.

The distressing stories which were published anent the loss of the Elbe at sea a few years ago filled the popular mind with the idea that the Germans are without the spirit of sacrifice, and that they are too selfish to be heroic. Yet at the very time these stories were going the rounds of the press a thrilling incident of German heroism at sea passed unnoticed.

GERMAN PEASANTS (AUSTRIA).
(511)

A fishing village was awakened one morning by a gun-shot off the coast. Hastening to the beach, the people saw a ship wrecked on a reef a mile away. The crew were in the rigging. A lifeboat was run out, but Harro, the leader of the crew, was absent.

"Eight men, however, rowed out to the wreck. The crew were got into the lifeboat, with the exception of one who was lashed high upon a mast. He was half frozen, and as the storm was increasing and the lifeboat overloaded, it was decided that he could not be taken off. When the lifeboat returned to the shore Harro had arrived. He asked if every one had been saved, and was told that one remained.

"'I will fetch him,' said Harro. 'Will you go with me?'

"The men refused, saying that it was impossible.

"'Then I will go alone,' cried Harro, and sprang into the lifeboat. At this moment his mother came running down, and begged him not to venture out, reminding him that both his father and brother, Uwe, had been drowned. Uwe was his youngest brother, and as he had not been heard from for years he was supposed to be dead.

"'For love of me,' Harro's mother begged, 'don't go!'

"'But the man on the mast!' exclaimed Harro. 'Are you sure he has no mother to mourn his death?'

"Harro's mother said no more, and her son and four other men set out for the wreck, which was not quite under water. The waves were so furious that it was difficult to approach. At last the lifeboat reached it, and Harro climbed the mast and fetched the half-frozen man down. He was laid in the bottom of the lifeboat, and Harro bent over him and remained so until the boat was so near shore that his voice could be heard. Then he waved his cap and shouted:

"'Tell my mother we have saved Uwe!'"

XLII.

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

Voltaire once said that if he could have chosen his birthplace he would have chosen England. Max O'Rell, the brilliant French writer, after mercilessly, if somewhat facetiously, berating John Bull and his island through a whole volume, grows sober at the end and magnanimously adopts Voltaire's sentiment. It is the usual way. When we want to be facetious or sarcastic the Englishman furnishes us with abundant material; but when we cease our fun-making and draw toward a sober conclusion we never fail to be impressed by his solid worth.

"Like Americans," says Dr. Talmage, "the English have been much lied about." And they have been much lied about for the reason that we are disposed to judge them, as the world is disposed to judge Americans, by the occasional adventurer who happens to be loud enough to force himself upon our attention.

Richard Harding Davis says that if the English judged us by the chance American, and we judged them by the average English adventurer, we would go to war again for some reason or other at once. But this is what most of us are really doing. We judge the English by the Englishmen who make themselves offensively conspicuous. As Mr. Davis says, we forget that the gentleman, whether he comes from New York or London or Athens, is not conspicuous, but passes by unheard

like the angels we entertain unawares, and that where a gentleman is concerned there can be no international differences.

As Americans we insist that our women should be judged by the intelligent and womanly women whom one meets, not by those who scratch their names over cathedrals when they go abroad, "nor by the young women who race through the halls of the Victoria Hotel." Certainly we should grant to our English cousins as much as we demand for ourselves.

Many Americans think of the Englishman as a gouty, grouty, gruff, grumbling individual, who finds his motives for living in the delights of being an Englishman, of being impolite, selfish, discourteous, and where there are toes to be tread upon unspeakably cruel. A more moderate view is that he is a staid, immobile creature, "slow in action, mental and physical, sluggish, stolid, and with a dislike of movement which is composed in equal parts of *vis inertiæ* and local attachment." Concerning this latter opinion Grant White says that there was never a notion more incorrect, or set up more directly in the face of commonly known facts.

Concerning the former Dr. Talmage says that he has never found what Americans call a "grouty Englishman," and he insists that the English people are warm-hearted and genial to the last degree. "Their homes, their carriages, their hearts are all wide open." He thinks that the Englishman is better natured than the American, and gives as a reason the fact that his digestion is better. "If a man has to wrestle with a lamb-chop three hours after swallowing it his good humor is exhausted. The contest in his body leaves him no strength for a battle with the world." Dr. Talmage is as much impressed with the way in which the Englishman overcomes the horrible weather to which he is accustomed, and asks that "if

in this shadowy weather he can be so genial I would like to know how they are in the usual summer brightness."

The same writer also insists that it is a delusion that Englishmen delight to grumble. "As near as I can judge, each community appoints some one to do the grumbling for it, and he becomes the champion grumbler."

Grace Greenwood, writing out of her own experience in England, says that "hospitality more generous and cordial, kindness more constant and considerate, it were quite impossible to conceive. Tenderly do they deal with the stranger's heart, most sweetly do they strive to console it for the loss of home joys and deep, dear affections left behind."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich says that every American who has passed a week in rural England must have carried away, even if he did not bring with him, "a fondness for our former possessions."

Grant White admits that incivility is not uncommon in England, and says that Englishmen themselves will hardly deny that many of them are arrogant, insolent and overbearing. "And yet," he adds, "as I write this I am almost ashamed to do so, remembering what I can never forget, and should grieve and shame to forget, the kindness, the gentleness, the sweetness of nature, the almost tender thoughtfulness for others, that I have seen in so many Englishmen not only in England, but here before I have met them on their native soil." Elsewhere he says: "Those who have gone with me thus far will not be surprised at my saying that I found the manners of English folk in most respects pleasing and admirable. And by manners I mean not merely the attitude and the action and the speech which appear upon the surface of social intercourse, but the motive feeling which underlies this surface, and which influ-

ences the actual conduct, as well as the bearing of man toward man. Moreover, the distinction between manners and manner must be constantly kept in mind." *

Referring to the remark often heard that English manners lack both warmth and grace, Mr. White says that as a people they have no manner. "I would not say, as Malvolio says of Viola in her page's dress, that their manner is a very ill manner. There is simply the absence of pleasing outward demonstration, a reserve so absolute and yet so unconscious (unconscious, perhaps, through long habit and continued practice) that it is very like indifference. But even to this judgment there must be made many exceptions—exceptions so numerous that sometimes it seems as if, like the exceptions to the conjugation of French verbs, they almost invalidate the rule. Certainly, I have never seen, nor could I desire to see, more show of heartiness and warmth than I have met in Englishmen."

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on "The Foreigner at Home," speaking of the trials of a Scotchman when he first visits England, says: "A Scotchman is vain, interested in himself and others, eager for sympathy, setting forth his thoughts and experience in the best light. The egotism of the Englishman is self-contained. He does not seek to proselytize. He takes no interest in Scotland or the Scotch, and, what is the unkindest cut of all, he does not care to justify his indifference." On this Richard Harding Davis comments: "If the Scotchman, who certainly seems reserved enough in our eyes, is chilled by the Englishman's manner, it is evident how much more the American must suffer before he learns that there is

* England, Without and Within, by Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

something better to come, and that the Englishman's manner is his own misfortune, and not his international fault. The Englishman says to this, when you know him well enough to complain, that we are too 'sensitive,' and that we are too quick to take offence. It never occurs to him that it may be that he is too brusque. If you say, on mounting a coach, 'I am afraid I am one too many, I fear I am crowding you all,' you can count upon their all answering with perfect cheerfulness, 'Yes, you are; but we didn't know you were coming, and there is no help for it.' It never occurs to him that it is not perhaps the best way of putting it. After a bit you find out that they do not mean to be rude, but you learn to be rude yourself, and then you get on famously."

Much of the Englishman's apparent gruffness is the natural result of his honest hatred of social shamming. There is nothing the Englishman so heartily loves as sincerity, and nothing he so heartily despises as anything that in his eyes approaches hypocrisy. Even when he turns away abruptly from our courtesies, it is with disgust at what he imagines is pure shamming. As some one has said, Englishmen adulterate their goods, but not their conduct; and he will not brook anything in others that looks like adulteration of manner. The shamming must be very good to make an impression at all or to escape severe rebuke.

Mr. White tells of a lord, the wealthiest of country magnates, who was openly snubbed by his humble neighbors when he took upon himself the gracious airs of a lord of the soil, and was given to understand that, with all his money and his newly acquired acres, he was only a rich Londoner. "Even Mr. Disraeli could not use big words in talking to his rural

neighbors without being girded at by all the scoffers of the opposition."

Again, much of the selfishness which we are disposed to set down to the discredit of the Englishman is only the exhibition of the self-assertion which pervades the Englishman, and which Mr. White says is admirable and much to be desired. This egoism, which leads him to maintain his personal rights of whatever kind, is absolutely beyond reach of all wealth, power or rank. "This absoluteness," says Mr. White. "is a genuine outcome of the English character. It exists nowhere else." The same writer defines England as a land where every man has rights which every man must respect. "He may incur the danger of disregarding them if he chooses to do so; but in that case the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that, whatever his rank or his influence, he will suffer for it, even if he accomplish his purpose; and even that he will not do without a fight. The rights are not the same rights, and those who would rather have identity of rights with the constant risk of having them disregarded with impunity by "the public," or by rich corporations, or even by an assuming individual who takes on the form of a corporation—perhaps physically as well as financially—will probably prefer some other country."

The world has long found delight in accusing England of selfishness in her policy, but Max O'Rell, strange as it may seem, finds no fault with her in this particular. "Is not patriotism the most manifest and excusable form of selfishness?" he asks. "Is it selfishness to think one's children handsomer and more intelligent than those of other people? Is it selfishness to accept a good situation, rather than refuse it and offer it, like a good Christian, to one's neighbor? Show

me a country that opens its doors more hospitably and generously to the foreigner. Show me another country where he meets with so much attention and respect. All that is required of him is that he shall respect the law; and, short of being able to sit in Parliament, he enjoys all the privileges of a born Englishman."

Americans who have long been accustomed to the phrase "wife-beating Englishman" will hardly be prepared to hear that the English are remarkable for their beautiful home life. Grant White, whom I have so often quoted in this chapter, says that while there is nothing more sad and gloomy than out-of-door life in a large English town, there is nothing more charming than the interior of a well kept English home. It is a paradise of study and comfort and well-understood luxury. Washington Irving was struck with this, and said that what most delighted him was the creative talent with which the English decorated the unostentatious abodes of middle life. "The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land in the hands of Englishmen of taste becomes a little paradise." Irving adds that "the charm, however, of English scenery, is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence."

The English above all other people—and I may hardly except the Americans—understand the meaning of comfort. "With what ingenious forethought," says a writer, "are the smallest needs anticipated, what care and study are expended upon every convenience of life!" The everyday intercourse of families in such an atmosphere of comfort is, as one might

expect, hearty and warm, though an American would not regard it as by any means effusive. They have some very beautiful customs. Ordinarily all the family, including the guests, shake hands on parting for the night and again on meeting in the morning. Mr. White was charmed to see two middle-aged men who lived in the same house meet in the breakfast-room, and shaking hands very warmly say: "Good-morning, brother." And all this among a people whose coldness we are never allowed to forget.

A large part of the comfort in the English home is due to the devotion of English women to their families, and particularly to their children. Travelers grow enthusiastic over the thoughtful consideration of English women in the home, and Mr. White says that he believes they are the best, the most "self-sacrificing daughters, wives and mothers in the world, except the good daughters and wives and mothers in America; and even them I believe they generally surpass in submissiveness and thoughtful consideration." He thinks this is the result of the general subordination which pervades English society. "In the manner of Englishmen toward women there is neither the effusiveness of the Frenchman nor the sad and voiceless slavery of the American; little bowing and flourishing, and not much flattery, but with a silent assertion of masculine mastery and no readiness to yield everything to a woman's caprice or convenience merely because she is a woman, there is an exhaustless fund of tenderness and a never-dying flame of chivalry among these wife-beating men. The Englishman's bearing toward women is the Yankee's, wholesomely corrected by a tempering of common sense and not unreasonable selfishness."

Frances Power Cobbe tells in the *Contemporary Review* a characteristic story illustrative of this point: how she once asked

an elderly French gentleman to give some attention to a charming young lady who was going on the same train with him from London to Paris, and how he was too happy to place himself at her service, and how he made himself very agreeable on the route, but how, when on their arrival at Boulogne there was serious difficulty about the lady's luggage, the Frenchman, rather than lose the train to Paris, expressed his regrets and was whirled off, leaving his young charge to get out of her trouble as best she could. "The result," says Miss Cobbe, "might have been annoying had not a homely Englishman stranger stepped in and proffered his aid, and, having recovered the missing property, lifted his hat and escaped from the lady's expressions of gratitude. In this little anecdote," Miss Cobbe goes on to say, "lies a compendium of the experience of hundreds of ladies on their travels. The genuine and self-sacrificing kindness of English and American gentlemen toward women affords almost a ludicrous contrast to the florid politeness compatible with every degree of selfishness usually exhibited by men of other nations."

The English woman is rarely a coquette, and is not remarkable for social tact. She is chiefly the sensible companion and helper of her father, brother, husband or lover, over whose interests she watches without weariness. She is not a society woman after the American notion. Indeed, in England society is in the hands of the men, who give it its tone, while women are called in to furnish its grace and ornament. The "queen" of society is usually a man. The English woman looks up to him and finds her pleasure in pleasing him. As Mr. White has said, no matter how clever or brilliant she may be, she does not seek to make herself an idol, unless indeed she chooses to set propriety at naught and brave an accusation of bad form. "A woman's eye in England never looks straight and steady into

your eyes, saying I am quite able to take care of my own person and interests and reputation. Don't trouble yourself about me in those respects. Meantime, sir, I am taking your measure." There is always a mute appeal from her womanhood to your manhood. This charm belongs to the English woman of all ranks, and beautifies everything that she does, even if she does it awkwardly, which is not always. She shows it if she is a great lady and welcomes you, or if she is a housemaid and serves you."

The same writer is charmed with the manners of the English business woman, and says that they always have a pleasant word or a smile in answer to a passing remark, and seem to be chosen for their pleasant ways as well as for their efficiency. "From not one of them, from one end of England to the other, in great cities or in quiet country towns and villages, did I receive one surly word or look, or anything but the kindest and promptest attention. I can say the same of the shopwomen, who waited upon customers not as if they were consciously condescending in the performing of such duties, but cheerfully and pleasantly, and with a show of interest if the purchaser was satisfied."

Max O'Rell says that the Englishman has greatness, but no magnanimity; virtue, but no heroism when British interests are not at stake. "He is not so brilliant or so impulsive as his neighbor, more richly endowed by nature; but he is more independent, more enterprising, more persevering and more wise." Barring his exceptions, this estimate is probably very near the truth. The Englishman may not be as magnanimous as the Frenchman or the American, but he is magnanimous, and his heroism may not cover as wide a field as the American's, but he is heroic. Moreover, no people are sounder in judgment or more intelligently patriotic.

XLIII.

THE DOUREST AND TENDEREST OF MEN.

An Englishman once said to a Scotchman that no man of taste would ever think of remaining any length of time in such a country as Scotland.

"Tastes differ," replied Sandy. "I'll take ye to a place ca'd Bannockburn, no far frae Stirling, where thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, and they've nae thought o' leavin' yet."

There are still a few Englishmen who, along with some of his American cousins, entertain in all seriousness the notion that "every home-bred Scotsman is red-headed; and that they all wear kilts, play on bagpipes, drink whiskey and use snuff, and feed exclusively on kail-brose and barley meal." On the other hand, there are still a few Scotsmen who declare that the English may be "no sae very bad considerin', but even at the best neither mair nor less than a parcel o' upsettin', ignorant pock-puddin's." Perhaps the prevailing sentiment among the Scotch, however, is not far from that of the inspired shepherd of the "Noctes," who said "that the Englishers are the noblest race o' leevin' men—except the Scotch."

There are perhaps no people whose character has so much fascination about it as the Scotch. No other people have inspired so many songs or furnished material for so many stories. Talmage said that there is something about the Scotch char-

acter, whether one meets it in New York, or London, or Perth, that thrills one through and through. He attributes it partly to the fact that it is because he has such a strong tide of Scotch blood in his own arteries; but many who have none of the Scotsman's "bluid" in their veins have experienced the same sensation. The Scotch are so strong and so sturdy that one is inspired by the very sight of them. "Their integrity, industry and thrift," says one writer, "their love of country and indomitable bravery, and, not the least, their strong sense of religion and regard for the Sabbath—all combine to render Scotland a sort of gem in the garniture of the world. Then the Scotchman himself is an honest, square-built man, with massive face and high, broad cheek-bones, ever priding himself upon his frankness, and speaking his thought, which is not always pleasant; but then it is Scotch!"

"There is such a roar in their mirth," says Talmage. "Take a Glasgow audience, and a speaker must have his feet well planted on the platform or he will be overmastered by the sympathy of the populace. They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away the tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snicker, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear, and it rolls down to the centre of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, toward foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the nail on the big toe there is a paroxysm of cachinnation."

Perhaps the most striking trait of the Scotchman is his honesty. There is no man on earth more absolutely sincere. There is not a trace of untruth in him. There is nothing half-hearted or half-minded in him. What he loves he loves,

and what he hates he hates; and, whether he loves or hates, he does not hesitate to let you know it. If he is a Liberal he is a Liberal; if he is a Tory he is a Tory, and there is never the slightest possibility of doubting it. In his religion he is just as decided as in his politics. "Get him right," says Talmage, "and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong." There is no danger that he will be one thing to-day and another to-morrow. There is little chance of his being anything else half a century from now; for the Scotchman seldom changes. As Talmage puts it: "By the time he has fairly landed his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church, you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol. We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would, in three weeks, have got to the promised land, or somewhere else just as decided."

The Scotchman who believes in the Sabbath believes in a whole Sabbath. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Scotch of half a century ago was the rigidity with which the observance of the Sabbath was inculcated. Dean Ramsay tells a story of an English artist who, while making a tour of "auld Caledonia," remained in a small town over Sunday, and, to pass the time, walked out in the environs. Seeing the picturesque ruins of an old castle, he asked a countryman who was passing to tell him the name of the castle. "It's no day to be speiring sic things," said the countryman, and it was the only answer he got.

A lady who had become an Episcopalian took to church with her one Sunday a favorite servant, who was a Presby-

terian of the old school. There was a full choral service, and she felt sure her companion would enjoy it. On her return home the lady asked her what she thought of the music. "Oh, it's a' varra bonny," was the response, "but, oh, my lady, it's an awful way o' spending the Sabbath!"

Dean Ramsay also tells of a lady who, on going into her kitchen on Monday morning, found a new roasting jack (which had been so constructed as to go constantly without winding up) broken. She asked the cook how it happened. Jenny replied that she did it herself, for said she, "I was nae gaing ta hae the fule thing clocking and rinning in my kitchen the blessed Sabbath."

The dean says "that reverence for the holy day often took a form one would hardly have anticipated." An old Highlandman said to an English tourist: "They're a God-fearin' set of folks here: 'deed they are, an' I'll give ye an instance o' it. Last Sabbath, just as the lairk was skailin, there was a drover chief frae Dumfries comin' along the road whustlin' an' looking as happy as if it were ta muddle o' ta week. Weel, sir, our laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, an' they yokit upon him an' a'most killed him."

There is a story, not unlike this, told of David Hume, the fat philosopher. He had fallen into a mudhole and stuck fast. He called for assistance to a woman that was passing. She came up to him, looked at him a moment, and said: "Are na ye Hume, the atheist?" "Well, no matter if I am," said Hume, "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here, or Christian charity there, I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yerself. Ye maum repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or, faith, I'll let you wallow there as I find ye." The skeptic, really afraid for his

life, rehearsed the required formulas, and was thereupon helped out of his unpleasant situation."

The Highlanders of Scotland are noted for their piety. "The old folks had special prayers for every occasion. A prayer on going to sea, a prayer for resting the fire at night, for kindling it in the morning, for lying down at night, for rising up in the morning, for taking food, for going in search of sheep, cattle and horses, for setting out on travel, and all other occasions."

As Dr. Robert Brown has said, however, the Highlanders are, strictly speaking, no more Scotch people than the Sioux or the Chippewas are people of America. "Yet in some respects they might claim to be called the Scottish nation, since they, of all the races inhabiting the northernmost part of Britain, are the only one which can be fairly described as natives. The other may be of a tolerably ancient date, but they are none of them so old as the Celts." The Highlander has many noble qualities, though, as the writer whom I have just quoted says, it is not to be denied by his friends that, like all the sons of men, he has a few very indifferent ones to counterbalance them.

"Chastity of conduct and modesty of speech are everywhere characteristic of the Highland race. Respect for the dead is evinced by the care with which the departed are buried, and the funeral trains which follow the hearse over the wildest roads and in the roughest of weather." Dr. Brown reminds us that as seamen and soldiers the Celts or Scots have distinguished themselves in every part of the world, and anyone who has seen the herring fishers off the northern coast of Scotland, many of them being Hebrideans, can appreciate the courage and skill of the race. "Fidelity to their chiefs is of course a classic virtue among the Gaels and other Celtic people.

Right across the hills from Houbeag in South Uist lies Corradal, where there is a small cave in which Prince Charles Edward lived in hiding for six weeks. Hundreds of poor crofters and fishermen knew of his place of concealment. Yet, though ten thousand pounds—double the value then compared with what it is now—was offered, not a man ever attempted to betray the ill-fated adventurer."

Speaking of the Scot in America, Dr. Peter Ross says: "He is regarded as an embodiment of common sense, a natural lover of civil and religious liberty, a firm believer in free institutions, in the rights of man, in fair play, and exemplary in his loyalty to whatever cause he may have adopted. They laugh at his reputed want of wit, at his little idiosyncrasies, at his dourness, at his dogged determination, at his want of artificiality, and several other peculiarities, but admire intensely the effectiveness of his work, and the habit he has of 'getting there' in whatever he sets out to do, the quiet way in which he so often climbs to the top, whether in banking or in professional or military circles, the public-spiritedness he shows in all walks of life and his truly democratic spirit.*

"A believer in law," continues Dr. Ross, "he is ever on the side of authority; a believer in religion, he is a staunch upholder of public and private morals and of honesty in politics; he does not aspire to political influence, to control a caucus, or lead a district, but he treasures his ballot as the outcome of his civil liberty, the charter of his freedom and equality in the Commonwealth. Whatever adds to the material of the country finds him an effective supporter; in the cause of education he is ever in the ranks of the foremost workers,

* The Scot in America, by Peter Ross, LL.D. New York: The Raeburn Book Company.

and in charity his liberality and practical interest are everywhere apparent. Take him all in all, he is a useful citizen, and in that regard is second to none. His patriotism is not that of the orator who believed in the old flag and an appropriation; but it is true, reverent and from the depths of his heart. So, too, in the great Dominion north of the St. Lawrence, no native has a deeper affection in his heart of hearts for 'This Canada of Ours' than the Scot who has thrown in his lot in that part of the continent, and he is as proud of the maple leaf as he is of the thistle."

The same writer says that, while giving himself up to the land of his adoption, the Scot in America does not forget the land of his birth. "It may be to him but a sentiment, yet the sentiment burns deeper into his heart as the years roll on. It may be forever to him a reminiscence, a dream of the past, and the mournful notes of 'Lochaber No More' may sound in his ears as he conjures back to memory the once familiar scenes and recalls once weel-kenned faces. But as time creeps on its very name becomes sacred, and his highest hopes are all that is grand in Scotland, and all that has lifted her up among the nations, and that has made her to be regarded as an unfaltering champion of civil and religious liberty, may be transplanted, preserved and perpetuated in the land which has become his own. He never thinks of Scotland without a flutter, without a benediction; and he is ever ready to re-utter in his own words the sentiments of good old Isabella Graham, when, nearing the end of her earthly pilgrimage, she wrote:

"'Dear native land! May every blessing from above and beneath be thine—serenity of sky, salubrity of air, fertility of soil—and pure and undefiled religion inspire thy sons and daughters with grateful hearts to love God and one another.'"

Speaking of a visit to his native land, Andrew Carnegie says: "It was on Saturday, July 16th, that we went over the border. The bridge across the boundary line was soon reached. When midway over a halt was called and a vent given to our enthusiasm. With three cheers for the land of the heather, shouts of Scotland forever, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, we dashed across the border. O Scotland, my own, my native land, your exiled son returns with love for you as ardent as ever warmed the heart of man for his country. It is God's mercy I was born a Scotchman, for I do not see how I could ever have been contented to be anything else. The little plucky dour deevil, set in her own ways, level-headed and shrewd, with an eye to the main chance always, and yet so lovingly weak, so fond, so led away by song or story, and so easily touched to fine issues, so leal, so true! Ah! you suit me, Scotia, and proud am I that I am your son."

Mrs. Barr says that the Scotchman never loses sight of his native land. "His father's hearth is as sacred as an altar in his memory. A bluebell or a bit of heather can bring tears to his eyes; and the lilt of a Jacobite song makes his heart thrill with an unparalleled loyalty. Those who saw John Campbell on the Broomilaw would have judged him to be a man indifferent to all things but money and bills of lading. Those who saw him softly stepping through the old halls of Drumloch, or standing almost reverently before the hard, grim faces of his ancestors, would have called him an aristocrat who held all things cheap but an ancient home and a noble family."

A learned professor of one of the Scotch universities once said that Scotland was remarkable for three things—songs, sermons and shillings. Commenting on this, Dr. Robert Ford says that while it cannot be disputed that she has an

enormous and ever-increasing store of these three things—and that, moreover, she loves them all—there is another quality of her many-sided nature which is more distinctly characteristic of the Scotch, and that is the faculty of original humor. "Not one in ten thousand of the Scotch people may be able to produce a good song, or a good sermon; and not one in twenty thousand of them may be able to 'gather meikle gear and haud it weel thegither;' but every Scotchman is a born humorist. Humor is a part and parcel of a Scotchman's very being. He may not live without it—may not breathe. Consequently it is found breaking out in the most unlikely as well as in the most likely places. It blossoms in the solemn assemblies of the people; at meetings of kirk sessions; in the city and town council chambers; in our presbyteries; our courts of justice, and in the high parliament of kirk itself. Famous specimens of it come down from the lonesome hillsides; from the cottage, bothy and farm ingle-nooks. It issues from the village inn, the smiddy, the kirkyard, and functions of feasting and sorrow give it birth as well as occasions of feasting and mirth. It drops from the lips of the learned and unlearned in the land; and it is not more frequently revealed in the eloquence of the university savant than in the gibberish of the hobbling village and city natural." *

Dr. Ford says that in all his reading he does not remember to have seen a satisfactory analysis of Scotch humor. Sydney Smith would never admit that the Scotch had any humor at all. "Their only idea of wit which prevails occasionally in the North," said he, "and which under the name of 'wut' is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing im-

* Thistledown. A Book of Scotch Humour, by Robert Ford. Alexander Gardner: Paisley and Paternoster Square, London.

moderately at stated intervals." He declared that it would require a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding. It must be that he either wrote "sarcastic," as Dr. Ford says, or that he was moved by prejudice, though even Charles Lamb had a somewhat similar notion of the matter. "No humor in Scotch folk!" exclaims Dr. Ford. "Every living Scotchman—every intelligent and unbiased Englishman as well—recognizes the irrelevancy of the indictment, and as often as it is introduced immediately laughs it out of the court of serious argument."

Dr. Ford fills a volume with illustrations from which one may get an idea of the subtle quality of Scotch humor. Two Scotchmen, "messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan," happened to be stationed near each other when the now celebrated signal was given from the admiral's ship—*England expects every man to do his duty.*

"No a word o' puir auld Scotland on this occasion," dolefully remarked Geordie to Jock.

Jock cocked his eye a moment, and turning to his companion—

"Man, Geordie," said he, "Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae bairn o' hers needs to be tell't to do his duty—*that's just a hint to the Englishers.*"

During the time of the great Russian war a countryman accepted the "Queen's shilling," and very soon thereafter was sent to the front. But he had scarcely time to receive his "baptism of fire" when he turned his back on the scenes of carnage, and immediately struck off in a bee-line for a distant haven of safety. A mounted officer, intercepting his retreat, demanded to know where he was going.

"Whaur am I gaun?" said he. "Hame, of course; man,

this is awfu' wark; they're just killin' ane anither ower there."

A brother countryman took a different view of a similar situation. Just before his regiment entered into an engagement with the enemy, he was heard to pray in these terms: "O, Lord! dinna be on oor side, an' dinna be on the tither side, but just stand ajee frae baith o' us for an oor or twa, an' ye'll see the toosiest fecht that was ever fochen." What a fine, rough hero was there!

Speaking of praying prior to entering into engagements recalls to Dr. Ford another good and equally representative anecdote. It is told of two Scotch matrons. They were discussing current events.

"Eh, woman!" said one, "I see by the papers that oor sodgers have been victorious again."

"Ah, nae fear o' oor sodgers," replied the other. "They'll aye be victorious, for they aye pray afore they engage wi' the enemy."

"But do you think the French'll pray too?" questioned the first speaker.

"The French pray!" sneered her friend. "Yatterin' craturs! Wha wad ken what they said?"

What a charmingly innocent auld wife! Surely it was this same matron who once upon a time entered the village grocery and asked for a pound of candles, at the same time laying down the price at which the article in question had stood fixed for some time. "Cawnils are up on account o' the war. Anither bawbee, mistress," said the grocer.

"Eh, megstie me!" was the response. "An' can it be the case that they really fecht wi' cawnil licht?"

A Scotch blacksmith, being asked the meaning of meta-

physics, explained as follows: "Well, Geordie, ye see, it's just like this. When the pairty that listens disna ken what the pairty that speaks means an' when the pairty that speaks disna ken what he means himsel', *that's metapheesics.*"

One of the peculiarites of the Scotch wit is that it never dies. At least it is often found in full bloom when the Scotchman himself is dying. Dean Ramsay in his delightful collection of Scotch stories tells of an old lady who lay ill. "A friend was trying to encourage her by expressing the hope that she would soon be better, and in the spring enjoy some of their country spring butter. "Spring butter," exclaimed the invalid; "by that time I shall be buttering in heaven." And when at the point of death she heard some one say, "Her face has lost its color; it grows like a sheet of paper"—"Then I'm sure it maum be broon paper," said the dying woman.

Of the heroism of the Scotch soldier every child is familiar. It is not so well known that the Scotch have an everyday heroism the record of which, if it could be written, would surpass that of their martial valor. There is nothing truer to the everyday life of the Scotch than Crockett's story of the Stickit Minister:

"'It is more than seven years now,' said Robert, 'since I first kenned that my days were to be few. It was the year my father died, and left Harry and me by our lane.

"'He left no sillar to speak of, just plenty to lay him decently in the kirk-yard among his forebears. I had been a year at the Divinity Hall then, and was going up to put in my discourses for the next session. I had been troubled with my breast for some time, and so called one day at the infirmary to get a word with Sir James. He was very busy when I went in, and never noticed me till the hoast took me. Then on a

sudden he looked up from his papers, came quickly over to me, put his own white handkerchief to my mouth, and quietly said: "Come into my room, laddie!" Ay, he was a good man and a faithful, Sir James, if ever there was one. He told me that with care I might live five or six years, but it would need great care. Then a strange prickly coldness came over me, and I seemed to walk light-headed in atmosphere suddenly rarified. I think I know how the mouse feels under the air-pump.'

"'What's that?' queried Saunders.

"'A cruel ploy not worth speaking of,' continued the Stickit Minister. 'Well, I found something in my throat when I tried to thank him. But I came my ways home to the Dullarg, and night and day I considered what was to be done, with so much to do and so little time to do it. It was clear that both Harry and me could not go through the college on the little my faither had left. So late one night I saw my way clear to what I should do. Harry must go, I must stay. I must come home to the farm, and be my own "man;" then I could send Harry to the college to be a doctor, for he had no call to the ministry, as once I thought I had. More than that, it was laid on me to tell Jessie Louden that Robert Fraser was no better than a machine set to go five years.

"'Now, all these things I did, Saunders, but there's no use telling you what they cost in the doing. They were right to do, and they were done. I do not repent any of them. I would do them all over again were they to do, but it's been bitterer than I thought.'

"The Stickit Minister took his head off his hand and leaned wearily back in his chair.

"'The story went over the country that I had failed in my

examinations, and I never said that I had not. But there were some that knew better who might have contradicted the report if they had liked. I settled down to the farm, and I put Harry through the college, sending all but a bare living to him in Edinburgh. I worked the work of the farm, rain and shine, ever since, and have been for these six years the "Stickit Minister" that all the world kens the day. Whiles Harry did not think that he got enough. He was always writing for more, and not so very pleased when he did not get it. He was aye different to me, ye ken, Saunders, and he canna be judged by the same standard as you and me.'

"'I ken,' said Saunders McQuhirr, a spark of light lying in the quiet of his eyes.

"'Well,' continued Robert Fraser, lightened by Saunders' apparent agreement, 'the time came when he was clear from college and wanted a practice. He had been ill-advised that he had not got his share of the farm, and he wanted it selled to share and share alike. Now I kenned, and you ken, Saunders, that it's no' worth much in one share, let alone two. So I got the place quietly bonded, and bought him old Doctor Aitkin's practice in Cairn Edward with the money.

"'I have tried to do my best for the lad, for it was laid on me to be my brother's keeper. He doesna come here much,' continued Robert, 'but I think he's not so ill against me as he was. Saunders, he waved his hand to me when he was gaun by the day!'

"'That was kind of him,' said Saunders McQuhirr.

"'Ay, was it no'?' said the Stickit Minister, eagerly, with a soft look in his eyes, as he glanced up at his brother's portrait in cap and gown, which hung over the china dogs on the mantelpiece.

"'I got my notice this morning that the bond is to be called up in November,' said Robert. 'So I'll be obliged to flit.'

"Saunders McQuhirr started to his feet in a moment. 'Never,' he said, with the spark of fire now alive in his eyes, 'never as lang as there's a beast on Drumquhat, or a poun' in Cairn Edward Bank,' bringing down his clinched fist upon the Milton on the table.

"'No, Saunders, no,' said the Stickit Minister, very gently; 'I thank you kindly, but I'll be flitted before that!'"

The stubbornness of the Scotchman, or rather what he calls dourness, is proverbial; but it is not so well known that alongside of his dourness one may be sure of finding an equal amount of tenderness. One of Ian Maclaren's best fugitive stories—I happened upon it some time ago in the *British Weekly*—illustrates this remarkable combination of traits. It tells of an old man who lay on his deathbed, and who demanded to be told the truth about his condition. The doctor, himself a young Scot, answered plainly that he could not recover, and then the old man asked when he would die, and the doctor thought early next morning. "Aboot daybreak," said the Scot, with much satisfaction, "as if, on the whole, he were content to die, and much pleased he would be at the rising of the sun. He was a characteristic type of his nation, rugged in face and dry of manner, an old man, who had drifted somehow to this English city and was living there alone, and now he was about to die alone, without friends in a strange land. The nurse was very kind to him, and her heart went out to the quiet, self-contained man. She asked him whether he would like to see a clergyman, and said that the chaplain of the infirmary was a good man.

"'A've nae doubt he is,' said the Scot, 'and that his meenistrations wud be verra acceptable to English fouk, but a've never hed ony dealin's wi' Episcopalians. He micht want to read a prayer, and I cudna abide that, and mebbe I cudna follow the texts in his English tongue.'

"The nurse still lingered by his bed. He looked up to her and assured her he was in no need of consolation.

"'Saxty years ago ma mither gared me learn the wale (choice portion) of the Bible, and they're comin' up ane by ane in ma memory, but I thank ye kindly.'

"As the nurse went back and forwards on her duties she heard her patient saying at intervals to himself: 'I know whom I have believed.' 'I am persuaded that neither life nor death.' Once again she heard him: 'Altho' the mountains depart and the hills be removed,' but the rest she did not catch.

"During the afternoon a lady came into the ward whose service to the Lord was the visitation of the sick, a woman after the type of Barnabas and Mary of Bethany. When she heard of the old man's illness and loneliness, whom no friend came to see or comfort, she went to his bedside. 'You are very ill,' she said, 'my friend.'

"'A'm deein',' he replied, with the exactness of his nation, which somewhat fails to understand the use of graceful circumlocution and gentle phrases.

"'Is there anything I can do for you? Would you wish me to sing a few verses of a hymn? Some sick people feel much comforted and soothed by singing; you would like, I think, to hear Rock of Ages,' and she sat down by his bedside and opened her book, while a patient beyond, who had caught what she said, raised his head to enjoy the singing.

"'Ye're verra kind, mem, and a'm muckle obleeged to ye,

but a'm a Scot and ye're English, and ye dinna understand. A' ma days hev I been protestin' against the use o' human hymns in the praise of God; a've left three kirks on that account, and raised ma testimony in public places, and noo wud' ye send me into eternity wi' the sough of a hymn in ma ears?'

"For a moment the visitor had no reply, for in the course of all her experiences, during which she had come across many kinds of men and women, she had never yet chanced upon this kind of Scot. The patients in the infirmary were not distinguished by their religious scruples, and if they had some prejudices they turned on large and full-blooded distinctions between Protestant and Catholic, but never entered into the subjects of doctrine.

"'Ye'll excuse me, mem, for I'm not ungratefu',' he continued, 'and I wud like to meet yir wishes when ye've been so kind to me. The doctor says I canna live long, and it's possible that ma strength ma' sune give way, but a'll tell ye what a'm willin' to do.'

"The visitor waited anxiously to know what service he was going to render her, and what comfort she might offer to him, but both were beyond her guessing.

"'Sae lang as a've got strength and ma reason continues clear, a'm prepared to argue with you concerning the lawfulness of using onything except the Psalms of David in the praises of God either in public or in private.'

"Dear old Scot, the heir of many a covenanting tradition and the worthy son of covenanting martyrs, it was a strange subject of discussion for a man's last hour, but the man who could be true to the jots and the tittles of his faith in pain of body and in face of death was the stuff out of which heroes

and saints are made. He belonged to a nation who might sometimes be narrow and over-concerned with scruples, but which knew that a stand must be taken somewhere, and where it took a stand was prepared to die.

"The visitor was a wise as well as gracious woman, and grasped the heart of the situation. 'No, no,' she said, 'we will not speak about the things wherein we differ, and I did not know the feeling of the Scots about the singing of hymns. But I can understand how you love the Psalms, and how dear to you is your metrical version. Do you know I have been in the Highlands of Scotland, and have heard the Psalms sung, and the tears came into my eyes at the sound of the grave, sweet melody, for it was the music of a strong and pious people.'

"As she spoke the hard old Scot's face began to soften, and one hand which was lying outside the bedclothes repeated the time of a Scot's Psalm tune. He was again in the country church of his boyhood, and saw his father and mother going into the Table seats, and heard them singing:

> "'O, thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
> And all that in me is,
> Be stirred up His holy name
> To magnify and bless.'

"'More than that, I know some of your Psalm tunes, and I have the words in my hymn-book; perhaps I have one of the Psalms which you would like to hear.'

"'Div ye think that ye cud sing the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want?" for I wud count it verra comfortin'.'

"'Yes,' she said; 'I can, and it will please me very much to sing it, for I think I love that Psalm more than any hymn.'

"'It never runs dry,' murmured the Scot.

"So she sang it from beginning to end in a low, sweet voice, slowly and reverently, as she had heard it sung in Scotland. He joined in no word, but ever he kept time with his hand and his heart, while his eyes looked into the things which were far away.

"After she ceased he repeated to himself the last two lines:

"'And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.'

"'Thank ye, thank ye,' he said, after a little pause, and then both were silent for a few minutes, because she saw that he was in his own country, and did not wish to bring him back by her foreign accent.

"'Mem, ye've dun me the greatest kindness ony Christian cud do for anither as he stands on the banks of the Jordan.'

"For a minute he was silent again, and then he said:

"'Am gaein' to tell ye somethin', and a' think ye'll understand. Ma wife and me wes married thirty-five years, and ilka nicht of oor married life we sang a Psalm afore we gaed to rest. She took the air and a' took the bass, and we sang the Psalms through frae beginning to end twal times. She was taken frae me ten years ago, and the nicht afore she dee'd we sang the twenty-third Psalm. A've never sang the Psalm since, and a' didna join wi' ye when ye sang it, for a'm waitin' to sing it wi' her new oor Father's hoose the mornin's mornin', whar there'll be nae nich nor partin' evermore.'

"And this is how one Englishwoman found out that the Scot is at once the dourest and the tenderest of men."

From the painting by HOWARD HELMIDO

IRISH PIPE DANCERS.

XLIV.

THE GENEROUS HIBERNIAN.

William Carleton, an Irish author of two generations ago, describes his countrymen as a "hot-headed, affectionate people, the very fittest materials in the world for either the poet or the educator; capable of great culpability, and of great energetic goodness; sudden in their passions as the red, rapid gush of their running streams; changeable in their temper as the climate that sends them the melody of sun and shower; at times rugged and gloomy as the moorland sides of their mountains; at others soft and good as the sunlit meadows of their pleasant vales." To these traits Carleton might have added loyalty to religious faith, a generous heart, and, as Dinah Craik has said, a sweet courtesy which would always rather say a kind thing than an unkind one.

The trait which most widely distinguishes the Irishman is his loyalty to his religion. The Irishman has always been a religious being. From the earliest times Ireland was known among navigators as the Holy Isle. "In what that holiness may have consisted precisely," says the Rev. A. J. Thebaud, "it is impossible to say. All we know is that foreign navigators, who were acquainted with the world as far as it was then known, whose ships had visited the harbors of all nations, could find no more apt expression to describe the island than to say that, morally, it was 'a holy spot,' and physically 'a fair, green meadow,' or, as her children to this day call her, 'the green gem of the sea.'"

As Mr. Thebaud says, the race was never distinguished for its fondness for trade, for its manufactures, for depth of policy, for worldly enlightenment; "its annals speak of no lustre of conquest among its people; the brilliant achievements of foreign invasion, the high political and social aspirations which generally give lustre to the national life of many people, belong not to them. But religious feeling, firm adherence to faith, invincible attachment to the form of Christianity they had received from St. Patrick, formed at all times their striking characteristics."

Justin McCarthy says that the Irish peasant is not made to be a materialist or a skeptic of any kind, and adds: "I do not know what would become of him if he were to take to agnosticism. I do not know what would become of him if he were to be dispossessed of his cheerful faith that everything is ruled for the best. Very likely he would turn out a terribly bad lot then, but the event is not likely to happen."

Whatever else the Irishman may be, he is always a firm believer. He believes in believing. He accepts what is told him by his church without reserve, and he is not troubled by the fact that Christianity is supernatural. He never complains that his religion requires too great a stretch of faith. He is never alarmed at the onslaughts of science. "For him," says Mr. Thebaud, "nature is never separated from its Maker. The hand of God is ever visible in all mundane affairs, and the frightful parting between the spiritual and material worlds, first originated by the Baconian philosophy, which culminates in our days in the almost open negation of the spiritual, and thus materializes all things, is with justice viewed by the children of St. Patrick with a holy horror as leading to atheism, if it be not atheism itself."

The amiability of the Irishman is proverbial. Indeed, to a large part of the world the Irishman stands for a good joke. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in an article in the *Youth's Companion*, says that he has never been struck with the great mirthfulness among Irish people which has so much impressed the outside world. He admits that it may be because he lived in the gloomier Ireland at first, and has seen more lately a stronger and more earnest Ireland. Still his impression of the Irish Celt is not that of a perpetual merrymaker and buffoon. Mr. McCarthy admits that the Irishman has native humor, and it flashes and bubbles in the oddest way on slight provocation. But he thinks that the habitual tone of his character is what we would describe as a sort of cheerful melancholy. "Melancholy, of course, is black in hue, as its name tells, and the gravity, or whatever it is, of the Irish peasant is not black. There is nothing of the pessimist about him. He loves to believe that everything is for the best; but if he ever had the rollicking fun in him which we find that he had in novels and on the stage, it must have been before my time."

Mr. McCarthy thinks that nothing is more characteristic of the Irish peasant than his patience. In an Irish county which he represented in Parliament for many years he knew of old men and women, broken down with years of poverty and infirmity, drawing to the close of their lives in a workhouse, perhaps, who yet, if you expressed too much commiseration for them, would be ready to say in tones of absolute conviction, "Oh, well, sir, sure God has been very good to us all our days."

The amiability of the Irishman is strikingly revealed in the fact that however rough, or uncouth, or ignorant he may be, he is never uncivil or rude, or self-asserting. I doubt if

one ever received from Irish lips a rude answer to a civil question. An English lady who visited Ireland for the first time a few years ago told Mr. McCarthy that what struck her most was the fact that the peasants seemed to her to have the manners of gentlemen. "They took off their hats when she met them on the road; they ran to open for her any gate she wanted to pass through; they would go any length out of their way to show her hers; they were absolutely courteous, but not servile." As much might be said for the manners of Irish women. "The charming gaiety and frankness of the Irish ladies," says Thackeray, "has been noted and admired by every foreigner who has had the good fortune to mingle in their society. I hope it is not detracting from the merit of the upper classes to say that the lower are not a whit less pleasant. I never saw in any country such a general grace of manner and ladyhood. In the midst of their gaiety, too, it must be remembered that they are the chastest of women, that no country in Europe can boast of such general purity. In regard to the Munster ladies, I had the pleasure to be present at two of their evening parties at Cork, and must say that they seem to excel the English ladies not only in wit and vivacity, but in the still more important article of the toilet. They are as well dressed as French women, and incomparably handsomer." Speaking of the gentlemen of Cork, Thackeray says that every stranger must mark the extraordinary degree of literary taste and talent amongst them, and the wit and vivacity of their conversation. "The Cork citizens are the most book-loving men I ever met. The town has sent to England a number of literary men, and of reputation too, and is not a little proud of their fame. The young clerks and shopmen seem as much *au fait* as their employers, and many are the conversations I heard about the merits of

this writer or that. I think, in walking the streets and looking at the ragged urchins crowding there, every Englishman must remark that the superiority of intelligence is there and not with us." Thackeray relates that he listened to two boys almost in rags: they were lolling from the quay balustrade, "and talking about one of the Ptolemys! Talking very well, too. One of them had been reading in Rollin, and was detailing his information with a great deal of eloquence and fire."

Speaking of the wake, which has been generally accepted as one of the most serious reflections upon Irish character, Mr. McCarthy says that it is fast disappearing from most parts of Ireland, though it was still a great popular institution in his time. "When a man or woman died, all the friends of the family were expected to drop into the wake. It would have been thought a terrible thing if either the dead or the bereaved family had been left alone through the dreary watches of the night. So the friends and neighbors gathered in, and endeavored to keep up the spirits of the family with consoling words to begin with, and then with encouraging anecdotes intended to divert attention away from the sad conditions, and finally with jokes and comic songs.

Mr. McCarthy remembers being present at one of these ceremonials, when a visitor, a woman, accosted the mother of a girl who was lying dead in the room and offered her congratulations, no doubt perfectly sincere, on the cross that heaven had given her for her good. "The same visitor an hour or two later was asked and consented to favor the company with a comic song. Not by any means incredible to me is the story of the attendant at a wake who begged to be allowed to call upon the gentleman sitting next to the coffin for a comic song. I have seen love-making, courtship, and very harmless kinds of

romping going on at some of these country wakes when I was a boy.

"The feeling of grief for the loss of the dead was sincere and intense, but it seemed congenial with the Irish nature to endeavor to shake it off, to put a bold front upon it, and to show as much attention and civility to the guests as though nothing particular had happened. 'My son is dead, my daughter is dead, true, but my guest is entitled to my hospitality all the same.'"

Mr. McCarthy insists that the widely prevailing notion that the Irish peasant is a tremendous drinker of whiskey is altogether wrong, and exclaims: "Poor fellow! I wonder where he would get the money to pay for very frequent drinks of the national beverage, as it is called." He also declares that the neighborhood faction fights, concerning which so much has been written, have long since ceased to rage. They were going on still in various parts of the country in his earliest days, "just as the duel was still not altogether unknown among the gentry of the time. I knew when I was a boy two or three men still not old who had fought duels, one of whom had killed his man. In the same way the faction fights were still a sort of reality. One never hears of them now."

Of the patriotism of the Irish even the children are familiar. "More, perhaps, than any other people on earth," says Mr. Thebaud, "is there for the great bulk of them community of traditions and feeling, binding them together into a firm and indestructible unity; and who shall say that they feel no love for their past, because that past has been clouded with sorrow? Nay, this fact makes the past dearer, and tends all the more to direct their hopes and fears to the same future—a future, indeed, still dim and uncertain, and not to be named

with perfect certainty, but wrapped in mists like the morning; yet the faint flush of the dawn is already there that shall pale and die away when the full orb of the sun appears."*

Mr. Thebaud says of the unanimity so striking in all Irishmen that "though private disputes may be taken up among them with such ardor that their quarrels have become proverbial, when the question refers to their country or their God, in a moment they are united, suddenly transformed into steady friends, ready to shed their blood side by side for the great objects which entirely absorb their natures. "This feeling it is which forms the soul of a nation. Wherever this is to be found, there is an indestructible nationality; wherever it is absent, there is only a dead body, however strong may seem its government, however vast its armies, however high its so-called culture and refinement." The same writer says that, these reflections being kept in view, "judicious men will agree that, among Europeans at least, there is scarcely any other nationality so strong and vigorous as the Irish. Their traditional feeling keeps their past ever present to their eyes; their ardent nature hopes ever against hope. Misfortunes which would utterly break down and dishearten any other people leave them still full of bright anticipations, and, as they seem to weep over the cold body of a dear mother—Erin, their country—they think only of her resurrection."

In an impassioned plea for Ireland the Rev. Thomas N. Burke, the Irish orator, asks: "Has she ever in that long record of our history—has she ever wronged or oppressed any people? Never! Has she ever attempted to plunder from any

*The Irish Race in the Past and the Present, by Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J. New York: Peter F. Collier.

people their sacred birthright of liberty? Never! Has she ever refused, upon the invitation of the church and her own conscience, to undo the chains and to strike them off the limbs of the slave? Never! Has she ever drawn that sword, which she has been wielding for centuries, in an unjust or doubtful cause? Never! Blood has stained the sword of Ireland for ages; but never did Ireland's sword shed a drop of blood unjustly, but only in defence of the highest and holiest and best of causes."

XLV.

THE COURAGEOUS WELSHMAN.

Ammianus describes the ancient Celts as "almost all tall of stature, very fair, red-haired, and horrible from the fierceness of their eyes, fond of strife, and haughtily insolent. A whole band of strangers would not endure one of them, aided in his brawl by his powerful and blue-eyed wife; especially when, with swollen neck and gnashing teeth, poising her huge white arms, she begins, joining kicks to blows, to put forth her fists like stones from twisted strings of a catapult. Most of their voices are terriffic and threatening, as well when they are quiet as when they are angry. All ages are thought fit for war, and an old man is led out to be armed with the same vigor of heart as the man in his prime, with limbs hardened by cold and continued labor, and a contempt of many even real dangers."

After two thousand years the courage of the Celts remains almost unimpaired. Their fighting qualities have never been surpassed. Cæsar declared that his heavy armed legions were no match for such an enemy. Indeed, it is believed that if their capacity for union had been equal to their bravery they would have annihilated the Roman invaders. It was only because they attacked the common enemy singly that they were driven back, though they were never absolutely conquered. Tacitus declares that one hundred and forty years after the Celtic invasion the Britons were reduced to obedience,

but not to bondage. Cæsar succeeded in controlling only the seashore, and while his successors and the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans gradually reduced the tribes in several parts of the island, it is only within recent times that the Celts in some sections can be said to have really submitted to the rule of any master except their own chief. Dr. Robert Brown says that there is no ground for asserting, as Freeman and Green have done, that the Britons were exterminated by the Saxons, those who fled into Wales and other remote parts excepted. In all likelihood the conquerors and the conquered amalgamated, and in time became one people. Those who fled into Wales lived as an independent community under their own sovereigns for more than six hundred years. These have since been known as the Welsh, though they themselves prefer to be known as Cymry, which means "with land," that is, a people having a common country.

King Henry II., in answer to the inquiries of Emanuel, emperor of Constantinople, respecting Britain, replied that "in part of the island there was a people called Welsh, so bold and ferocious that when unarmed they did not fear to encounter an armed force, being ready to shed their blood in defence of their country, and to sacrifice their lives for military renown; for when the trumpet sounds the husbandman leaves his plough, and rushes to the onset with as much eagerness as the courtier from the palace."

It has been often remarked that the qualities of mind which the Celt possesses are fitted for "sudden dashes, but not for long-sustained efforts," such as those demanded of a line of conquerors and rulers. They are to-day, as they were in the days of Tacitus, good soldiers but indifferent citizens. "When it comes to capacity for political organization, the Celt has

little chance with the Saxon." He has the courage to conquer a country and the poetic temperament to write its ballads; but when he comes to model its laws, "sink private opinion in the common sense of the meeting, and individual hobbies for the general good, the Celt is apt to prove utterly impracticable."

The Welsh have a lively imagination, and much enthusiasm, which, however, is not always controlled by discretion. They are polite by nature, though it has been claimed that their politeness is apt to diverge into insincerity. At home they are contented, amiable and brave in enduring adversity. If quick to anger they are easily pacified, and if they do not always make stable friends, they are the best of friends while the amity lasts.

Few races have been more generally misunderstood than the Welsh. Our word "welsh"—to cheat in a horse-race—well expresses the repute in which they are held by the English. They seem to have had poor success in winning the good opinion of their neighbors, but, as an old writer says, "in the mountains and secluded parts of Wales, as the interior of Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire and Denbighshire, that are yet scarcely known to the English tourist, they differ very essentially from what will be observed near any frequented road. The people seem there to have an innocence and simplicity of character unknown in the populous parts of our own country. Amongst these it is that we are to search for those original traits and that native hospitality so much the boast of the Welsh writers. Wherever the English have had uninterrupted communication with the people they have offered an irresistible temptation for the lower classes of the inhabitants to practice impositions; in such situation the people differ little from the like class among us."

The same writer observes that rustic bashfulness and reserve seem to be general features in the character of the Welsh people, "and strangers unaccustomed to their manners have often mistaken these for indications of sullenness. It is usual to say of them that they are very irascible. This may be the case, but from what I have myself seen I am inclined to think that the natural rapidity of their expression in a language not understood has often been construed into passion without any other more certain grounds."

As I have already intimated, they are remarkable for the cheerfulness and content which they display under privations which few of other races would endure. "Flummery," says a writer, "buttermilk, and coarse barley bread, form much of their food; I have often seen the laborers of respectable farmers dining out of a bowl of flummery (a sour jelly made from oat-husks), with such thankful content as made the remembered fare of an English farm kitchen seem absolutely sumptuous by the contrast; and I have sometimes thought that a temporary residence among these cheerful hard-feeding mountaineers might be a salutary lesson to some of the croaking consumers of beef, bacon, pudding and ale in England."

The weakness of the Welsh for heraldry is thus defended by an old writer: "The aristocracy of Wales have an ancestry which in antiquity and position need fear no comparison with others. A large proportion can trace back much beyond the age of the Norman conquest, and there begin or finish their lineage, not with adventurer knights, but with the natural lords and princes of the land, whose gentility may be naturally supposed to be of immemorial age. No middle-class population, no peasant population is more free and independent in feeling, more moral, well-ordered and hence strong than that of Wales

at the present time; but neither personal liberty nor consciousness of power from numbers and growing intelligence has cut off the Welshman from his moorings of respect for the owner of the land, the heir of the house, the traditions and prejudices of his forefathers."

It is claimed by the Welsh—and their claim has fully as much ground as any other—that the credit for the introduction of Christianity into Britain is due to Claudia, a Welsh lady belonging to Cæsar's household. The circumstances, as related by Dr. Joseph Cross, are these: "Shortly after the invasion of Britain many Welsh soldiers joined the Roman army, and several Welsh families went and resided at Rome. Among the latter were Claudia and her husband. Saint Paul was then a prisoner under Nero, dwelling, however, 'in his own hired house,' and receiving all who came to hear the word of God. Under his ministry Claudia was converted to Christianity. She soon returned to her native country, and scattered 'the seed of the Kingdom' among her own people. This was in the year of our Lord sixty-three.

"About a century after this, Faganus and Daminicanus went to Rome, were converted there, and became 'able ministers of the New Testament.' In the year of our Lord 180 they were sent back to Wales to preach to their own countrymen. They were zealous and successful laborers. They opposed the pagan superstitions of the Welsh with wonderful energy. They pursued Druidism to its dark retirements, and poured upon it the withering blaze of the gospel. Through their preaching Lucius, king of Wales, was brought to embrace Christianity. He was the first king that ever bowed to the Prince of Peace. The royal convert was exceedingly zealous in the propagation of the truth. The Macedonian cry

issued from the throne of Wales an earnest appeal to Eleutherius for help. Then 'the word of the Lord had free course,' and was glorified."

XLVI.

AMERICANS THROUGH FOREIGN EYES.

Two generations ago, when it was the latest European fashion to sneer at everything American, Lady Wortley wrote: "Great injustice has been done to the Americans, and we have been accustomed too implicitly to believe the often unfair and unfounded reports of prejudiced travelers. Instead of discourteous and disobliging manners we find all that is most civil and obliging among the most educated. No doubt, occasionally, some of the faults so unsparingly attributed to them may be found, but they appear to me, as far as I have had any opportunity of judging as yet, a really hospitable, kind-hearted, and generous-minded people."

Lady Wortley traveled extensively in the United States, and wrote that the more she saw of American society the more she liked it. She thought that Americans were a peculiarly sensitive people, yet very forbearing and not easily offended, and she was sure that the accusation of conceit usually brought against them had little or no foundation. "As far as I have seen," she wrote, "their candor appears to be far more remarkable than their conceit." She was especially struck with the good temper, obligingness, and utter unselfishness displayed by Americans in traveling. Speaking of the sympathy, which is one of the distinguishing traits of the American character, Lady Wortley said that while the American will confront with the utmost carelessness all kinds of

hardships, dangers and privations possible under the most appalling circumstances and firmest presence of mind, his noble feelings will thrill at a tale of the sorrows of others, and his self-possession fails him when some affecting instance appeals to his unselfish and generous sympathies. "If the true hero nature lives anywhere, it is in the American; if the age of chivalry is not dead—though Burke declared it was in the old world of Europe—if, in short, chivalry still lives on earth, it is in the great and mighty West."

In her account of America Lady Wortley recalls an amusing story illustrative of the coolness and self-possession of the New Englander. A man sent his son for a log to put on the fire. The son brought a mere stick, and got a whipping for his pains, so the young gentleman went out for a large log, and never returned; at least, not until twenty-five years afterwards, when one evening the old gentleman was calling to one of his grandsons to bring in a large log for the fire, and in walked his long-absent boy. The old gentleman looked quietly up, examined the log, threw it carelessly on the fire, and said, in the most casual way: "This 'ere log will do, but you've been a darn long time a'fetchin it."

Max O'Rell, who perhaps knows us better than any other French writer, declares that the well-read, well-bred American is the most delightful of men, and that good society in America is the wittiest, most genial, and most hospitable he has met with. He thinks that the American is on the road to the possession of all that can contribute to the well-being and success of a nation, though he thinks we have missed the path that leads to real happiness. Our domestic joys, he insists, are more shadowy than real, and he reminds us that to live in a whirl is not to live well. "Jonathan himself sometimes has

his regrets at finding himself drawn into such a frantic race, but he declares that it is out of his power to hang back. If it were given to men to live twice on this planet, I could understand his living his first term *a l' Americaine*, so as to be able to enjoy quietly, in his second existence, the fruits of his toil in the first. Seeing that only one sojourn here is admitted us, I think the French are right in their study to make it a long and happy one."

Speaking of the popular notion that Americans are the most zealous worshipers of the Golden Calf on earth, he says: "If the American thirsts after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost unknown in America. Jonathan does not amass gold for the pleasure of adding pile to pile and counting it. He pursues wealth to improve his position in life, and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages and luxuries. He spends his money as gaily as he pockets it, especially when it is a question of gratifying his wife or daughters, who are the objects of his most assiduous attention. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is as absurd as it is costly, but he is good-humored, and says: 'Since they like them, why should they not have them?'"

Max O'Rell believes that the greater part of the Americans care but little for money. "If the millionaire inspires respect, it is as much for the activity and talent he has displayed in the winning of his fortune as for the dollars themselves. An American, who had nothing but his dollars to boast of, might easily see all English doors open to him, but his millions alone would not give him the *entree* into the best society of Boston and New York. There he would be requested to pro-

duce some other recommendation. An American girl who was rich, but plain and stupid, would always find some English duke, French marquis, or Italian count ready to marry her, but she will have great difficulty in finding an American gentleman who would look upon her fortune or her *dot* as a sufficient indemnity."

Max O'Rell notes that at a public dinner the millionaire does not find a place of honor reserved for him, as he would in England. The seats of honor are reserved for men of talent. "Even in politics money does not lead to honor."

In answer to the accusation so often made that Americans are given to bragging, the same writer asks: "May not men who have been marvelous be permitted a certain amount of self-glorification?" and adds: "It is said, too, that their eccentricity constantly leads them into folly and license. Is it not better to have the liberty to err than to be compelled to run straight in leash? If they occasionally vote like children, they will learn with age. It is by voting that people learn to vote." Summing up his estimate of America and Americans, Max O'Rell says: "Is there any country in Europe in which morals are better regulated, work better paid, or education wider spread? Is there a country in Europe where you can find such natural riches and such energy to turn them to account; so many people with a consciousness of their own intellectual and moral force; so many schools, where the child of the millionaire and the child of the poor man study side by side; so many libraries, where the boy in rags may read the history of his country, and be fired by the exploits of its heroes? Can you name a country with so many learned societies, so many newspapers, so many charitable institutions, or so much widespread comfort? M. Renan, wishing to turn himself into a

prophet of ill omen, one day predicted that, if France continued republican, she would become a second America. May nothing worse befall her!"

Ian Maclaren, who has been recently giving us his impressions of American life and character in the pages of *The Outlook*, is much taken with the magnanimity which the American displays in the affairs of practical life. He says "that if a merchant fails in England he is, as a rule, made to feel the weight of his position very severely, and it is only a man with great courage and determination who can retrieve himself." On the other hand, "in the States, if misfortune has befallen a man, and he has not played the knave, he is regarded with sympathy, as a soldier wounded in battle. Friends rally round him and bring him succor, they set him on his feet and give him another chance, and through all his trial they abate not one jot of cordiality either to him or his family. The American is not more honorable than his English *confrere*, but he is more generous; and this need not arise from his being a better man, but from his living in a larger place. The struggle for existence in an old country is severe and chills many kindly impulses; and in a new country there is room enough and to spare for every person. Life is wild and buoyant and full of vicissitudes. If one have nothing to-day, he may be rich to-morrow; and if he be rich to-day, he may be poor to-morrow. The tides run in and out with immense velocity and the scene is ever changing.

"On our side of the Atlantic a man fights his way up with arduous and enduring labor, grasps his possessions with fierce tenacity and safeguards himself on every hand. He stands on his narrow ledge of success, and receives grudging recognition from those beside whom he has established himself. Should

he slip and try to hang on with his hands, the others will think twice before they stoop to pull him up, both because his disappearance will leave more room where there is hardly foothold for themselves, and because the strain of arresting his descent might end in their going down with him. People are very cautious about involving themselves with a commercial unfortunate where there is so little to come and go in the way of opportunity and where social position is so painfully won. On the other side each newcomer takes his slice, as it were, of the rich virgin prairie, and if he has bad times his neighbors help him without calculation, for they have as much as they can face. Next year they may have their share of bad luck, and he will stand it manfully. One does not desire to minimize the overflowing good nature and brotherliness which are below this charity, but it is undoubtedly a virtue of a big, progressive, almost inexhaustible country."

Maclaren was charmed with the manners of the best American society. He calls attention to the fact that between a cultured American and an uncultured there is as much difference as between, say, Matthew Arnold and "Punch's" 'Arry. He thinks there is much about the uncultured American that is attractive, but he records his honest opinion that an educated American is the most courteous person he has ever met on his travels. "One may have a pardonable pride in the good form of an English gentleman—an instinctive sense of what is becoming—and yet desire the cordiality which is very taking in an American; one may admit that in what may be called the decorated style of manners a Frenchman is past-master, and still miss that note of simplicity which is found in an American. There is, indeed, as appears to a dull male person, a certain analogy between the superiority of an American

man in manners and an American woman in dress (her manners, it goes without saying, are charming, vivacious, sympathetic, fascinating), for she has added to the severe good taste of an Englishwoman a certain grace, and redeemed the cleverness of the Parisian from the suspicion of trickery."

Maclaren thinks that the American is entitled to this praise, that his manners "are not spoiled by affectation, nor frozen into icy inhumanity. He does not wear a single eyeglass for ornamental purposes, nor assume an expression of countenance from which all interest in anything has been studiously eliminated. Nor does he labor to reduce the crisp, sinewy English speech to the sound of jargon, nor is he accustomed to regard the outside world as Philistines. An absolutely well-bred man in speech and deed, he allows you to know that he has a heart; he can shake hands like a man; he is perfectly affable, and does not speak a patois in which 'ah' separates each word from its neighbor, and 'don't you know' fills up the frequent interstices of thought."

The same writer says that the peculiar charm of the American manners is their genuine and attractive simplicity. "In one way it strikes the foreigner that the States lose by not having a leisured class, with traditions of public service, of incorruptible honor, of trained statesmanship. In another way the States gain by counting all their citizens eligible for public duty, because the rulers are not a caste, do not give themselves airs, are affable and accessible. The indefinable atmosphere which surrounds one of our civil officials, and which he never throws off, which he breathes with evident relish, but which is rather rare for ordinary lungs, cannot gather in the perpetual motion of the American life. A citizen is summoned from his bank or office or manufactory or from the editor's

chair to a seat, say, in the cabinet, not because he belongs to a certain family, or even because he has much personal influence, but because he is the best man for the post. He is not changed by the sudden elevation, and is exactly the same man in Washington as he was a month ago in Boston or Chicago. When his term of office is over, he withdraws to the ranks again, and has not in his talk the note of a bureaucrat. No man with common sense tries to stand apart in the States, or hedge himself round with ceremony."

The chivalry of the Americans never fails to attract the foreigner. The writer whom I have just quoted says—in contrasting the bearing of the American toward women to Parisian civility—"that the reason one is suspicious of the French is that though a Parisian—who is a Frenchman raised to the highest degree—may lift his hat on entering a shop, he would show the shop-girl no deference on the street, while French fiction is a standing insult to womankind."

He adds that from end to end of America a woman is respected, protected, served, honored. This statement will be regarded by Americans as a little sweeping: "If she enters an elevator, every man uncovers; in a street-car she is never allowed to stand if a man can give her a seat; on the railways, conductors, porters, and every other kind of official hasten to wait on her; any man daring to annoy her would come to grief." He is altogether correct, however, when he says that the poorest woman can travel with security and comfort in America. "Perhaps the American woman," he goes on to say, "may be unconsciously exacting at times—it is the penalty of absolute monarchy; perhaps the men exceed in deference when they allow the women to read for them and think for them in everything except politics—this is the drawback of hereditary

loyalty. The American queen might complete an almost perfection by granting her subjects an occasional experience of equality, upon which they would never think of trading. Perhaps the American loyalist might do his ruler true service and safeguard her from selfishness by an occasional and quite limited assertion of the rights of the man. It remains, however, that it must be good for a strong and restless people to be possessed with noble ideas of woman, and from the poorest to the highest man to be engaged and sworn to her service. The woman cult in the States is in itself a civilization, and next door to a religion."

In speaking of the liberty which American women enjoy Max O'Rell says: "It is the respect that woman inspires in American men which allows the young girl to go about with such freedom and to 'queen it' all through the States. Jonathan might give more than one lesson in this stage to the men of the 'old world,' even to the Frenchman who, in the matter of politeness, lives a good deal on the reputation of his ancestors. Jonathan's respect for women is disinterested, purely platonic. In France this respect takes the form of politeness which verges on gallantry, and is often not disinterested. The Frenchman will always stand back to let a lady pass, but he will profit by the occasion to take a good look at her. The American, in a similar circumstance, will respectfully lower his eyes. In trains where seats are constructed to hold two persons, you will see an American seek a place from one end of the train to the other before he will go and seat himself by the side of a girl; and he will only do so when there is no help for it. I have many times noticed men standing up in the local trains rather than run the risk of incommoding a young girl by sharing her seat with her."

Americans do not nowadays, as a rule, plume themselves upon their hospitality, but Max O'Rell says that every visitor of the States agrees with his neighbor—however he may differ about other things—that the American has revived the ancient Eastern idea of hospitality and acclimatized it in the West. "After a journey in the New World, one returns home convinced that we do not know how hospitality spells in Europe, and smitten to the heart with repentance. When a stranger comes to us with a letter, we receive him with calm civility, hope that he has had a good voyage, inquire what he wishes to see in our country, map out his route for him, ask him to a meal, and let him go with a modest disclaimer that he has given us any trouble. If one of us goes over to America, not knowing half a dozen people in the whole continent, letters of hospitality arrive before you start, they are brought on board your steamer with the pilot, they are delivered on the landing-stage, they are lying on the table at your rooms, and they all come to the same thing—that you will stay in a hotel at your peril, and that you and your belongings—it is hoped two boys may be with you as well as your wife—must at once come to the writer's house. If you have an iron will and a profound conviction that your arrangements prevent your being a proper guest—for a guest has his duties as well as a host—you may deny yourself the pleasure of private hospitality, but you will have to fight your way, so to say, to the hotel. And if you are a guest, you will be received at the station—we allow visitors to make their own way to our houses—and welcomed by the whole family, as if you were of the same blood, or at least friends of twenty years' standing; and you will be driven over the whole district or city, and your host will be at your disposal as if he had nothing to do—yet judges, university men,

merchants, editors, have some engagements—and you will depart laden with roses and good will.

"One is not quite sure whether to admire most of all the grace or tact or spontaneity or completeness of hospitality among our kinsfolk; but that for which one is most grateful, and which counts dearest, is the genuine kindness. The Americans are kind people, and they are not ashamed to allow it to be seen."

Travelers agree that if the American is anything he is a patriot. They do not always like the quality of his patriotism, but they never deny that he is patriotic. "The Englishmen," says Maclaren, "with their dislike of display and their insular reserve, may make merry over Americans carrying tiny flags about their person, and producing them on moving occasions, such as entering New York harbor, and may sneer at the custom, to my mind most useful and becoming, of hoisting the stars and stripes on the public schools every morning when the scholars assemble. Many Americans would themselves consider that the star-spangled banner is perhaps too much in evidence in speeches and in the national feeling, and might even envy those ancient people who are so sure of themselves that they do not need to protest in public, but who carry their flag in their heart, and cannot imagine that it would be forgotten. Be it remembered, however, that it is a gigantic and critical effort to receive so many foreigners with old traditions into a nation's midst, and that it is of vital importance to create and even inflame the spirit of patriotism, that in its heat —with some blaze and smoke, if you please, you superfine people on both sides—the various elements may be welded into a national unity. With vast distances, different interests, discordant elements, without a court, without pageantry, without

long traditions, a nation needs some symbol which may be everywhere displayed, and round which these scattered, diverse, often antipathetic masses can rally, and it has been found in the flag, where every State has its star and all form one constellation. One also is reminded very forcibly in the country of what he has before learned, that American patriotism is something more than the waving of a flag and eloquent words."

It has grown to be the fashion in late years for Europeans to praise the heroism of Americans. All the world to-day watches the American soldier with admiration; but heroism in America is not confined to those who bear arms: it is as widely distributed as the life of the American people. Our firemen lead the world in deeds of bravery, and the record of our life-saving stations is almost without a parallel. In battle the heroism of the men occupied at the rear or below deck is as great as that of the men at the front. The editor of the Toledo *Blade* has told a story of the late Spanish-American war which strikingly illustrates this point:

"The duty of the boilermakers on warships is one of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which has but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or red-hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down in the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam and flaming fires, to

rectify an accident which, unrepaired, might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best gun of the enemy. These men are heroes. Most people in the United States will remember that when the *Bancroft* went to work to batter the walls of San Juan for some reason she had to slip out of action, and her place was taken by the little gunboat *Castine*, which without delay opened her batteries upon the fort.

"Very few people, even on the vessel herself, knew what a close shave she and her crew had of paying a permanent visit to the dreaded haven of Davy Jones.

"The *Castine* carried on board three of these boilermakers already referred to—Fish, another, and one Huntley, of Norfolk, Va. The *Castine* went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed her 2,199 horse-power could make them spin, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat, and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace hole, unheard by officer or man amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside one of the furnaces, and those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

"A socket bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung! The steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress

of the vessel, if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation!

"The faces of the men below, at that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save to wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

"None! Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was Boilermaker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his confrere, Fish—only Boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va. But that is enough, and his deed should be sufficient to find for him a niche in the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

"One instant of startled horror; then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern-set jaws, and fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form—

"'Turn off the forced draught!' he cried.

"'Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?'

"'Bank the fire. Quick!'

"'It's certain death!'

"'For one—unless for all! Turn off the draught; bank the fire!'

"The orders were carried out feverishly.

"'Now, a plank!'

"And before they could stop him this hero nad flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and himself climbed and crawled over the raging mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

"For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place,

and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out of the door. The force draught went to ist work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

"But what of Huntley! Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace-room, while around him stood his mates dousing him with water and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die. And when once more he opened his eyes, and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight, there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

"The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the *Castine*, and Huntley simply claims that he 'did his duty.' But while the United States remains a nation, so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue above alternate stripes of red and white remains the symbol of purity, bravery, and patriotism to American hearts the world over, so long when her heroes are spoken of one name should never be omitted—that of Boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va."

APPENDIX.

Appendix.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMANITY IN LITERATURE.

While the design of this volume is probably new, the sentiments which inspired it, and which have been in some fashion woven into its pages, are as old and as widespread as our literature, as the following quotations will show:

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—*Shakespeare.*

A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant.—*Seneca.*

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—*Fuller.*

Every thing hath two handles: the one soft and manageable, the other such as will not endure to be touched. If then your brother do you an injury, do not take it by the hot and hard handle, by representing to yourself all the aggravating circumstances of the fact; but look rather on the soft side, and extenuate it as much as is possible by considering the nearness of the relation, and the long friendship and familiarity between you—obligations to kindness which a single provocation ought not to dissolve. And thus you will take the accident by its manageable handle.—*Epictetus.*

I have known persons without a friend—never anyone without some virtue.—*Hazlitt.*

Use every man after his dessert, and who shall scape whipping?—*Shakespeare.*

The world will operate differently according to our temper. Almost everybody, in the sanguine season of youth, looks in the world for more perfection than

he is likely to find. But a good-tempered man—that is to say, a man of a wise constitution—will be pleased in the midst of his disappointment to find that, if the virtues of men are below his wish and calculation, their faults have beneficial effects; whereas the ill-tempered man grows peevish at finding, what he will as certainly find, the ill consequence attending the most undoubted virtues. I believe we shall do everything something the better for putting ourselves in as good humor as possible when we set about it.—*Burke.*

There was never any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate: it is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind; for every man would be a distinct species to himself were there no sympathy among individuals.—*South.*

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth of the wickedness there is.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting Book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—save when ye drown it—is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind who have not changed their nature; and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are filled up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.—*Dickens.*

Human nature (as I have observed in a former work) is always and everywhere, in the most important points, substantially the same; circumstantially and externally, men's manners and conduct are infinitely various in various times and regions. If the former were not true—if it were not for this fundamental agreement—history could furnish no instruction; if the latter were not true—if there were not these apparent and circumstantial differences—hardly any one could fail to profit by that instruction. For few are so dull as not to learn something from the records of past experience in cases precisely similar to their own.—*Whately.*

Be deaf unto the suggestions of tale-bearers, calumniators, pick-thank or malevolent delators, who, while quiet men sleep, sowing the tares of discord and division, distract the tranquillity of charity and all friendly society. These are the tongues that set the world on fire, cankers of reputation, and like that of Jonah's gourd, wither a good name in a night.—*Sir T. Browne.*

Gently to hear, kindly to judge.—*Shakespeare.*

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake others.—*George Eliot.*

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—*Ouida.*

The best self-forgetfulness is to look at the things of the world with attention and love; for, really, attention is fraught with love, and perhaps that which is most unselfish.—*Auerbach.*

Of all the centuries this is the best century, and of all the decades of the century this is the best decade, and of all the years of the decade this is the best year, and of all the months of the year this is the best month, and of all the days of the month this is the best day.—*Talmage.*

Humility is the true proof of Christian virtues; without it we retain all our faults, and they are only covered by pride to hide them from others, and often from ourselves.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare.*

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever rises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another.—*Sir R. Steele.*

We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.—*Dr. J. Abernethy.*

One may be right, another mistaken; but if I have more strength than my brother, it shall be employed to support, not to oppress, his weakness; if I have more light, it shall be used to guide, not to dazzle him.—*Burke.*

God, who is the Father of spirits, is the most tolerant man. Man, who is the first of animals, is the most oppressive—yet he calls himself the shadow of the Almighty.—*W. Jerdan.*

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven and hell a fable.—*Colton.*

Some readily find out that where there is distress there is vice, and easily discover the crime of feeding the lazy or encouraging the dissolute.—*Johnson.*

The right Christian mind will find his own image wherever it exists; it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard and black and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair, and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.—*Ruskin.*

Charity, in whatever guise she appears, is the best-natured and the best-complexioned thing in the world.—*Frederick Saunders.*

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greater part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true. Where lies are easily admitted the father of lies will not easily be excluded.—*Quarles.*

The great duty of God's children is to love one another. This duty on earth takes the name and the form of the law of humanity. We are to recognize all men as brethren, no matter where born, or under what sky, or institution or religion they may live. Every man belongs to the race and owes a duty to mankind. Every nation belongs to the family of nations and is to desire the good of all. Nations are to love one another. . . . Men cannot vote this out of the universal acclamation. . . . Men cannot, by combining themselves into narrower or larger societies, sever the sacred, blessed bond which joins them to their kind. . . . The law of humanity must reign over the assertion of all human rights.—*William Ellery Channing.*

We should miss a great deal that is valuable in human nature if we confined our attention exclusively to important personages.—*Hamerton.*

True humility is contentment.—*Mrs. Humphrey Ward.*

The charity that thinketh no evil trusts in God and trusts in men.—*J. G. Holland.*

The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.—*Roswell D. Hitchcock.*

A critic should be a pair of snuffers. He is oftener an extinguisher, and not seldom a thief.—*Hare.*

Compassion will cure more sins than condemnation.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons Justice.
Consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—*Shakespeare.*

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

And therein were a thousand Tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some where of Dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of Cats, that wrawling still did cry,
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
And some of Tygres, that did seem to gren,
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of Mortall Men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

—*Spenser.*

It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.—*Hazlitt.*

When will talkers refrain from evil-speaking?
When listeners refrain from evil-hearing.

—*Hare.*

To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness, and makes that temper which we call divine.—*Shaftesbury.*

The man that dares traduce because he can
With safety to himself is not a man.
—*Cowper.*

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.—*Shakespeare.*

The happiness of mankind is the end of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the means, which he will never seriously attempt to discover who has not habitually interested himself in the welfare of others.—*Coleridge.*

How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
—*Shakespeare.*

The world is very much what we make it. Show me the color of a man's spectacles, and I will tell you what kind of a world it is. Blue spectacles, a blue world. Green spectacles, a green world. Yellow spectacles, a jaundiced world. Transparent spectacles, the beautiful world that God made it. The first thing is to have the heart right, the second is to have the liver right. My friend has for many years been troubled with indigestion. Desirous of cheering him up, I looked out of the window and said: "That snow is beautiful." He answered: "It will turn to slush and sleet." I said: "The human body is a fine piece of mechanism." He answered: "Warts, croup, marasmus, corns, bunions, gout and indigestion." I hoisted a window and caught one of the flying snowflakes and put it under a microscope, and said: "I see God walking in this palace, the jewels of heaven are in these vases; I see the couriers of celestial dominion pawing those crystal pavements." He turned up his coat collar and said: "I am in a perfect chill; please to put down that window." I grew vehement and said: "You must have noticed that this is a splendid world; all the looms of heaven must have been at work on the wing of a kingfisher. What morning was it that a warble slipped heaven and this oriole plucked it? What grotesque rock of the mountain hath set the streams into roystering laughter? What harp of heaven gives the pitch to the music of the south wind? There is enough wisdom to confound the earth and the heavens in the structure of one cricket. Even the weeds of the field are dressed like the daughters of God, and men may

sneer at their commonness, but have no capacity to fathom, or climb, or compass the infinity of beauty in a dandelion or the blossom of a potato top. At the foot of this tuberose angelic equipage must halt, and its cohort, climbing the winding stair of leaf, look off upon the kingdoms of floral wonder and the glory of them. On a summer night I have seen the stars of heaven and the dews of earth married, the grass-blades holding up their fingers for the setting of the wedding signet, while voices from above said: 'With this ring I thee endow with all my light and love, and splendor celestial.' At sunset I have seen the flaming chariots of God drive down into Lake Winipiseogee, the panting nostrils stirring the water and the spray-like dust tossed from the glittering wheels." "Bosh!" cried my invalid friend, "I never saw anything like that in all my life." So that, handing him over a bottle of Hoofland's Dyspeptic Bitters, I retired to my room to consider the value of a cheerful spirit.—*Talmage.*

True love is the parent of a noble humility.—*William Ellery Channing.*

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
—*Pope.*

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.—*Shakespeare.*

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
—*Byron.*

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.—*Bishop Hall.*

Some bad people would be less dangerous if they had not some goodness.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
—*Shakespeare.*

The malcontent is neither well, full nor fasting; and though he abound with complaints, yet nothing dislikes him but the present; for what he condemns while it was, once passed, he magnifies and strives to recall it out of the jaws of

time. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which is not.—*Bishop Hall.*

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'Tis all barren.—*Laurence Sterne.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
—*Shakespeare.*

Thou know'st but little
If thou dost think true Virtue is confin'd
To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream throughout the whole creation,
And beats the pulse of ev'ry healthful heart.
—*Miller.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
—*Young.*

Thou must content thyself to see the world so imperfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself, because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things and rule of life which thou hast formed in thy own mind.—*Fuller.*

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair young daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world, full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!
—*Jean Ingelow.*

There is no nation, though plunged into never such gross idolatry, but has some awful sense of a Deity, and a persuasion of a state of retribution after this life.—*South.*

The whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as hell: let light be, and there is indeed a green, flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness! To make some nook of God's crea-

tion a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God! Sooty hell of mutiny, and savagery, and despair, can, by man's energy, be made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of heaven's azure overspanning it too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeples as a birth of heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased.—*Carlyle.*

Men sunk into the greatest darkness imaginable retain some sense and awe of a Deity.—*Tillotson.*

It would be well if, not only in looking at our own condition, but at other people, we set out the sparkle instead of the gloom. With five hundred faults of our own, we ought to let somebody else at least have one. When there is such excellent hunting on our own ground, let us not with rifle and greyhound-pack spend all our time in scouring our neighbors' lowlands. I am afraid the imperfections of other people will kill us yet. All the vessels on the sea seem to be in bad trim except our schooner. A person full of faults is most merciless in his criticisms of the faults of others. How much better, like the sun, to find light wherever we look, letting people have their idiosyncrasies and every one work in his own way.—*Talmage.*

In this world, with its wild, whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

—*Tennyson.*

Speaking generally, it seems to me to be an aphorism that the best form of culture must always be the broadest form of culture, the culture which does not confine itself to this or that narrow groove or clique, but leads to a wide knowledge of and sympathy with all aspects of life.

The ideal state of culture would be one in which the mind would embrace the whole universe, as far as we are capable of understanding it, and would respond to every change, be it in science, in art, in politics, or any other department of human knowledge or experience.

Life is too short, no doubt, to enable a man to get in contact at all points with the facts of existence; but there lies the ideal, and the greater the catholicity of sympathy the higher the culture.—*A Conan Doyle.*

Get into the sunshine. Take on brightness. Consider what is good and beautiful, and ask God to help you to assimilate these qualities into your own unhappy nature.—*Anon.*

The little I have seen in the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Anon.*

The perfect man will be:

1. A perfect animal.
2. A trained, clear-seeing, unbiased intellect, whose one thirst is for truth.
3. A taste that sees and appreciates all beauty.
4. A heart that loves all lovely things.
5. A sympathetic beneficence that would have all men lifted to the highest.
6. A soul or spirit that recognizes kinship with the Eternal Spirit and ever aspires toward a fuller spiritual life.

These all blended in one being, not that he has these things, but is these.—*Rev. M. T. Savage.*

Consider your blessings more than your troubles; look on the bright side of life rather than on the dark side; see your neighbor's virtues rather than his failings; speak cheerfully, not despondingly; give thanks instead of grumbling. —*Anon.*

Sweetness is the condition of preservation. Whatever is naturally sweet must be kept sweet or become worthless. Fruit is good for nothing after it sours. A man loses his attractions when he sours on the world, and his best friends included.—*Anon.*

What is the best ideal of culture? Freedom from all prejudices and all dogmas.

What qualities of mind, heart, energy, or character should be cultivated for the higher development of man? Catholicity—the quality of judging character at the root, not by the branches.—*Robert Buchanan.*

Thinking well of a person is one of the best aids that can be given to lead him on toward well-doing.—*Anon.*

Narrow-minded men and women, and the world is full of them, will only give you distorted ideas of life—ideas that will change the sunniest and most healthful disposition into one morose, churlish and ill-natured.—*Anon.*

When we come to see how deeply God loves men, all men, we cannot help loving them also, though they dwell at the other end of the earth, or in the lowest depths of degradation.—*Amos R. Wells.*

We must not spend all our lives in cleaning our windows, but in sunning ourselves in God's blessed light. That light will soon show us what still needs to be cleansed, and will enable us to cleanse it with unerring accuracy.—*F. B. Meyer.*

We look at our neighbor's errors with a microscope, and at our own through the wrong end of a telescope. We have two sets of weights and measures—one for home use and the other for foreign. Every vice has two names, and we call it by the flattering and minimizing one when we commit it, and by the ugly one when our neighbor does it. Everybody can see the hump on his friend's shoulders, but it takes some effort to see our own.—*Dr. Maclaren.*

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love; great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy. —*Castelar.*

Remember that it is indeed the wisest and the happiest man who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve these opportunities.—*Doddridge.*

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and, when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—*A. A. Willitts.*

He who diffuses the most happiness and mitigates the most distress within his own circle is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greatest part of the misery of the world cease in a moment. While the passion, then, of some is to shine, of some to govern, and of others to accumulate, let one great passion alone influence our breasts—the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which Heaven inspires—that of being and doing good.—*Robert Hall.*

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly
But have some angel-touch:
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever.

But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living
Were it not for love.
—*Gerald Massey.*

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism without the coxcomb's feathers; and it seems to me that cynics are only happy in making the world as barren to others as they have made it for themselves.—*Meredith.*

It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life and let the dismals shift for themselves.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

He that overvalues himself will undervalue others, and he that undervalues others will oppress them.—*Johnson.*

Men of culture are the true apostles of equality.—*Mathew Arnold.*

That is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life, and enables us to work most successfully for its advancement.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better. Culture merely for culture's sake can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shrivelled branch.—*John Walter Cross.*

Mankind are so ready to bestow their admiration on the dead, because the latter do not hear it, or because it gives no pleasure to the objects of it. Even fame is the offspring of envy.—*Hazlitt.*

Human nature is the same the world over. There is a fellowship of kindred minds among all men, and because of this kinship tie we can get very close to each other. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." There is an astonishing unity of experience among all hearts. Not a

single trial or temptation comes to us but has come to others. If we are weak, others have been weak before us; if we are poor, others have tasted of poverty; if our path is filled with sorrow, the paths of others before us were filled with sorrows more bitter; if we are alone in the world, others have been alone amid greater difficulties; if we are oppressed, others have been oppressed with even sadder oppressions. Then, when my brother comes to me and tells me that troubles dark, sad, and heartrending have befallen him, can I not enter into his troubles? Have I not had troubles in my own experience? Can I not tenderly shed a tear of sympathy and bestow some kind word upon him? Can I not firmly press his hand, if my heart is too full for utterance, and thus show that there is a tender spot in my nature for him?—*J. E. Alexander.*

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self. —*George Eliot.*

Humanity is about the same the world over; and while the earth has its uniformity, with slight differences in mountain and plain, so its products are very nearly alike.—*Donn Piatt.*

If we cannot love the unlovely there is no God, and all our Christian faith is a cruel, mocking delusion. We are not made for law, but for love. No man who is indifferent to his neighbor has the love of God in his heart.—*B. F. Mills.*

O, rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart the power of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. He is strong not to do, but to live; not in his arms, but in his heart; not as an agent, but as a fact.—*Emerson.*

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
That man to man, the world o er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

—*Robert Burns.*

Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disperse. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.—*Watson.*

Not all the saints are canonized;
There's lots of them close by;
There's some of them in my own ward,
Some in my family;
They're thick here in my neighborhood,
They throng here in my street;
My sidewalk has been badly worn
By their promiscuous feet.

Not all the heroes of the world
Are apothesized:
Their names make our directories
Of very ample size.
And almost every family
Whose number is complete,
Has one or more about the board
When they sit down to eat.

Cultivate the habit of always seeing the best in people, and, more than that, of drawing forth whatever is the best in them.—*Cuyler.*

Not all the martyrs of the world
Are in the Martyrology;
Not all their tribe became extinct
In some remote chronology.
Why weep for saints long dead and gone?
There's plenty still to meet;
Put on your wraps and call upon
The saints upon your street.

. . . .

And Fox's martyrs were strong souls,
But still their likes remain;
There's good old Mother Haggerty,
And there is sweet Aunt Jane.
You know them just as well as I,
Since they're a numerous brood,
For they are with you all, and live,
In every neighborhood.

—*Anon.*

We should esteem a person according to his actions, not his nationality.—*Varenes.*

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

—*J. V. Cheney.*

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindnesses.—*Spurgeon.*

I once met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him:

"Sammy, where did you get such berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy, "she always seems glad when I show her the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briars in my feet."

I rode on. But Sammy's remarks had given me a lesson; and I resolved that henceforth in my daily life I would try to think of the berries, and say nothing about the briers.—*Anon.*

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth, green grasses are more common still:
The blue heaven is larger than the cloud.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

There is a tender spot in the hardest heart. A widow, one bitter, cold night, was nursing her three-year-old girl, who had been seriously ill for several days. The mother's heart was sad, and brain and body were weary with the long vigil. The clock had struck the hour of midnight, the wind was shaking every window and howling round the street corners, and the snow was being driven pitilessly hither and thither. The little child had dropped into a fitful sleep, and the wearied mother rested, looking into the fire with a sense of loneliness. The other members of the household had long since been asleep, leaving the patient mother alone on her night watch.

With a lull in the wind and a cessation of the little sufferer's groans, the mother heard a suspicious noise in another room. She listened intently, and the sounds grew more pronounced. Some one was forcing an entrance into a bureau. Trembling, yet brave at heart, thinking more of her sleeping child than she did of her personal danger, she stepped into the hall and walked noiselessly to a room in a distant part of the house. The door was partly open and the gas was turned up.

Her heart stood still, for there before her were two burly men, engaged in prying open a bureau drawer. One of the burglars, with an oath, presented his pistol, and said:

"Don't speak or move a step, woman; you received some money a few days ago, and we are going to have it."

The woman faltered and then said in a low tone of voice:

"Don't make any noise, please. The money is in my room, where my child is lying sick. Come with me, and you shall have it. But don't frighten my child; it will kill her! She is very sick;" and the trembling voice and tear-laden eyes were ample proof of her truthfulness.

"We'll try her, Bill. Go on ahead, woman," said the ruffian with a threatening gesture.

Down the hall the three figures walked noiselessly, until the mother's chamber door was reached. Pushing the door wide open, the mother held up an entreating hand, which gesture said plainer than words, "Don't come into the light." Just at this moment a plaintive voice cried out:

"Mamma! Where is my mamma? I want a drink!"

"I'm coming, darling. Mamma is here," said the mother, in a cheerful voice.

Then she handed the little child a drink; bending over her she lulled her to rest with a little plaintive song, and the child dropped to sleep.

Then the mother went to the bureau, unlocked it, and drew out a roll of money. It was not much, but sufficient for the wants of a month. Again bending over the child, to see that she was not disturbed, the mother went out into the hall, closing the door behind her. The burglars were not there. She stepped hastily down to the hall door. No one was there, but the door was ajar. Opening the door, she heard a voice at the gate saying:

"It's the last time I'm going to do a job of this kind, Bill. It isn't to my stomach."

The mother spoke in a low tone, holding out the money:

"Here is my money. Thank you for not disturbing my child."

"Keep it, ma'am. I hope the little kid will get well. Good-night, ma'am."

And the two ruffians, who but a few moments before had robbery and murder in their hearts, went away into the night. For a moment, as the mother listened to their departing steps, it seemed as if the fierce wind was stilled, and the black night lighted up with a strange light.—*Anon.*

Charity draws down a blessing on the charitable.—*Le Sage.*

Cheerfulness, the character of common hope, is, in strong hope, like glimpses of sunshine on a cloudy day.—*Joanna Baillie.*

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness. Her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.—*Montaigne.*

Cheerfulness, or joyousness, is the heaven under which everything but poison thrives.—*Richter.*

What, indeed, does not that word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition, it means humility and charity, it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.—*Thackeray.*

The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or semblance of divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of specific separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close and conscious with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly delight in.—*Ruskin.*

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being.—*Goldsmith.*

I must confess that there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skillful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humor with myself and at everything about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions; they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavor to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious and worthless part of mankind.—*Addison.*

Human nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful, object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see men of inflamed passions, or of wicked designs, tearing one another to pieces by open violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery; when we observe base and narrow ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest means; when we observe men mixed in society as if it were for the destruction of it, we are even ashamed of our species, and out of humor with our own being. But in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public prosperity, compassionating each other's distresses, and relieving each other's wants, we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view they appear gods to each other, in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good; and the greatest compliment we have ever been able to make to our own being has been by calling this disposition of mind humanity. We cannot but observe a pleasure arising in our own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it.—*Hughes.*

There is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thou-

sand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of buildings; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man as show capacities and abilities which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light.—*Sir R. Steele.*

One can love any man that is generous.—*Hawthorne.*

You can take almost anything in life and read it until it is bright, or read it until it is dark. Listen for sweet notes rather than for discord, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than nightshade, hanging our window-blinds so we can hoist them to let the light in; and in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a little child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the fault-finder to complain.—*Talmage.*

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—*Richter.*

Our judgments are yet sick, and obey the humor of our depraved manners. I observe most of the wits of these times pretend to ingenuity by endeavoring to blemish and to darken the glory of the bravest and most generous actions of former ages, putting one vile interpretation or another upon them, and forging and supposing vain causes and motives for those noble things they did. A mighty subtility indeed! Give me the greatest and most unblemished action that ever the day beheld, and I will contrive a hundred plausible drifts and ends to obscure it.—*Montaigne.*

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.

We are not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it:
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it:
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

—*Anon.*

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